APRIL 27,
1935

Liberty

5¢

NRA
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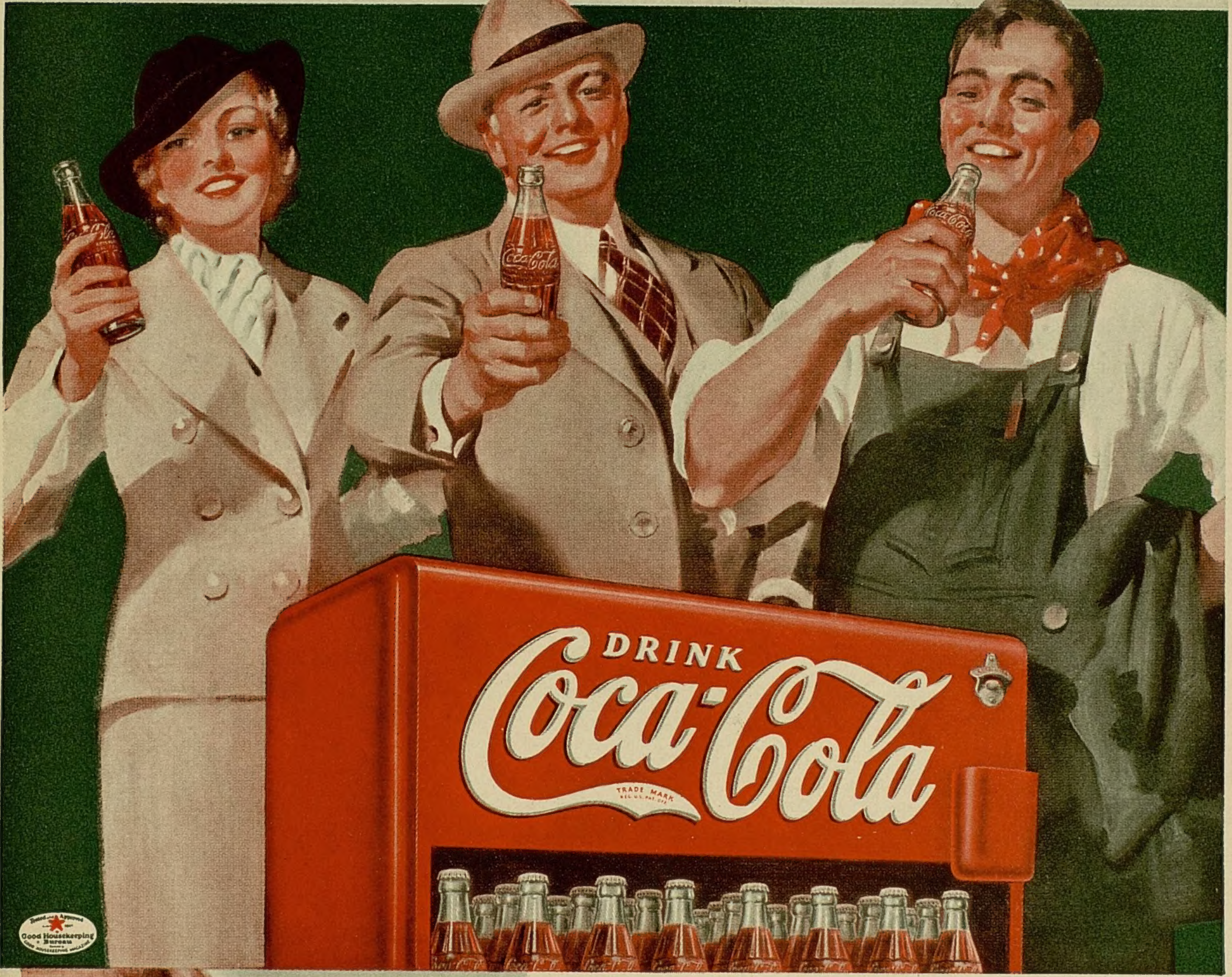
THE HONEYMOON IS ENDED—by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

You can make a pause refreshing around the corner from anywhere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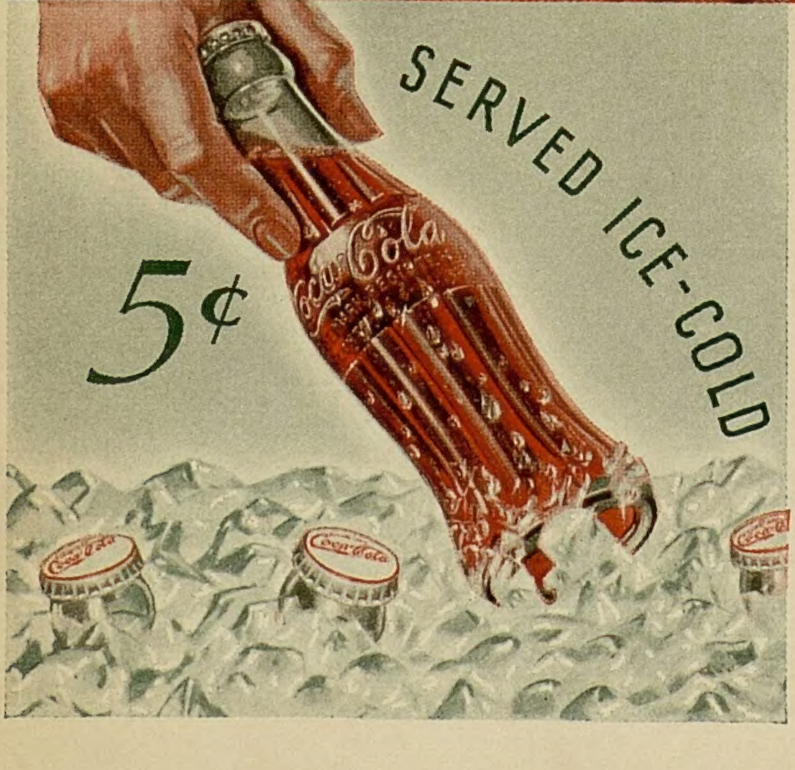
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WHOEVER YOU ARE, whatever you do...you've got to pause. Make it mean something. Make it *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola...Everywhere, ice-cold Coca-Cola invites you to stop a minute and let its wholesome life and sparkle give you a fresh start.

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Everybody admires Handsome Hair. Twice a week give your Scalp and Hair this treatment →

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50 SECONDS TO RUB . . Massage Vitalis briskly into your tight, dry scalp! Your scalp becomes more flexible, awakens to new life . . and your hair has a chance.

IT'S SIMPLE—it's inexpensive—and it works—this modern way of keeping your scalp alive and your hair healthy and well-groomed — *the 60-Second Vitalis Workout!*

VITALIS and MASSAGE rouses your scalp

Tight, dry scalp is the common cause of thin, dry and sickly hair. For tight, dry scalp means hair robbed of its natural, nourishing oils, hair starved of the oils it needs for perfect health and perfect grooming. And that's why Vitalis does such a splendid job.

For Vitalis and massage rouses the scalp — stimulates and quickens the circulation — releases the natural, nourishing oils. Wide-awake and active, your scalp functions naturally—loose dandruff is defeated—your hair looks healthier, *is* healthier, and is much more amenable to your comb and brush. It stays neatly, just as you dress it — and without the slightest hint of that "patent-leather" look.

You'll like Vitalis! You'll like the stimulating, healthy glow of the 60-Second Workout. Ask your barber about Vitalis or get a bottle from your druggist and start your own 60-Second Workouts today.

10 SECONDS TO BRUSH . . When you comb your hair, it stays smooth and lustrous . . with no trace of "patent-leather" look.

ASK YOUR BARBER

He's an expert on the health of scalp and hair. Take his advice when he suggests Vitalis. He knows!

VITALIS

Keeps Hair Healthy and Handsome

APRIL 27, 1935

Liberty

VOL. 12, NO. 17

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

WHY WE ARE LABOR'S BEST *Friend*

THE United States has been the workers' paradise. Throughout all history no other country has given workers opportunities equal to those which they have enjoyed right here in this country. In the boom period workers received wages several hundred per cent greater than they were a few generations ago.

Labor in this country enjoys equal opportunities. A so-called common laborer may rise to be the leading executive of a huge corporation, or even become the President of the United States. No other country offers such exalted opportunities.

And now, because of the depression and unemployment, many communistic labor agitators want to cast aside the government principles that have enabled Labor to enjoy all these privileges. They are attempting to sell the workers a gold brick—trying to make them join the system of slavery now prevalent in Russia.

We have not tried to deceive workers. We have endeavored to give them the truth as we see it. We have freely criticized both Capital and Labor, for we do not believe in favoritism.

Capital should not be favored. Labor should not be illegally favored. And each should have a fair field with a square deal first, last, and all the time.

Many publications try to avoid criticizing the workers. They cater to unions and unionism because they believe such a policy helps circulation.

Because of our references to the faults of unionism some labor agitators have circulated a report that we are enemies of unionism.

That is not even partly true. We are most emphatically in favor of unions for those who want to join such organizations.

But we believe the American workman should be free to join a union or to work alone, as he may choose. There should be no compulsion. Nor do we believe that one union should be favored over and above another union. All should be equal before the law.

We are the best friend of Labor and unionism because we have tried to be truthful with them. We have criticized their faults and called attention to their mistakes.

In some of our recent hectic labor troubles, strikers have been guilty of lawlessness. But they cannot continue such a procedure without being severely penalized ultimately. They have to keep within the law, the same as Capital.

Your best friends are those who are willing to criticize you sympathetically and constructively. It takes courage and friendship of an unusual order to give freely such a service.

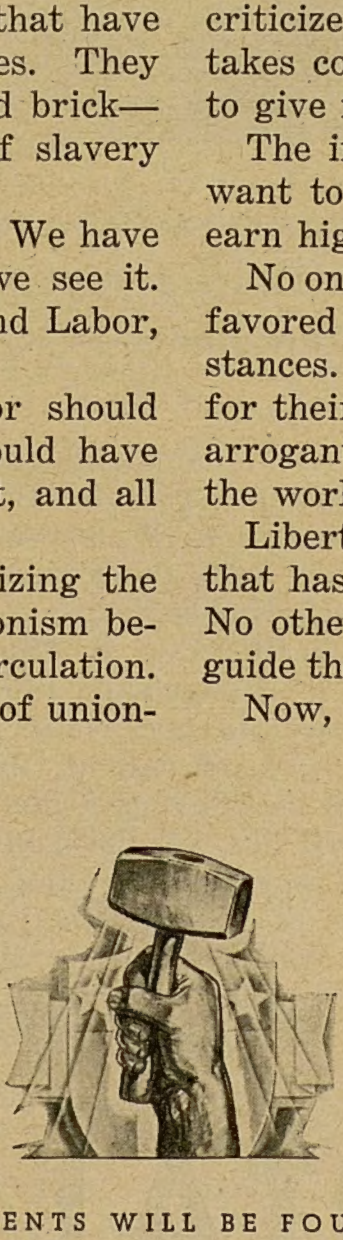
The intelligent workmen of this country do not want to lose their freedom or the opportunity to earn high wages.

No one questions that in the past Capital has been favored and is still being favored in some few instances. But many capitalists have paid liberally for their mistakes, and unionism when it becomes arrogant and lawless simply destroys the source of the workers' income.

Liberty is the only great national publication that has tried to tell the workers the whole truth. No other publication has tried sympathetically to guide them away from costly mistakes.

Now, the writer has been a laborer all his life, from the time when he followed the plow and harrow from daylight to darkness as a farmer's boy, and his sympathies are with the workers. And though deceit may cover many defects when the workers are fooled by prejudiced advisers, in the end they are usually heavily penalized for their faults.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.



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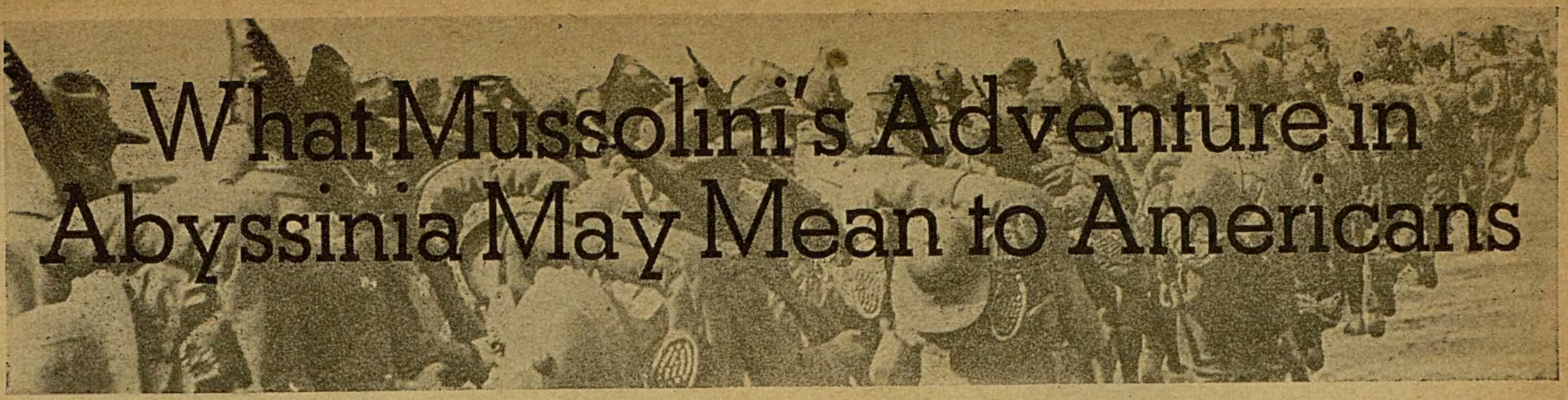

What Mussolini's Adventure in Abyssinia May Mean to Americans

A Startling Interpretation of Its Bearing on the Possibility of Another World War

by JAY FRANKLIN

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

HERE is a secret within a secret: One fine day in June, 1919, at Versailles, a small group of Germans signed a treaty which forbade this beaten nation to possess an air force, poison gas, heavy cannon, submarines, and other weapons.

Other treaties were signed forbidding Germany and Austria to unite, dismembering the Central Powers, surrounding them with an iron ring, condemning them to an indefinite future of poverty, suffering, and starvation.

Germany stood it for fourteen years and then Hitler's Nazis came into power. Hitler and his air minister, Goering, left the League of Nations and began rearming.

The German air force under Goering became the most important fact in Europe. Nobody knew how many planes the Germans possessed. Nobody knew what gases, bombs, and new explosives they had developed. Nobody knew whether the reports of vast secret bombproof underground hangars were true or not. And nobody knew what an air force could do to a navy. The British remembered how easily London had been bombed, and became openly worried. At last they proposed an agreement between France, England, and Germany not to bomb each other.

At first this proposal amounted to a threat against Germany. Then occurred events which remade the political map of Europe in ten days. Sir John Simon was ready to go to Berlin to talk turkey with Hitler; but on the eve of his departure the British Government published an official report on armaments which blamed Germany for England's arming. Hitler promptly developed a " sore throat " which, he said, made it impossible for him to talk to the British Foreign Minister.

This, the first snub that Germany had given England since before the war, had an electrical effect on Europe. Its meaning became clear almost at once when a revolution broke out in Greece.

No one who knows European politics had the slightest doubt that this Greek revolution was " made in England." Venizelos had always worked very close to the British and his uprising fitted in neatly with British anxiety to keep the Balkans from Russian or German control. Greece has been England's baby for the last hundred years; England can make Greece do exactly what she wants.

The British-trained Greek navy and the greater part of the Greek army in Macedonia went over to the revolution. The combination ought to have worked as well in 1935 as twenty years earlier.

It didn't. Something new had been developed since 1915: effective military aviation. The Greek air force—also British-trained—stuck by the government, bombed the rebel navy, and broke up the communications of the rebel army. Venizelos fled; the rebels surrendered. *This was the first time in history in which an air force beat a combined army and navy.* The experiment showed that an air force can beat a navy operating in narrow waters. And Germany has an air force.

Long before the fighting was over the British had seen the point. Simon reassured Hitler, and the very day the Greek rebels surrendered, the Germans announced that their " air sport " civil aviation organization was part of the German army—*the first avowed German violation of the Treaty of Versailles!* Somebody had given way, and it had not been the Germans.

How does all this fit in with Mussolini and Abyssinia?

In 1896 Italy tried to conquer Abyssinia. Ten thousand Italian troops were captured, butchered, and many were eaten by cannibals. Ever since the Italians have waited for a chance to wipe out this defeat.

Early in this year, French and Italian outposts faced sudden attacks by well armed natives. One of these attacks on an Italian column became the excuse for Mussolini to rush 40,000 well equipped men to the scene of action and to open a diplomatic attack.

Yet from the first it was obvious that Mussolini was holding back. Conquering Abyssinia would be at least a three-years job.

Mussolini has up to now acted as a British policeman to keep the Germans out of Austria. In the long run Italy has to do what London wants it to do. So long as England opposed Germany's advance into Austria, Italy was the Allied " Watch on the Danube." If England has paid anything to Germany for a peaceful agreement not to bomb London it means only one thing—Austria.

Where, without disturbing the peace of Europe, can Italy be paid for backing out of Austria? In Abyssinia!

England wants, above all things, to avoid the risk of a big European squabble while trouble threatens in Asia. Italy is ready to fight Germany over Austria. Therefore Italy must get out of Austria. She can't fight in Africa and fight Hitler in Europe at the same time.

Better still, this would check the Japanese, who have been pushing into Abyssinia, establishing cotton plantations and farm colonies. *Abyssinia controls the water supply of the Nile Valley, which is England's ace in the hole for rendering herself independent of American cotton.*

Several years back, when the British were messing around too close to the Panama Canal, our State Department hit back by getting a contract for an American firm to build a dam at Lake Tsana, in Abyssinia, controlling the headwaters of the Blue Nile and thereby menacing the new British cotton empire. The British saw the point at once and both sides got out of each other's political backyards. Now if the Japanese, who are already underselling British cotton goods throughout Asia, get into the same area—

They play a keen, cool-headed game in London. They know if they bolt one door on Germany's new-won power they must unlock another. They know that Germany wants Austria, and that Italy is the only real obstacle.

This is the secret of Abyssinia:

If Mussolini embarks on a war against Abyssinia this year it will be only because the British want him to. *Otherwise they could refuse to let Italian troops and warships pass through the Suez Canal to get at the Abyssinians.*

Does Mussolini want Abyssinia? That has nothing to do with the case. If England sees that an Italian campaign in Abyssinia will help to keep the peace in Europe and in Asia, il Duce will take Abyssinia—and like it!

THE END

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YOUR face would rather spend the *difference* for *safe,* skin-protecting Gems. There's no *saving* because there's *less shaving* in flimsy, faster-dulling substitutes.

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The simplest, strongest razor on earth. No exposed or corrodible mechanism. Fool-proof—risk-proof—*guaranteed forever.*

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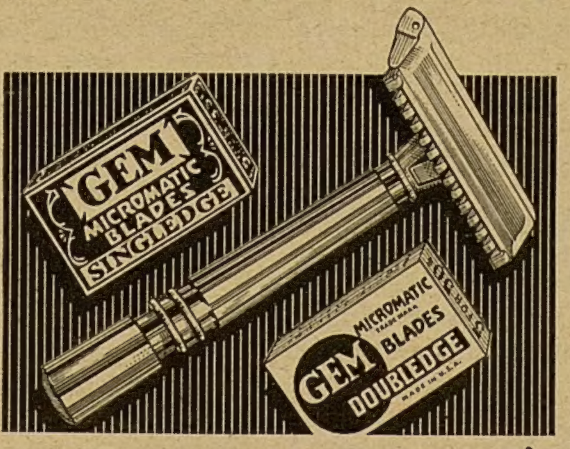

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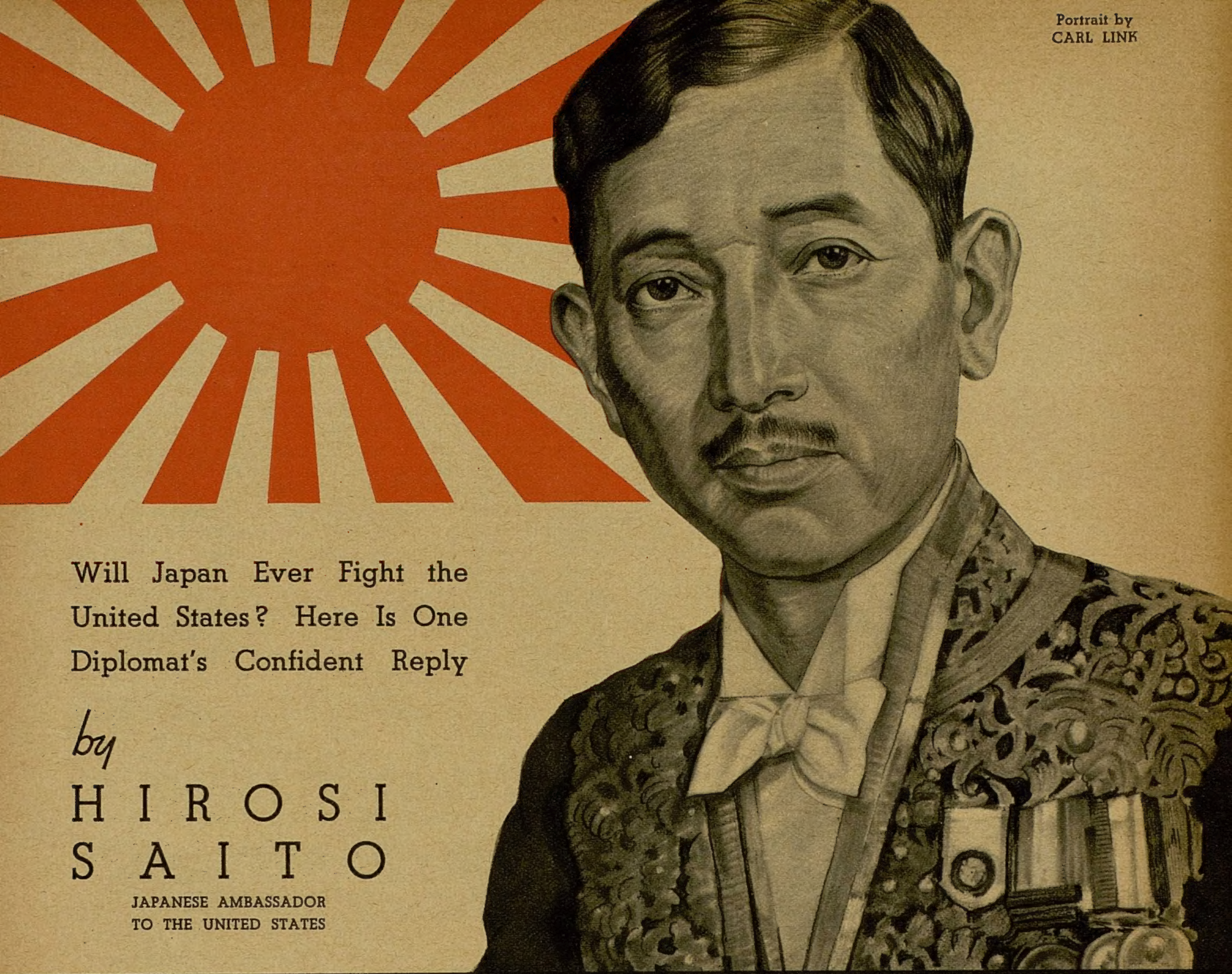
ALL ONE PIECE — *Twist – it opens! Twist – it closes!*



Portrait by
CARL LINK

Will Japan Ever Fight the United States? Here Is One Diplomat's Confident Reply

by

HIROSI SAITO

JAPANESE AMBASSADOR
TO THE UNITED STATES

PEACE on the Pacific

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WHEN we look back upon past history, we often feel thankful to the judicious guiding hand of Providence. Had it not been the United States that awoke Japan from her sleep of centuries, she might have had to follow a quite different course as a nation. The latter decades of the nineteenth century were the period when thoughts of conquest in eastern Asia entered the minds of European rulers. Thanks to American enterprise, we were coaxed to emerge from our self-imposed seclusion and were early enough led to realize our own very precarious situation *vis-à-vis* European adventurers.

How did Commodore Perry accomplish the aim of his difficult mission? It was altogether due to his careful preparations, due to his foreknowledge of the Japanese national traits, and due to the genuinely peaceful motives of the United States that actuated the ambitious expedition. Commodore Perry knew, through his study of Japanese history, that the voluntary isolation of the whole Japanese nation had not been the result of any national idiosyncrasy, but had been necessitated by threatening foreign aggression in the early days of the Tokugawa Shogunate. He was convinced that, as he himself wrote, "by the exercise of just, honorable, and conciliatory measures toward this singular people, they could, and in no great space of time, be brought into friendly commercial relations with the United States and the powers of Europe."

Acme photo

Modernizing Manchuria with an American invention: A Japanese at work on the Hsinking-Kirin highway.

It is interesting to recall that it was whales that first brought our two nations together. American whalers, in those days, were sometimes shipwrecked, sometimes blown into harbor by storms, and landed on unknown shores of Japan. Japanese, both high and low, were not accustomed to seeing foreigners and they very often treated those ill-fated seamen with cruelty and even put them in prison. It was the main mission of Commodore Perry to arrange for the protection of such unfortunate Americans, for the supply of coal and other necessaries for American ships, and for the opening of one or more ports for commerce. He went to Japan with those instructions from President Fillmore, who enjoined him to be courteous and conciliatory, though at the same time firm and decided.

Peaceful and friendly relations have been maintained without interruption between our two countries for the past eighty years and they promise to become still closer in the years to come. It is authentically recorded that on the flagship of Commodore Perry a member of the Japanese delegation repeated to the commodore words in Japanese which may be translated into English as " Japan and America, all are of the same heart." I am glad to see that with the passage of time we of the two nations are increasing our knowledge of each other's ideas, character, and aspirations, and that evidences are legion to show that we are all of the same heart. Placing full and implicit confidence in each other's peaceful aims, which are genuine and are entirely free from aggressive designs, our two nations are destined to work together, along with other sister nations, in the interests of peace and amity not only in the Pacific regions but in the whole world.

As to the commercial aspect of the treaty, Perry was not without vision. He knew that in those days Japan produced nothing that was not needed for her home consumption and that time would be required to produce commodities suitable for exportation.

Perry wrote soon after the treaty was signed, " It may be safely predicted that many years will not elapse before this magnificent country will be numbered among the most important of the Eastern nations with which a profitable trade will be established by the interchange of many of our manufactured articles for the products of a country already possessed of great resources." He even mentioned, in those early days, cotton and silk as useful commodities to be exchanged between our two countries. These two commodities, as you all know, now stand first among our exchange of products.

Commodore Perry's prophecies as to the trade relations, which were adumbrated in the treaty itself, have been more than amply fulfilled. The commerce between our two countries naturally stood at zero in Perry's day but has now come to register the enormous figures of something like $140,000,000 yearly for exports each way; and those figures represent dollars before they went off gold.

The American-Japanese trade has become highly and mutually beneficial. It has come to give incessant work to hundreds of thousands of Japanese and to hundreds of thousands of Americans. It is now not only an enormous but also a constantly growing trade. We are buying more goods from you annually than all the other countries of eastern Asia combined, including your own Philippine Islands. Japan has become not only " the most important of the Eastern nations " but one of the most important commercial nations of the world. In the matter of purchases from the United States she stands second only to the British Empire. Japan owes all this to the timely awakening by Commodore Perry.

THE two high lights in the treaty, namely, peace and amity on the one hand, and commercial intercourse on the other, have thus been the keynotes of the American-Japanese friendship. We who know this history of our mutual relations, so honorable and so glorious, can smile at the sayings and writings of those who harp upon war between our two countries. Our mutual interests as well as our mutual desires for peace are overwhelming.

But friendship is a frail plant which needs constant care and nurture. Unnecessary misunderstandings will occur. I wish to be very frank in saying that there actually are suspicions, misgivings, and fear felt against each other between our two peoples. On the part of the United States, suspicions are entertained and frequently expressed that Japan harbors aggressive designs on the Asiatic mainland, and even is courting trouble with the United States; that the militarists are in reality at the helm of the ship of state. On the part of Japan, again, resentment is sometimes felt that the United States is placing impediments in Japan's way of progress and advancement; that the United States does not understand Japan's real aim in eastern Asia; that the United States will not see the realities of the Far Eastern situation and often tries to encourage China to take a defiant attitude against Japan.

On neither side are these opinions borne out by facts at all. Japan's genuine aim in eastern Asia is the establishment of peace and order. We have no idea whatever of aggression, of expansion. Then why the Manchurian affair? you may ask. In Manchuria, Japan has vital interests. We often have called that country the life line of Japan. So long as Manchuria was friendly to us and respected our important treaty rights and interests, we were quite satisfied. Japan was, in point of fact, showing a very conciliatory attitude in her dealings with Manchuria. But, as is often the case with Chinese, that attitude was wrongly taken as a sign of weakness.

When the war lord ruling Manchuria arrogantly foiled our rights and interests under his feet and even menaced the lives and property of the Japanese residents, we had to take action. For economic, historic, and sentimental reasons the whole Japanese nation knew that the giving up of our rights and interests in Manchuria would spell disaster to our own national life, and they wholeheartedly backed the action of our military in Manchuria. That was not aggression but self-defense. It is therefore a great mistake to say that Japan was carried away by the militarists in the Manchurian incident. Our military people are not militarists in the sense of those bent upon bloody conquest and expansion. They are honorable patriots, just like their American brothers at arms. They are willing to sacrifice their lives for the nation and to obey loyally the orders of the Emperor, whose unswerving purpose is peace. The Emperor Meiji composed a poem which would run in translation:

> In this world where we deem the seven seas as brethren,
> why noisily rage there the warring waves?

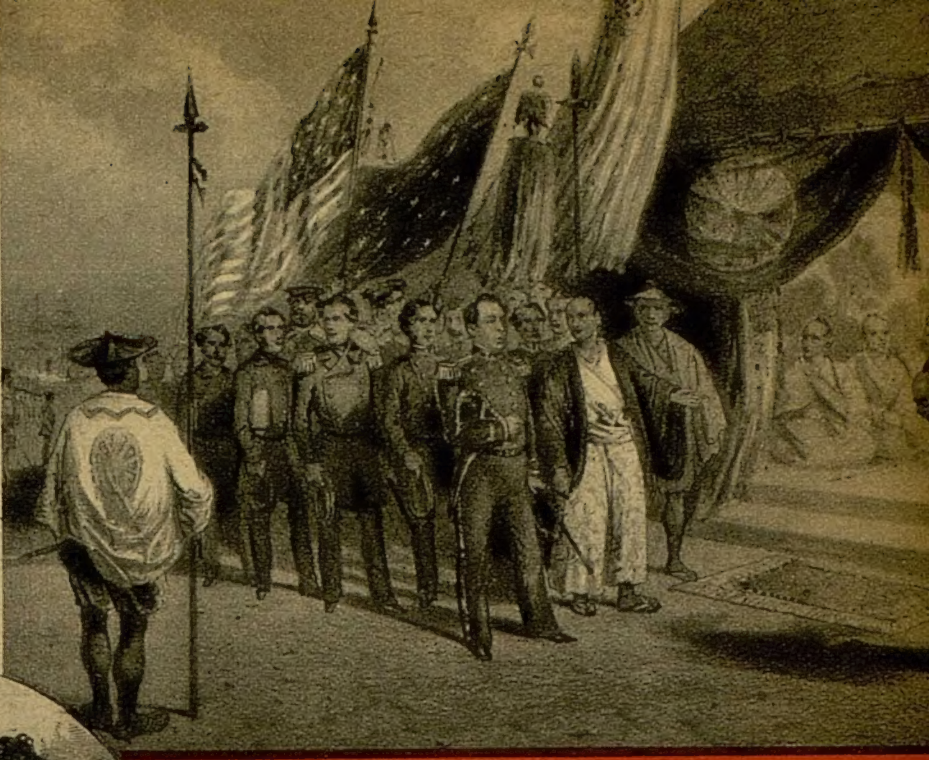
Universal peace is the traditional aim of the Japanese Imperial Household.

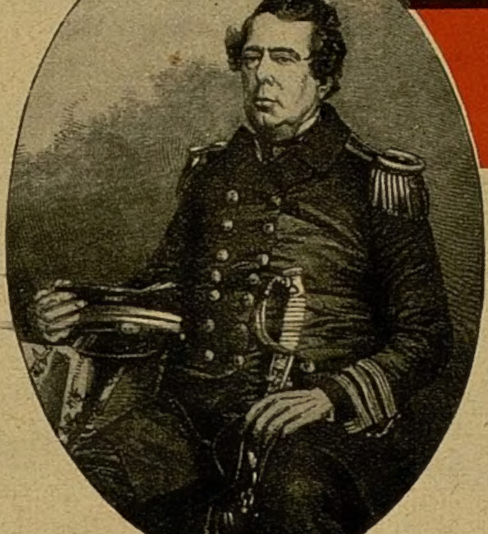
If our purpose in Manchuria were aggression, why should we have assisted in establishing a good Manchukuo government? Why did we not leave the situation there indefinite and liquid, so that we might later find a pretext to annex it? We have had not an iota of such an idea.

On the contrary, we are happy to note that Manchukuo is making a healthy and steady progress and that impartial observers are recognizing that fact.

As to the pacific motives of the United States, you, of course, are fully aware of them yourselves, and thinking Japanese have no illusion about them. But you will remember that in the past there were some actions taken by a group of Americans, such as the proposal to neutralize the Manchurian Railway, which tended to arouse suspicions in the Japanese mind.

In spite of the fact that these suspicions and apprehensions are entirely unwarranted and gratuitous, tense feelings will nevertheless be the natural outcome. What can we do in such a situation? Is it not foolishness itself to place ourselves in false positions? Do we not need a change of heart? As I said before, there is between our two peoples a traditional friendship. These suspicions are only casual ripples on the surface; underneath constantly flows a solid current of good will and understanding. What is needed most urgently now is the reposing of full and implicit confidence by our two peoples in each other's genuine purpose to serve at the altar of peace and progress.





Culver Service photos

Commodore Perry at Yokohama meeting Japanese imperial commissioners—from a contemporary print. Left: The commodore.

Japan's motives in the Far East are not different from those of the United States in this hemisphere. They consist in the bringing about of a higher state of security and order, of a better condition of affairs in the regions in which we are vitally interested, and of a condition of affairs acceptable to the rest of the world. Japan is determined to fulfill her responsibilities as the principal stabilizing influence in eastern Asia.

In regard to Japan's policy in that part of the world, Mr. Hirota, the Japanese Minister for Foreign Affairs, handed to the ambassadors of the United States and Great Britain a clear and succinct memorandum which has not so far been given wide publicity in this country.

" Japan has not," the memorandum reads, " infringed upon China's independence or interests, nor has she the slightest intention to do so. In fact, she sincerely desires the preservation of the territorial integrity of China and her unification and prosperity. These ends should, fundamentally speaking, be attained by China herself through her self-awakening and voluntary efforts.

" Japan has no intention to trespass upon the rights of other powers in China. Their bona-fide financial and commercial activities will redound to the benefit of China, which is quite welcome to Japan. She, of course, subscribes to the principles of the Open Door and Equal Opportunity in China. She is observing scrupulously all existing treaties and agreements concerning that country.

" However, Japan cannot remain indifferent to any one's taking action, under any pretext, which is prejudicial to the maintenance of law and order in East Asia, for which she, if only in view of her geographic position, has the most vital concern. Consequently, she cannot afford to have questions of China exploited by any third party for the execution of a selfish policy which does not take into consideration the above circumstances."

I am not speaking diplomatically when I say I sincerely admire the Chinese people. They had a great past. They are intellectual, artistic, clever, and industrious. We of Japan owe a great deal to the Chinese in art, philosophy, moral teaching, and learning. All the more I deplore the recent conditions in China. For the last quarter of a century the country has been divided against itself and constant internecine warfare has been going on. The people have known no good government. Despotism and oppression have reigned supreme. They have lost their initiative in their lives and their incentive for honest work.

The governments established by war lords in various parts of the country have freely made an extended application of their age-old policy of " using one enemy to control the other." They seem to have come to the conclusion, to use the words of Mr. Owen Lattimore, the American traveler, that " Good government at home is less vital to the nation than successful intrigues abroad."

This point has always to be borne in mind when we study the Chinese diplomacy. We sympathize with China that it was through the pressure of circumstances that they have come round to such a dangerous policy. But realities have to be met. We Japanese and Americans should not permit any group of Chinese to arouse ill feeling between us. In this light, it will be easily understood that Japan's anxiety regarding the possible addition of disturbing influences in the Far East is by no means uncalled for.

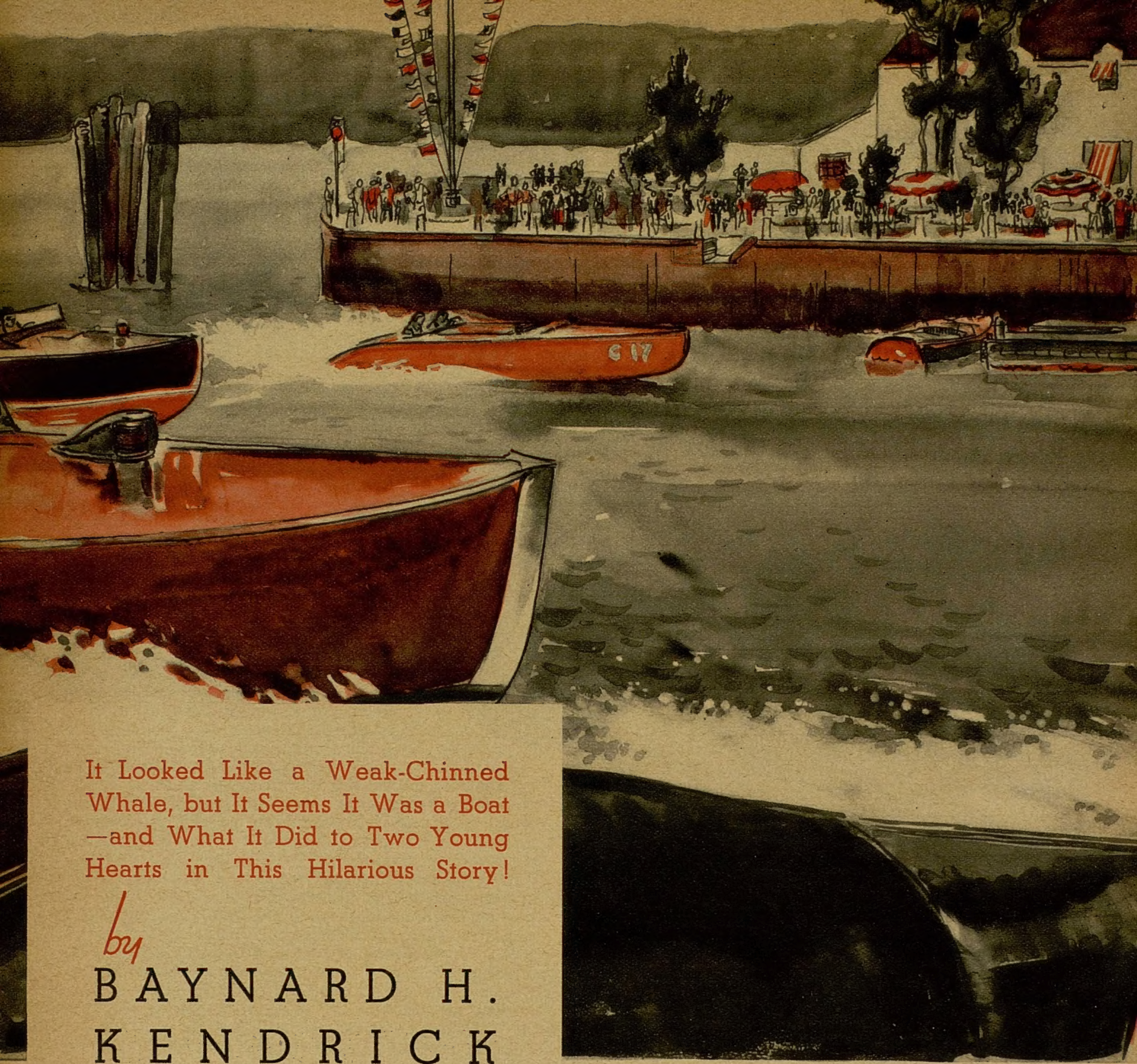
As I have already said, we have no intention or desire to interfere in the affairs of China. But when other powers interfere in those affairs in a way that may lead to a disturbance of international peace, we naturally object. Thirty years ago we had to wage a life-or-death struggle because of the aggressions of Czarist Russia in China. The assertion of our position is not a warning of pending action by us. It is in the nature of a preventive measure taken only in a diplomatic way.

In the recent exchange of notes between the Secretary of State and our Foreign Minister, it was clearly stated that there were no questions between our two countries that were not capable of diplomatic solution. Let us hope that whatever phantom of suspicion may be lurking in the minds of our two peoples will soon vanish into thin air. It is our foreordained duty that we of the United States and Japan, situated as we are on the eastern and western shores of the Pacific, should co-operate and exert our best endeavors in the peaceful development of the vast region bordering on the great ocean.

History is making the great name of Commodore Perry even greater every day. The Treaty of Kanagawa will, in the perspective of time, grow daily in stature as an historic monument in the Pacific.

As if to symbolize this invisible monument, there stands at Kurihama, the famed beach of Commodore Perry's first landing, a stone monument dedicated to his honored memory. It was erected by the Japanese nation in 1901, as a lasting mark of appreciation to the commodore and to the United States. When the great earthquake of 1923 shook and destroyed the fishing villages near by, the Perry monument stood quite intact. May our friendship ever withstand the stress of the political, social, and economic convulsions of the world.

THE END



It Looked Like a Weak-Chinned Whale, but It Seems It Was a Boat—and What It Did to Two Young Hearts in This Hilarious Story!

by

BAYNARD H. KENDRICK

The FLYING

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 38 SECONDS

"THIS is a private dock!" Aileen Doane warned the incoming boat. "You can't land here!"

Steve Lambert muttered an inaudible word in the direction of the engine of the Flying Fish. That temperamental piece of machinery quit coughing in starts and lapses and ceased to run, headed for the forbidden dock under its own momentum. Steve negotiated a neat landing, barely missing a pair of slim brown legs hanging over the side of the pier.

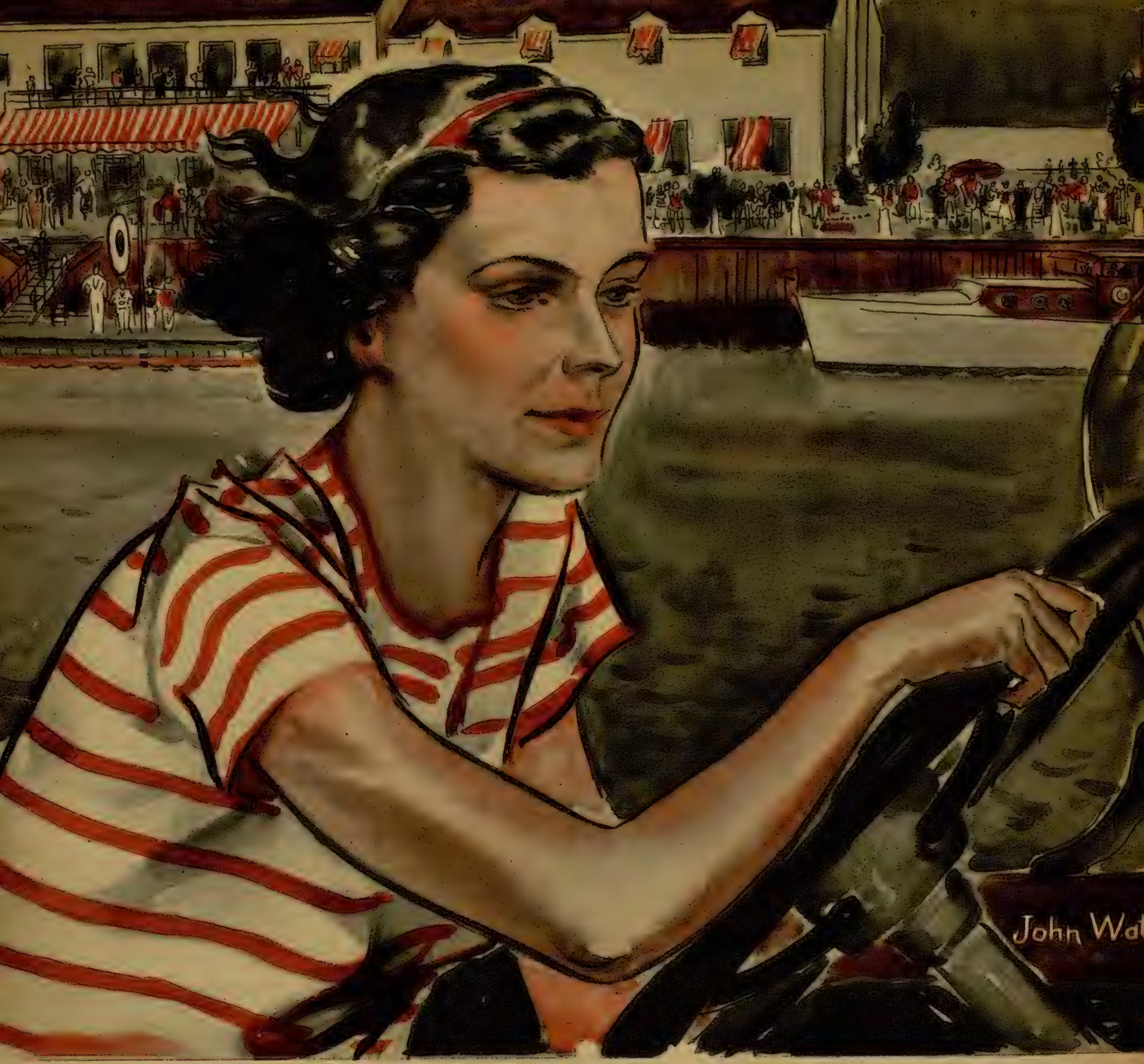
"I tell you, this is a private dock!" The girl in the scanty blue swimming suit rescued her legs a hop ahead of amputation. "What are you trying to do—cut my legs off?"

"Not a chance! May I say they're lovely—or are they private like the dock?"

"You're a particularly obnoxious type to me." The much admired legs vanished under a blue beach robe. "Get that thing out of here!" Their owner indicated the Flying Fish, already deftly half-hitched to a piling below her.

"I claim courtesy of the sea, Miss Doane—or may I call you Aileen?" Steve pulled himself easily up on the dock and sat down close by the girl. "The Flying Fish—as is its wont—has ceased pro tem to fly."

"How did you know my name?" Long-lashed brown eyes gazed in



The Aileen crossed the finish line far enough ahead to make Hugh a very bad second.

POOR-FISH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN WATROUS

surprise at Steve's wind-mussed hair and strong tanned arms.

"I'll tell you a secret, lady." He looked around with a dark-conspirator air. "I'm actually not what you think I am. I'm really Steve Lambert the sea detective. I see a sign—KEEP OFF! PRIVATE LANDING. LANGFORD DOANE. I see a motorboat named Aileen. I deduce. Clever—what?"

"How were all the other inmates when you broke out?" Aileen asked. She stood up. "Take your convict ship and sail for Australia, will you, please? Father will have fits! Oh, Lord!"

Mr. Langford Doane, two hundred and forty pounds of big business, was easing himself, somewhat creakingly, down the steps leading from boathouse to dock. Mr. Doane sailed down the narrow length of the dock and hove to in front of his daughter and the visitor.

Steve chose a frontal attack. He seized one of Mr. Doane's unwilling hands and pumped it up and down, beaming "thank yous" straight into Mr. Doane's crimson face. "My boat was behaving badly, Mr. Doane. I didn't think I could make my camp on the other side of the island. When I saw your name on the sign, I knew it would be O. K. to put in here."

"Oh, you did!" Mr. Doane extricated his hand. "Do you think I put that up as a lure for broken-

down boatmen? You must be half blind—or half-witted. Part of the sign says 'Keep Off!'"

"Good! Excellent!" Steve laughed infectiously. His victim decided he had said something extremely clever and softened down. "I thought immediately," Steve continued, "'There's Mr. Doane's place. A fellow in trouble is always sure of a welcome from a famous yachtsman'—"

"Well, if a man's in trouble—" Mr. Doane enjoyed being a famous yachtsman. "Good gracious! Is that your boat?"

"Yes, sir! I built her myself and ran her down here from Chesapeake Bay. When we get her out on the slip you can see her better."

"On what slip?" Mr. Doane revolved ponderously. "You don't think I'll let you—"

"Please!" Steve raised a deprecating hand. "It's no trouble at all. I'd enjoy pulling her out and showing her to you. She needs a little refitting anyhow, and I can do it while she's out—so you'll really be doing me a favor to let me use your slip. My father always said—"

"Just who is your father?"

"I'm sorry," Steve spoke very soberly. "I thought you knew. Unfortunately, my father is dead. He taught me quite a lot about boats. He was Gerald Lambert of Havre de Grace—the designer. I'm Steve Lambert."

"Indeed?" Mr. Doane gave first signs of interest and good will. "Your father designed my cruiser, the Hideaway. I'll be glad for his son to use my slip. Make yourself at home. This is my daughter. Aileen, this is a son of Gerald Lambert."

Aileen patted her perspiring parent on the shoulder. "The doctor told you to keep out of the sun. I think you can trust Mr. Lambert to make himself at home."

"I hope so." Mr. Doane took her advice and started toward the coolness of the boathouse.

If the Flying Fish was justly called strange while in the water, it was even more so when its dripping length appeared nakedly on the Doane slip.

"Does it spout?" Aileen asked. "It has the lines of a weak-chinned whale."

"I had the whale in mind when I built it." Steve affectionately stroked his creation. "Your boat, the Aileen, is slick, sharp, and snappy—but she lacks imagination. Girls are much the same way. The snappiest are not always the fastest in the water. Consider the Channel swimmers—"

"I'll admit the Aileen isn't as fast as she should be. Hugh Walmsley's boat, the Firefly, has beaten her twice for the Class E Cup. The Aileen was guaranteed to beat him when father bought her for me. We were stuck."

Steve chuckled to himself. Things were breaking his way. An entirely worth-while piece of work would be to help a girl such as Aileen Doane win a cup.

"Do you mind if I look over the Aileen?" He jumped down from the marine-railway carriage. "Shooting more speed into lazy boats happens to be my business."

HE spent twenty minutes in the Aileen, going minutely over the engine, reaching under water to feel the propeller, running her with her bow against a piling. He was grinning when he climbed out. "If I add twenty per cent to her speed will you be satisfied?" he demanded.

"I'll adore you!"

"Twenty-five per cent for that! Tomorrow we'll haul her out. She needs a different propeller. I'll get one from the mainland, and I know a few tricks with the engine—"

The musical note of a horn sounded. A chromium-plated symphony was swooping in toward the Doane landing.

"That's Hugh Walmsley now. The boat I want to beat." Aileen waved to the new arrival. "You'll like each other, I know."

Promptly, wholeheartedly, and efficiently they hated each other on sight. Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Walmsley represented important money. Their son Hugh was not averse to having it known. Steve instantly felt grotesque in his canvas sneakers, once-white ducks, and sleeveless jersey beside the careless sport raiment of the Walmsley heir. Hugh ran a practiced Walmsley eye over the Flying Fish. "Efficient commercial boat, isn't it? Did you build it yourself?"

Steve murdered a desire to decorate Hugh's patrician features with a handful of grease. "I had an idea of entering her in the races next week."

"This?" Hugh injected two gallons of incredulity into the single word, and followed with a tour around the Flying Fish in the manner of a dog encircling a snake. "But the races are only open to club members. Of course, if you're stopping at the Island House, guests are issued courtesy cards." He made clear the remoteness of the idea that Steve was a guest at the expensive hotel.

"Unfortunately, I'm not."

A polite frown marred the Walmsley brow. "Aren't you the mechanic camping in that cabin on William's Point with another fellow?"

"Sure. Curly Anderson and I rented the place for a month. Drop in sometime."

"I will—if my boat needs fixing. A friend of mine said you were a pretty good workman."

"Hugh!" Aileen protested sharply. She was relieved when Steve smiled.

"I am a good workman. We've been working on boats around here for the past two weeks—paying expenses."

"I'll consult my father about giving you some work," Hugh added condescendingly by way of parting. "I'm afraid we'll have to go. I'm taking Miss Doane for a spin with some friends."

"Thank you so much, sir," Steve said, deeply servile. Aileen saw the wink he gave her but refused to acknowledge it.

WHEN the Firefly returned from its spin the slip was empty. Aileen found a note pinned to the boathouse door.

> Dear Lady with Eyes Like Brown Sails:
>
> Please thank your father for the use of the slip. He was gone when I finished. I have an invitation to give you the next time we meet. (You're marvelous!) I'm going to wash my overalls and attend the club dance tonight. (I can hardly wait. Do you dance as entrancingly as you look?) I'll carry a Stillson wrench and a pair of pliers so you'll recognize me.
>
> (Honestly—you're scrumptious!)
>
> STEVE (MASEFIELD) LAMBERT.

She was dancing with Howard Tate, commodore of the club, when Steve cut in. He was very much at ease. She approved his bearing and the firmness of his slim figure under the well cut tuxedo.

The commodore released her unwillingly. "Why pick on me, Steve? My hair's getting thin. Whenever I annex a good-looker some of you young snips take her."

"And it takes you all of thirty seconds to find another," Steve told him unsympathetically.

"I didn't know you'd really be here," Aileen lied to her new partner. "Your overalls are most becoming."

"You're scrumptious!" He was holding her possessively close, expertly dodging the stag line, guiding the way to a door leading on to the upper porch of the clubhouse.

"You used that in your note. Is that a type of form letter you leave around for your customers?"

"Are you really interested in me?" He eased her through the door to the balcony.

"Your conceit fascinates me. Quit holding my arm so tightly!"

"Ah! Mustn't struggle—think what club members will say—Aileen Doane fighting with a mechanic on club piazza! Shall we go downstairs? There are easy chairs over the water. It's cooler."

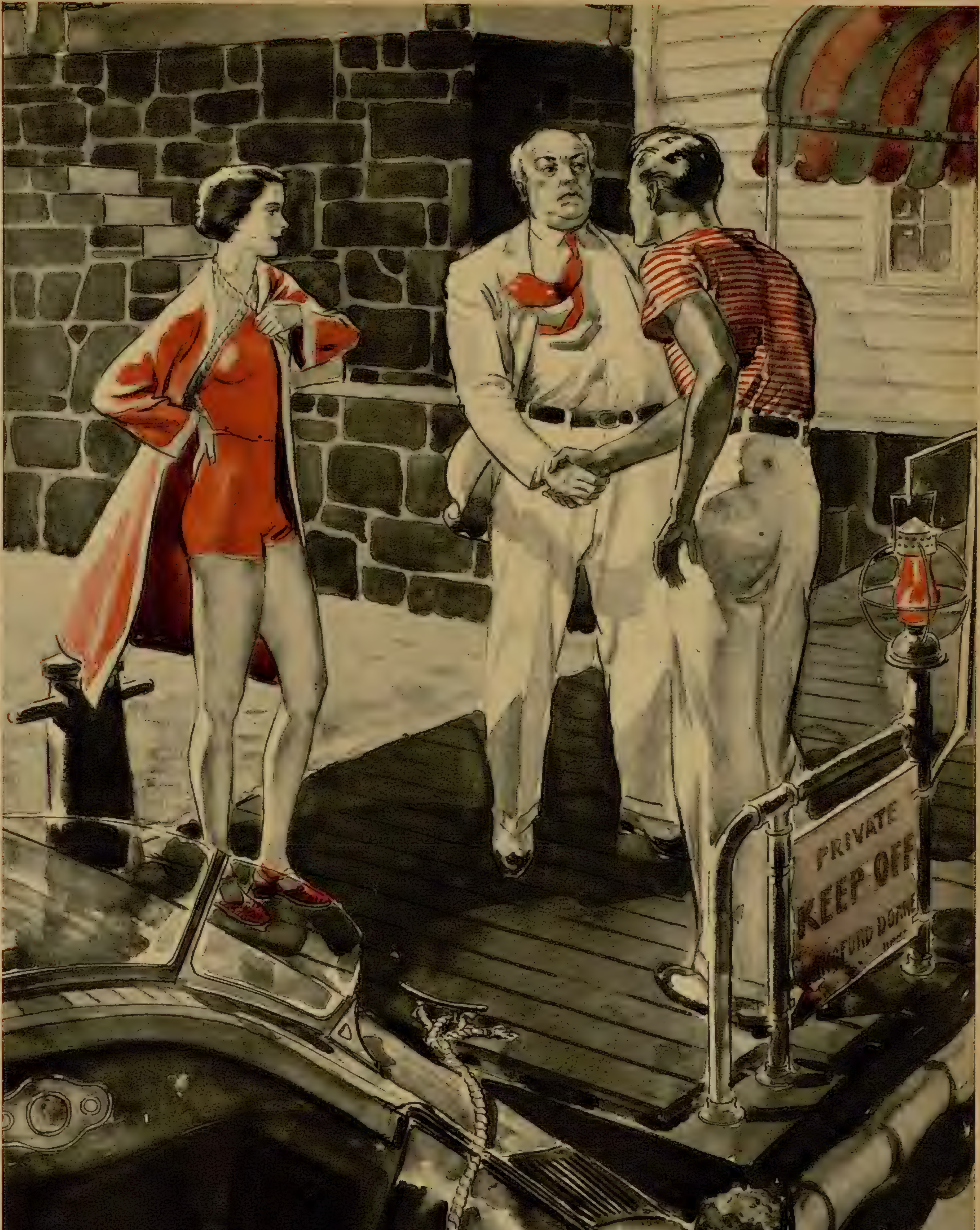
"No."

They were already going downstairs. She knew how many of the club newsreel brigade were watching; felt the futility of trying to break the grip on her arm without a scene. On the pier she twisted loose impatiently.

"You're utterly and absolutely—"

"Detestable," he aided her. "And you're adorable."

"I've had enough of you telling me I'm adorable. You're


PRIVATE
KEEP OFF
FORD DOANE
John Watrous

Steve seized one of Mr. Doane's unwilling hands and pumped it up and down, beaming "thank yous" into Mr. Doane's crimson face.

unmannerly. You can't tow me around like a barge and make me enjoy it. Nor lie to me either about being a member of this club."

"I didn't lie!" He grew red-eared. "I said I wasn't a guest at the Island House. I've been a member here for two weeks. This is the second time I've been to the club. I am a mechanic. Ask the commodore. I've been tuning up his Red Hawk IV for the International—"

"You worked on the Red Hawk IV?" Aileen was impressed.

"Yes. And I'm offering to work on the Aileen—and to take you out for weakfish if you'll be on your dock at six fifteen in the morning. We'll be back before noon and haul your boat out then. I don't like to be called a liar."

"I'm sorry."

She stood up, an intoxicating fantasy.

"Maybe you'll believe me when I say I'm going to kiss you!" he warned her.

She had handled situations before, skillfully and without embarrassment, but never one of the Steve Lambert brand. The warm touch of his lips was tender, affectionate—not to be classed with a passing kiss lightly given, quickly forgotten. Torn for a brief instant by some unrecognized emotion, she answered his caress. When she freed herself gently and stood back from him, lantern light touched tears in her brown eyes.

She spoke rapidly, not afraid to meet his eyes. "I've seen you only once before—for a few minutes. Yet, somehow, I'm not angry. I don't know whether or not you've made me cheap. Perhaps I've become so careless I give you the impression I'm common—that wench, Aileen Doane, who can be kissed on a second meeting. I think I had better find out." She came to a sudden decision. "Go now, Steve, but call for me in the morning."

"You're not cheap," he said. "I kissed you for one reason. I love you." He turned abruptly and went down the steps from the pier to the landing platform where the Flying Fish was moored.

Restless and wakeful, she fought with the memory of Steve's kisses long after she went to bed. At six the next morning she was waiting on the dock for the arrival of the Flying Fish. . . .

The summer colony was forced to admit from the outcome of the Class E race that young Lambert understood motorboats. "Wizardry," the elated Langford Doane called it when the Aileen, with his daughter at the wheel, crossed the finish line far enough ahead of the Firefly to make Hugh Walmsley a very bad second.

Steve's skilled work on the winner, however, was buried under the laugh of the day when the Flying Fish, manned by Steve and Curly Anderson, limped in, the last of the entries to finish by ten long minutes.

LANGFORD DOANE and Commodore Tate were building up a discussion of the races over a second highball when Christopher Walmsley descended upon them in the grill. Mr. Doane signaled for another highball.

"Drink this, Chris. You make a swell loser. Your boy put up a good fight this afternoon, but I've been telling you for two years the Aileen was a better boat than the Firefly."

"Rubbish!" Mr. Walmsley's joviality dropped ten degrees. "The Firefly wasn't at her best. You can't expect a boat with engine trouble—"

"Oh, be a sport, Chris!" the commodore interrupted. "Hugh was trimmed and you know it. Young Lambert jazzed up the Aileen and she beat Hugh's boat. Why didn't you let him look over the Firefly, as I told you?"

"That twenty-five-dollar-a-week pup?"

"Twenty-five-dol—" The commodore strangled over his drink. "I see you've never had one of his bills."

"I don't care what you pay him. That tub of his is the joke of the club. A bad nineteenth today in a field of nineteen boats, wasn't it? Master mechanic—faugh!"

"That was a real case of engine trouble."

"Sure," Mr. Doane supported the commodore. "That boy's racing a homemade boat against some of the best in the country."

"Tosh!" Mr. Walmsley shoved the glasses back for refilling. "That blunt-nosed ferry couldn't do over eight miles an hour—"

"Something whispers she can beat the Firefly." The commodore stirred his drink lovingly, prodding Mr. Walmsley with enjoyment. "The Lambert family knows boats."

"The Walmsley family knows boats," Christopher Walmsley argued heatedly. "And likes to bet on them. Is a thousand enough?"

Langford Doane placed his glass on the bar with great precaution. "Let's make it fifteen hundred."

"That the Flying Fish can beat the Firefly over today's course?"

"You have the idea."

"You're a fish!"

"I want to be a fish too!" the commodore pleaded.

"You're hooked right now. Two poor fish in one haul —flying poor-fish!" Mr. Walmsley dissolved into Scotchy laughter.

BY nine o'clock it was all over the club. The next morning it was all over the stern of Steve's boat. During the night a silent worker in a canoe visited the camp, painted out the name Flying Fish, and substituted in neat black letters FLYING POOR-FISH.

"Are you satisfied now?" Curly Anderson demanded witheringly when he and Steve saw the alteration. "You deliberately throw a race yesterday so your dream girl can win a cup. Now I suppose you'll desist from poking Hugh Walmsley's nose because it's not gentlemanly!"

"We don't know he did it."

"It's safe to poke him anyhow. I don't like him and his 'We're in the money' airs. Are you going to throw this race with the Firefly too—and stick a couple of swell guys for fifteen hundred apiece?"

"I have to, Curly," Steve said miserably. "It would make Aileen look like a fool if I beat the Firefly now."

"She'll be proud of you if she learns you cost her old man fifteen hundred bucks! Tate's no amateur boatman. He knows this boat can run rings around the Firefly—and Doane suspects it. They both believe there was a screw loose somewhere in that Class E event."

"They don't know—and they're not going to find out."

"Have it your way." Curly shook his head sadly. "But we better tie a washtub on the stern. The engine might get out of hand."

The duel race, destined to reveal the Walmsley family's knowledge of boats, was scheduled for the following Saturday. On Saturday morning Steve docked at the Doane landing and found Aileen sunning herself in a deck chair on the pier.

"I'm furious, Steve," she said directly. "The whole club is laughing about this race. Father admits he had drunk a few too many when he made the bet. Why don't you refuse to race? He'll lose his money anyhow. It's no discredit to you—"

"To quit cold?"

"Is it your fault Mr. Walmsley bet on a sure thing? They're forcing you into a race with a faster boat just to get a laugh. To add to their amusement, you run around for a week with everybody snickering at that name on your boat. Why don't you change it?"

"I rather enjoy it. Hugh may not beat me so badly."

"Don't treat me like a mental case, Steve," she said pleadingly. "We've been together a lot since that night at the dance. Don't think my friends have failed to notice it and discuss us thoroughly—our fishing and swimming, and the work you did on the Aileen. If you go into this silly race it not only makes you look foolish, but me too."

"I don't see how it reflects on you."

"Any girl wants to be proud of the man—"

"She loves?" He peered under the brim of her hat, seeking confirmation.

"Maybe that's it," she said after a long pause. "I'm still not sure. But I am sure it hurts to have you turned into the club comic."

"You wouldn't really want me to quit this race cold, Aileen." Steve rose and talked down to the top of the hat. "I'll go in and do my best. You'll feel better when it's over."

"Do as you like," she told him without looking up. "By all means, do as you like!" . . .

The triangular course of the Motorboat Club was nine miles long—three miles to the lighthouse buoy, three miles to the island buoy, and three miles back to the clubhouse.

The Firefly, club pennant stiff in the breeze, white and efficient as an operating room, had led the way disdainfully down most of the first leg. Knowing devotees and armchair boatmen clucked at the sight of the pug-dog Flying Fish pounding along in her wake.

There was plenty of white water at the lighthouse buoy. Hugh put the Firefly around the turn at three-quarter speed and took part of a quartering wave over the windshield. His father's mechanic, Joe, who always raced with him, grunted at the shock, keeping an experienced eye on the Flying Fish.

"That leaping bathtub's got more than we figured," he told the young man at the wheel. "We don't seem to be shaking her off like we expected."

"Naturally not. I haven't been running full speed." He glanced behind him. "Gosh! Look at her pound!"

BAYNARD H. KENDRICK

was born in Philadelphia. He enlisted in the Canadian infantry at the outbreak of the war and served in Salonika and France. He has been pianist in a movie theater, real-estate broker, editor, hotel manager, and an accountant. He has devoted himself solely to writing since 1932.

The Flying Fish was sticking her blunt nose high in the air, smacking down viciously with every wave, slapping spray twenty feet up on both sides. As she straightened out in back of the Firefly, Joe had a chance, for the first time, to get a good glimpse of the bottom under the plunging bow. His eyes narrowed. He took a pair of marine glasses from the locker and studied the pursuing boat.

"I don't want to butt in, Mr. Walmsley," he told Hugh uneasily. "But if I were you I wouldn't let that boat get too close. She's got a hydroplane design I've never seen before. That's what's making her buck so."

"Don't lose your mind, Joe, because father happens to have three thousand on this race." Hugh opened the Firefly up another notch. The Flying Fish dropped behind again.

At the second buoy, off the island, with the Firefly drawing rapidly away, Curly Anderson made a last attempt to urge Steve to victory:

"Let's trim him, Steve. You're breaking my heart!"

"No!"

"You're girl-crazy. You said she was mad at you for going into the race. She'll get over it if you win. It's easier to forgive a winner than a ridiculous loser."

"Not when winning shows her I could have beaten her for the cup."

Ahead Hugh was swinging out for the sharp turn around the island buoy. He skittered flashingly around the hairpin turn, and as he passed the Flying Fish still on its way to the buoy, he violated the rules of good clean sport so far as to thumb his nose derisively at Steve Lambert.

"Now's the time to break out your red pennant and appeal to the yachting committee," Curly advised Steve. "You can claim a foul. Your opponent has strewn razzberries in your path. Ungentlemanly, I calls it!"

The romantic Steve Lambert vanished under the Walmsley taunt and Curly's badgering, and was replaced by a hard-faced young builder of racers who naturally despised to run a losing boat.

"I can't take it, Curly!" he admitted. "Give her the gun!"

CURLY lifted one of the hatch covers which shielded the engine and carefully changed the adjustment of the carburetor. "Oke!" he said. He picked two life jackets from under the seat, put one on himself and helped Steve into the other.

Steve had forgotten Aileen and everything except the white boat a quarter of a mile in the lead. He nursed the Flying Fish around close as possible to the buoy. When the last three miles lay straight ahead, he advanced the spark and started feeding her the gas.

The motor gratefully cleared its throat with a couple of backfires loud enough to startle watchers on the clubhouse porch. It gleefully kicked the Flying Fish over a wave and dropped her in a trough. Curly picked himself up from the floor of the boat, said, "Holy Moses! She thinks she's a sea horse!" and grabbed the seat to keep from falling again.

The Flying Fish poked her nose into another comber, climbed up on a cushion of air caught under her bow, and rode it standing on her tail for two hundred yards. Bam! She went down, and immediately was up again, jumping after the Firefly with the fervor of a gigantic flea chasing a puppy in a feather bed.

HUGH heard her coming, but the Firefly was already doing her best. The Flying Fish, a shrieking slapping bundle of noise and spray, went by him playfully touching the water in imitation of the winged fish for which it was named.

"It really is a hydroplane," the stunned Hugh Walmsley told Joe. "What can we do?"

"The only thing I can think of," said Joe, utterly forgetting his place, "is to page Gar Wood!"

Steve, certain that nothing he could do would add to Aileen's disapproval, waited until the Firefly crossed the finish line and insultingly circled it three times in front of the clubhouse. Just before Commodore Tate pounded Mr. Christopher Walmsley between the shoulder blades, knocking that indignant sportsman's gold binoculars into the bay, Steve turned the Flying Fish around and sped off to his camp.

Late that afternoon he and Curly were packing their few belongings into the Flying Fish, preparing for an early start the next morning. Their work was nearly finished when the Aileen, with its owner aboard, headed in toward William's Point.

"It's your party," Curly said, and walked up to the camp, leaving Steve to greet the incoming boatload of trouble.

Aileen was calm and unflustered, deadly matter-of-fact. She waited until Steve had fumblingly moored her boat, then handed him a carefully wrapped parcel which lay on the seat beside her.

"You forgot your cup. I thought you'd want to take it home with you."

Steve made no move to touch it. "You won it fairly, Aileen. I certainly don't want it."

"Won it fairly?" she blazed at him. "Don't you think I saw your boat really run this afternoon? The whole club knows by now you deliberately threw the cup race so I could win it. Take the thing!"

She tossed the package into the Flying Fish and began to untie the Aileen.

"You're mistaken—" Steve began.

"Only in you. You didn't have courage enough to face me. I had to find out you were leaving from friends who have a camp near here—"

"So you could come and bawl me out! Well, you can shut up and listen to me!" Steve spoke torridly and loudly. "You flatter yourself that I threw the Class E race for you—but I didn't! I told your dumb club classification committee that the Flying Fish was not a Class E boat. So they quoted me statistics about engine displacements and put me in there anyhow, with a bunch of polished palookas I can run circles around. Well, I don't want to win races out of my class. I'd have thrown the one today, too, if your boy friend hadn't thumbed his Grecian nose at me—"

"You were running away! And you have no right to call Hugh Walmsley my boy friend. I detest that."

"I wasn't leaving without seeing you. I was coming over later this evening."

"I've saved you the trouble." She stepped in the Aileen, pressed the starter, and was gone.

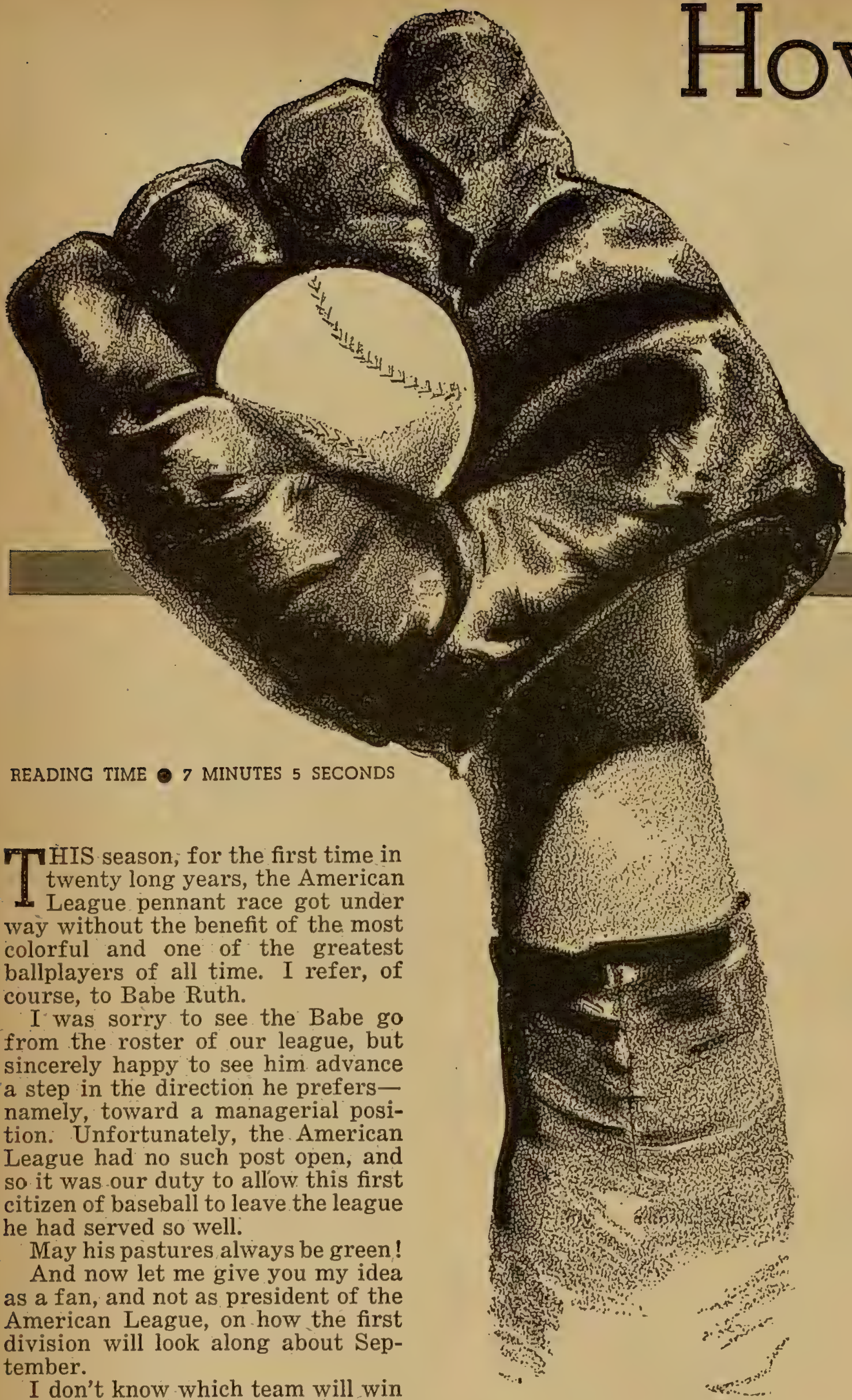
Five minutes later Curly heard the motor of the Flying Fish roar. He came to the door of the cabin and watched the frothy trail of the hydroplane until it was cut off from his view by a point of land.

"Fastest boat and fastest worker on the coast," he informed the descending blackness. "If he can't win with that combination he better keep 'Flying Poor-Fish' painted on his stern for life!"

THE END

How will the

The Head of the Organization Predicts a Close Race, and in Spite of the Loss of Ruth Maintains Circuit Slugging Will Still Be a Big Factor This Year



READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THIS season, for the first time in twenty long years, the American League pennant race got under way without the benefit of the most colorful and one of the greatest ballplayers of all time. I refer, of course, to Babe Ruth.

I was sorry to see the Babe go from the roster of our league, but sincerely happy to see him advance a step in the direction he prefers—namely, toward a managerial position. Unfortunately, the American League had no such post open, and so it was our duty to allow this first citizen of baseball to leave the league he had served so well.

May his pastures always be green!

And now let me give you my idea as a fan, and not as president of the American League, on how the first division will look along about September.

I don't know which team will win the pennant, for it looks like too close a race to pick any one team as a standout over the rest of the field. I think three and possibly four teams will fight it out for the league championship right down to the last week of the season.

Three months ago I thought Cleveland, led by Walter Johnson, had the best possible chance to represent the American League in the 1935 World Series. But that was before I had made my tour of the training camps—before I had seen the strengthened contenders.

Cleveland will be hurt, I believe, by the operation which forced shortstop Bill Knickerbocker out of their line-up just before the start of their spring exhibition schedule. The club still has a great pitching staff, powerful batting, and a will to win which is reminiscent of the '34 Detroit Tigers.

The Cochranemen will be in the fight all the way, too. How can you overlook a team which won the pennant of the year before and has not been weakened? The Yankees, with a fast young outfield and their corps of star pitchers, are another contingent which should make the race one of the best we have seen in years.

Lefty Grove's arm looked great in Florida, and if it should act all year as well as it looked this spring, who can count the Boston Red Sox out of the race? Joe Cronin has brought a marvelous spirit into their play, and with Ferrell, Walberg, and Pipgras coming back to their former pinnacles, the Red Sox may bring the pennant to Boston for the first time since 1918.

Then again Connie Mack has an aggregation of young men who rank as the dark horses of the league. I cannot forget that Connie's boys won two thirds of their games in the last six weeks of the 1934 campaign. Washington's 1934 records must be thrown out. No team can win games when its regulars are in the hospital.

While I do not feel that I can predict first-division berths for the Chicago White Sox or the St. Louis Browns, I am glad to see that both clubs are rebuilding and have teams which will win more games. In brief, I believe the whole league has been strengthened by trades, player shifts, and the influx of a crop of great rookies.

This last brings me to a discussion of the outstanding yearlings in the American League and how they may affect the pennant race. Your guess on any particular one I mention is as good as mine; but from what I have seen and heard these seem to be the 1935 freshman finds:

George Hockette: A left-handed pitcher with something very rare for any southpaw—excellent control. He is with the Boston Red Sox, and he may be part of the answer to Joe Cronin's prayer for winning pitchers.

Vernon Washington: The new White Sox outfielder who is a powerhouse hitter and a good ball hawk. He and Simmons should be responsible for many runs this year.

Al Milnar and **Lou Berger**: Cleveland has been fortunate enough to come up with two prize packages. Al is a twenty-one-year-old left-hander from the Cleveland sand lots, and Lou is reputed to be a marvelous second baseman.

Chester Morgan: He led the Texas League in batting last year

American League teams FINISH?

by WILLIAM HARRIDGE

President of the American League • as told to JERRY D. LEWIS

with a .343 average, and may make the grade as a regular in Mickey Cochrane's Detroit outfield.

JESSE HILL: This ex-University of Southern California football star batted .349 for the Newark Bears last year, and led the league in two departments with 205 hits and 24 stolen bases. After three years in the minors he seems to have arrived.

ALEX HOOKS: Connie Mack has been grooming him to succeed Jimmy Foxx at first base when the double-x lad is shifted to the receiving position. Hooks batted .340 last season with Tulsa, and fielded very well.

FAY THOMAS, JR.: Formerly tried by the Giants, Yankees, and Indians, he is said to be ready for the big leagues now by those who saw him pitch last year at Los Angeles, where he won 28 and lost 4. With the Browns now.

ALVIN POWELL and FRED SINGTON: They played side by side in the Albany outfield last season and led the International League in scoring and driving in runs, respectively. Bucky Harris garnered them for Washington.

Understand, I don't promise that any of them will set fire to the ball parks. As 1935 marches on we shall see how they fare.

And now let me voice an opinion in contradiction of a point brought out in the article by Ford Frick, my fellow major-league president, in Liberty last week.

He said, you will remember, that he thought the trend of the game would change with the rise to stardom of such pitching stalwarts as Schoolboy Rowe, Vernon "Lefty" Gomez, Dizzy Dean, and Carl Hubbell, coupled with the descent of Babe Ruth's home-run proclivities; that the pitchers would return to the dominant position they held over the batters before Babe Ruth made both the other players and the fans homer-conscious.

I do not want to be contentious, but it is my earnest belief that in Lou Gehrig, Hal Trosky, Jimmy Foxx, and Earl Averill the American League boasts a quartet of sluggers which will keep the home-run tradition alive in 1935 with vigorous assaults on the Babe's great record of sixty.

The 1927 Yankees, featuring "Murderers' Row," the heaviest hitting line-up in baseball's history, will be remembered long after the old Hitless Wonders are no more than lines of type in a record book. Jack Dempsey will be remembered long after Gene Tunney has passed into the limbo of forgotten champions.

American sports fans admire great skill, but they prefer power and action, and there are more of these in a home run than in a strikeout. It is my firm conviction that you fans continue to want your baseball flavored with home runs.

And now I come into my private office and discuss one of a major-league president's vexing problems.

Five cities—New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, and Philadelphia—in the big leagues are represented by a team in each circuit. Some of these cities are no longer capable of supporting two major-league teams.

The obvious solution is to change the location of several franchises. But where could they be moved to?

You suggest Milwaukee, Montreal, and Los Angeles?

They are all big enough to support a major-league team in proper style, I'll admit. There are, however, insurmountable difficulties in each case.

Milwaukee hasn't got a major-league ball park. One would have to be built before you could move a franchise there. That would take an investment of about $3,000,000 before the owner got a nickel in return.

The time element precludes serious consideration of the other two. Airplane travel has been suggested. There are two fundamental arguments against a baseball team's using planes. The first is that in the event of a crash an entire ball club might be wiped out. The second and equally important reason is that in the event of a bad electrical storm or a fog the planes don't even leave the airport. Anything like that during the season would disrupt the entire schedule.

We have been fortunate in our use of the railroads. Not once, to the best of my memory, has a ballplayer been hurt in a railroad accident. Moreover, we have never missed a scheduled game because of a railroad delay, and very often trains will be held fifteen and twenty minutes for us. We would be foolish, therefore—to say nothing of being ungrateful—if we were to switch.

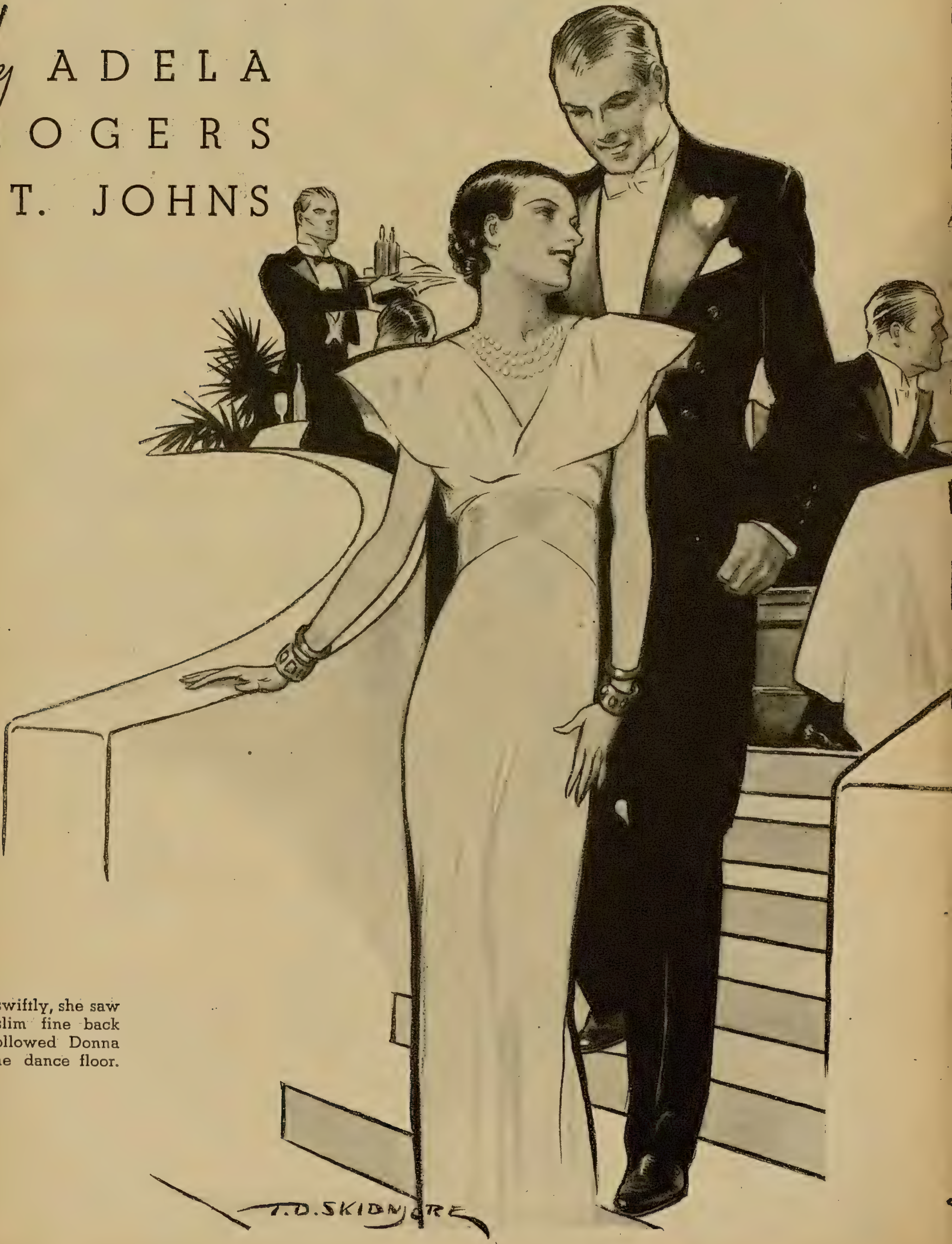
In conclusion, let me thank the editors of Liberty for allowing me to meet you fans so intimately. It has been a real pleasure to me. I hope you can say the same.

The band is playing Let's Go Out to the Ball Game. I think that's a swell idea. Let's go!

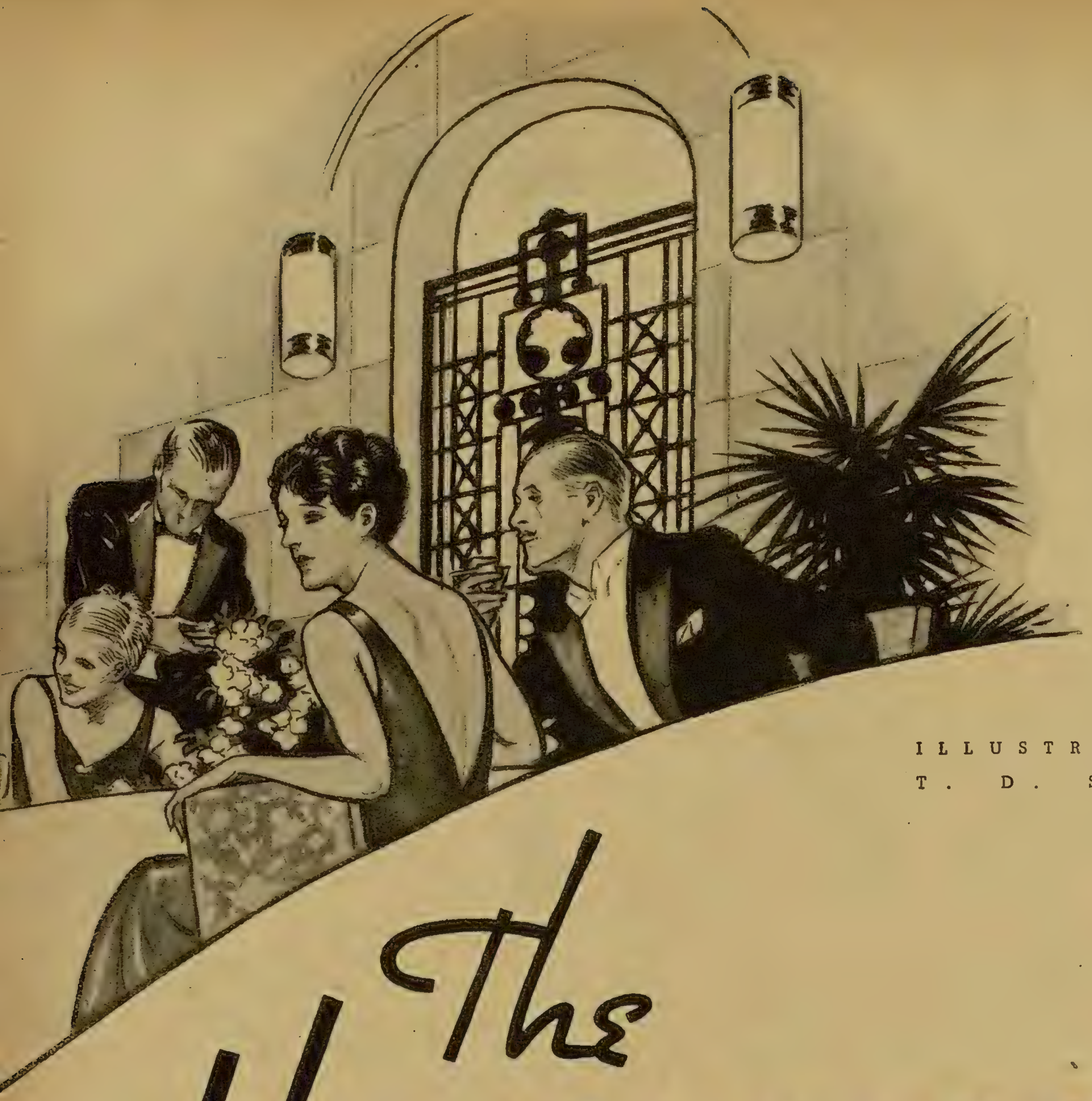
THE END

A Story of Love and Little Things, and "What Romance Really Is"... with a Piquant Problem for Brides and Bridegrooms—Are All Women Idiots?

by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



Turning swiftly, she saw Burke's slim fine back as he followed Donna on to the dance floor.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY
T. D. SKIDMORE

The Honeymoon is Ended

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

FERN stretched her slim brown legs toward the fire and wriggled her toes contentedly. They were pretty toes and the polished nails caught the light in a rosy glow.

"There is nothing in the world I adore like a fire in my bedroom," she said in her funny husky voice. "That's one reason I wanted to come to Palm Springs—I adore cold desert nights after hot sunny days."

"One of the things I like best about you," said her husband from the bed where he luxuriously reclined, "is the number of things you adore."

"Including you," said Fern.

"Especially me," said her husband with satisfaction.

Fern nodded vigorously. Her short dark curls danced. "If we're dining at the Dunes, my love," she said, "it's quite time you got off that bed and into some clothes."

"I suppose *you* are going like that," Burke said lazily. "Not but what you'd be a sensation. You're pretty swell. But I'd rather you showed yourself at the Dunes in something a little more conventional."

"You take hours longer to dress than I do," his wife told him.

She got up, stretching like a cat, slim bare arms above her head.

"Come here," the man said.

Over her shoulder she smiled at him, head tilted, eyes half closed. "No," she said; "I've got to dress."

"Come here," he said.

She perched on the edge of the bed, still smiling.

"You're so cute," he said, and gathered her in his arms and kissed her throat and the small ear under the tumbled curls.

"If you're going to behave like this," said an interested voice, "you really should lock your door. The first thing you know, people will think you aren't really married."

Fern's face was scarlet. "We don't lock our door," she said, "because we assume that people do not just walk in on you when you're on your honeymoon."

Audrey Rochelle switched on the lights and strolled toward the fire. Her silver gown seemed almost to match the ash blonde of her hair.

"I was your maid of honor," she said, "and it occurs to me that the wedding—and what a beautiful wedding it was!—took place all of two months ago. When does this honeymoon end?"

"Never," said Fern, and her eyes were very dark. "Why should it?"

Burke said, "Audrey, I love all this neighborly informality that makes this inn so delightful. But I have got to shave, and my shaving things are in the bathroom, which is on the other side of you. If you'll turn your back—"

"You've more on than you had when I saw you on the tennis court this morning," said Audrey coolly.

"So I have," said Burke, and got up, very tall and brown, and went into the bathroom whistling.

"He always whistles when he shaves," said Fern tenderly.

Audrey's painted eyebrows went up. "I believe," she said, "you're actually thrilled over the privilege of living with the man."

Three dresses lay on the bed where Fern had flung them. She concentrated her attention upon them so that she wouldn't make a fool of herself with Audrey, who had been married three times and said that marriage was a mere social concession to your friends who had only one guest room, and an economy when you wanted to travel. The black dress was new and the back was too attractive. And I have got a lovely back, Fern said to herself. But black—for a bride! Why had she ordered it? Well, she hadn't known what it was going to be like, being a bride. The blue one was the wrong shade for her, but it was satin and Burke had a mania for satin. The scarlet one she had worn three or four times, but Burke was crazy about it.

"I adore living with Burke," she said hotly. Concentrating on the dresses hadn't helped much. "My honeymoon has been—heaven. Just because you've had bad luck—"

Audrey had been her best friend before Fern married. Somehow she thought they wouldn't be so close now.

THE knock at the door made her frown. Palm Springs was so beautiful in January—if only they had it to themselves. But it seemed that every one they'd ever known in Hollywood had decided to spend January in the desert. The little bungalows, close under the purple mountain, were so close together, and every one ran back and forth and hollered under each other's windows.

"Answer it, will you?" she said to Audrey.

The blonde girl brought back a square box.

"Flowers—in Palm Springs," she said with an ironic little smile.

"O-oh," said Fern as the white fragrance of gardenias leaped into her face. The card on top she read swiftly. "You're everything," it said in Burke's vivid scrawl. With a little challenge in her eyes, Fern handed it to Audrey.

"You're lucky," the blonde girl said.

Impulsively, her eyes wet, Fern kissed her. "I know it," she said, and went into the bathroom on tiptoe.

"You and your flowers!" Audrey heard her say.

Burke's voice was muffled. "You'll get all over lather, you idiot," he said.

"Who cares?" said Fern.

Audrey shrugged and went out, unhurried. She was thinking, and not as humorously as usual, of how her three honeymoons had ended. . . .

The stars hung just out of reach in the night-blue sky. The desert was white in the cup of the hills. There was no one else in all the world except themselves. Her head tipped back against the seat, Fern stared at the loneliness around them. Her hand was close inside Burke's arm. They always drove like that. The clean sweet scent of the desert wind, with its hint of sage, touched her face.

Inside herself she said, "I am *happy*. This is happiness."

INCREDIBLE that she had hesitated for months about marrying Burke. Marriage had frightened her. Within her there had always been a yearning for romance that was like an ache. She expected so much; she wanted so much. The things she had seen of modern marriage had made her a coward, afraid to risk disappointment, afraid to see romance turn to dust and slip through her fingers.

Burke wasn't the first man she had been in love with. But always it had ended—always it had died, as she thought most love died, in little ways.

"The trouble with you," Audrey said to her when she broke with Tommy Messinger, "is that you're an incurable romantic."

"All women are incurable romantics," Fern had told her. "I mean, way down underneath."

Big nice funny Dan Wellman, who made Westerns, had roared at her one night, "You'd rather have cream puffs and chocolate éclairs than good plain roast beef. That's what's the matter with you! That's what's the matter with all you girls."

"Couldn't I have both, please?" Fern had asked meekly.

Well, she had both now. Her palm pressed hard against Burke's side and everything in her melted.

"You're the only woman in the world," Burke said suddenly, "who really likes to ride in an open car with the top down."

"That's because I have such nice curly hair," said Fern.

The car swung around a curve, over a little hill. A great orange moon, flamboyant and spectacular, swept toward them, was almost in their laps, and the light was golden as a stained-glass window. It swayed on the crest of the world, that moon, and it was theirs for the mere stretching out of a hand.

"Now that's a honey moon," said Burke. "Our honey moon."

"You say the most beautiful things," said Fern. And then he felt her shiver against him. "Only—*it* will wane," she said. "Burke, you'll never stop being my lover, will you?"

He kissed her. There were lovelier ways of telling a woman you loved her than mere words. . . .

The Dunes, in a circle of palm trees, was incredible.

"I shouldn't care so much about this place," said Fern as they walked into the startling black-and-white bar. "It would be just another smart night club if it weren't set down in the midst of a howling desert when it belongs in Paris or the Riviera."

They put quarters in the slot machine, and she ate three paste puffs filled with anchovies from the moving trays.

"Glutton," said her husband.

"Would you still love me if I got fat?" she asked him.

"Well," said Burke, putting in another quarter, "of course I would still love you. I love you for a thousand things. But I would miss a lot of fun if you lost that lovely figure. I do like a well built woman myself."

"I wish we were dining by ourselves," said Fern. "I wish all those other people weren't coming. I wish so many people wouldn't invite us so many places. I like being alone with you best."

"My dear Mrs. Shanley," said Burke, "we can't renounce the world altogether because we're in love."

"No," said Fern wistfully; "but sometimes don't you wish we could?"

"I'm willing," said Burke cheerfully, "if you don't mind starving to death. Otherwise, I must work."

The crowd came in noisily: Audrey more aloof than ever as the crowds turned to stare at her. Phil Pesterre, heavy and silent, with his pretty, gorgeously gowned wife. Slim little Freddy Davenport, who had married a famous and fascinating dancer and spent his life being jealous. The Parkers, both a little high. Fern had known all of them were coming. But she hadn't expected Donna Moreno, who came with them, escorted by some tall gray-haired man Fern didn't know.

She looked at Donna a little wistfully. It must be wonderful to be so beautiful. Fern knew she wasn't beautiful. Like all women in love, she wished passionately that she was the most beautiful woman in the world. Donna was that—or almost that.

Her hair was like a black pearl. Above her white soft frock her head was glorious. A poet's word, old and ever lovely, came to Fern as she looked: "She walks in beauty like the night." The desert night, of crystal stars and magic moon and sapphire sky.

THEY had cocktails and went in to dinner. The room was a bowl of scarlet spangled with lights. "Look at those cute little balconies. They're so Continental," Fern whispered to Burke. "They make me think of Havana."

"We'll go there some day," Burke said, and gave her a look that set her heart beating faster.

The dance floor was sunken. Through an open door the white light from the gambling rooms streamed, the sound of men's voices, the click of chips.

Mrs. Pesterre said in her pretty hurried voice, "Fern—sit there, dear, will you? Do you still insist on sitting next to your husband? I think it's uncivilized, darling, but since you're still on your honeymoon I suppose I must give in."

"The honeymoon is ended," Freddy drawled, "when the husband starts shaving in the morning instead of at night."

"The honeymoon is ended," Audrey said in her cool ironic voice, "the first time the wife cries and the dear bridegroom says, 'What the hell's wrong with you now?' instead of 'What's the matter, darling?'"

They laughed uproariously at that.

The dancer who had been the toast of Europe said, "The honeymoon is ended when a woman longs for an hour alone to take down her hair and put on some cold cream."

"Anyway," said Mrs. Pesterre, "it's always ended."

Fern squeezed the slim slice of lemon over her caviar and smiled at

Movie of a man finding out why

All menthol-cooled cigarettes are not alike

ONE—*Open a pack of Spuds and smell them.* You don't notice any menthol? Just fragrant tobacco? That's *one* of Spud's secrets—treating tobacco with smoke-cooling ingredients without in any way masking the natural tobacco fragrance.

TWO—*Roll a Spud between your fingers.* Notice how fresh it feels—never dry or crumbly? It isn't just menthol that does that. Again, it's Spud's *secret process.*

THREE—*Light up!* Isn't there something different about that taste—so refreshing, and yet *so full of tobacco fragrance?* That's because Spud's process holds back the taste-spoiling irritants and lets all of tobacco's *natural flavor* assert itself.

CORK TIP or PLAIN 15c FOR 20

CORK TIPS PACKED DOWN—SO EVEN YOUR OWN FINGERS DON'T TOUCH THEM.

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

them impudently. A fat lot they knew about it! Her heart was very gay. The scent of the gardenias on her shoulder was like incense in her nostrils. "You're everything."

The music began, a popular dance song so lovely that in any other day it might have been a classic. They were dancing together once more. Burke had first told her that he loved her in the middle of a dance. "I'll never dance with any one else as long as I live," he had said when that dance was over. "I don't think I could." Even now, after all these months, the memory of the way he had said it thrilled her.

She was a little dizzy with it all—the music and the soft lights and Burke's nearness—with remembering that other dance when for the first time in her spoiled temperamental young life she had known a force of desire that made her forget herself.

The lights dimmed for a waltz. Against the top of her head he murmured, "Do you remember?" and she knew he was thinking of that other dance, too. The tune changed to a rumba, hectic, wild. Fern lost her step.

"I hate these damn things," Burke said. "I can't dance 'em. I'm no tango dancer, my angel. Let's go eat."

"I'm pretty lousy at them myself," Fern said.

At the table the man on her right claimed her. He was the distinguished-looking man who had come in with Donna. He was very nice. His wife, he told Fern, admired her very much and would be thrilled to hear, when he returned to New York, that he had met her. He said intelligent things about her last picture.

"Your husband is a director?" he asked.

She told him about Burke: how he had been a cutter and had worked his way up and was now called the best of the young directors. She was happy talking about Burke.

"He knows more about tempo," she said, "than any one else in pictures."

"Do you have tempo in pictures?" he said, looking interested.

Fern wanted to turn and talk to Burke; but she couldn't very well be rude and refuse to answer his question. Yet the orchestra had just begun their favorite dance, the one they loved the very best.

The distinguished-looking man said, "Would you care to dance?"

Fern started to explain to him, to tell him that she was sorry but she and Burke never danced except with each other, when she heard a movement on her left. Turning swiftly, she saw Burke's slim fine back as he followed Donna on to the dance floor—Donna, who moved in white satin like a waterfall over crystal rocks.

For a moment Fern felt stunned. The emotion was like a knife of icy pain that stopped her heart, sent her blood through her veins in a cold stream. Hot words hammered at her brain:

He couldn't. He couldn't. I can't bear this! I don't understand. He's dancing—with Donna. How beautiful she is! Of course he wanted to dance with her. But he said he never would—he said it. What does it mean? Why did he do it?

To the man beside her she said, "I should like to dance very much."

He danced well—much better than Burke, really. She never looked at Burke. Then how was it she could see him so plainly, with that black-pearl head against his shoulder? How was it that he was before her eyes, laughing down into Donna's upturned face? Fern held her head very high and looked at no one. Her pride writhed within her. There were plenty of people there who would notice. That foul little Johnny Moon would probably print it in his column: "Burke Shanley dancing with Donna Moreno at the Dunes."

"This is a tango," her partner said; "I'm not very good at it."

Thank God! Her knees were growing weak under her.

"Neither am I," she said brightly. "Let's go get our coffee."

They went back. Audrey was coming from the gambling rooms. Her eyes met Fern's. Her silvery head turned and for a moment she stared at the dance floor.

"I see," she said as they passed, "that the honeymoon is ended."

If her life had depended upon it, Fern couldn't have answered her. She wanted to take Audrey's white throat in her hands and squeeze and squeeze until Audrey's tongue hung out and her eyes bulged.

"I wish," said Fern to herself—"I wish I'd been born a gold digger. They're the only women who get anywhere in this world."

The tango music lashed at her. He wouldn't dance a rumba with her. Couldn't dance one. Didn't like that kind of music. There wasn't any difference to him, she knew, between a tango and a rumba. Deliberately she turned and stared at the dance floor. He was dancing this one with Donna. They were laughing again. In Donna laughter was a new grace, a new enchantment.

Such little things! Love—life—was all little things. How could it be a little thing when it was robbing her of precious and beautiful things that belonged to her, when it was tearing the beauty and gaiety out of her romance?

For a moment she thought she was going to cry.

God keep me from making a fool of myself here where every one can see me, Fern said to herself. Keep me from saying anything when he comes back. . . .

Burke switched on the lights in the sitting room of their bungalow. The fire was burning, very low.

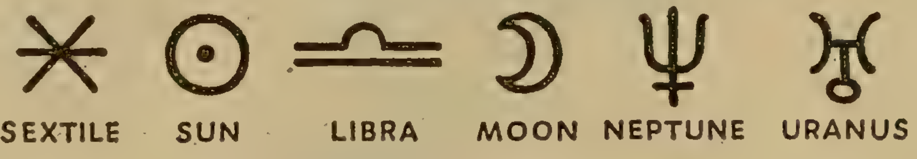
He yawned prodigiously and said, "I never was so sleepy since I was born. Come to bed, lovely."

But Fern had already gone on into the bedroom. She heard him, still yawning, as he locked the door, turned out the lights. When he came in she was in bed.

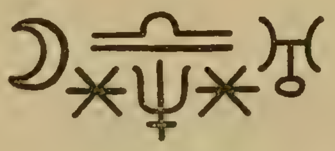
He began to take off his tie, talking: "Nice girl—that Donna. Would I like to direct her sometime!" He

YOUR NAME IS WRITTEN IN THE STARS

by HELENE PAUL



ELEANOR ROOSEVELT



Astrograph of Eleanor Roosevelt

THREE of the planets in the signature of her illustrious husband are also in the astrological signature of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt—the Moon, Neptune, and Uranus. She has also a double sextile with the Sun in Libra, the Moon, Neptune, and Uranus favorably aspecting each other. It is an unusual combination.

With the Sun in Libra, Eleanor Roosevelt must be just what she is—well balanced and a fair and honest judge. Since her Moon is in Cancer, the sign of the public, especially the feminine public, the favorable aspects of Neptune and Uranus—which stand for inspiration, originality, and humanitarianism—indicate that she would give generously of her time and money to any and all causes benefiting women and children. This combination contributes charm and versatility as well. Whether she made her home in the manor or in the lodge at the gate, Mrs. Roosevelt would be an outstanding person. Her astrological signature is the proof.

She is most fortunate too in the choice of a husband. Comparison of the astrological signatures show the home life to be most congenial and compatible, with mutual interests and the love of simple things outstanding. Both Mrs. Roosevelt's astrological signature and that of the President indicate democracy in its highest form.

Next week—Clark Gable.

swore at his collar button. "I'd do something different with her."

When he came back from the bathroom he said, "Freddy won fourteen hundred bucks."

The light went out. For Fern the darkness was shot with red lights that jumped inside her tight eyelids. His arms went around her. She did not move. He pulled her gently, felt her stiffness. There was a tiny pause.

He said, "You're so far away, beloved."

She did not answer.

This time the pause was longer. Then he switched on the light, raised himself on his elbow, looked down at her. At what he saw his eyes narrowed. She wondered what her face looked like—it felt strange, not like her own face; it felt stiff and harsh.

"What's wrong, Fern?" he said very quietly.

"The honeymoon is ended," said Fern, and was shocked by the bitterness of her own voice.

Very slowly he reached for a cigarette, lighted it, got out and sat on the edge of the bed, still looking at her.

"Why do you say a thing like that to me?" he said.

"Don't you know why?"

"No."

"Oh, yes, you do," she said. "The honeymoon is ended when a man who has said he'll never dance with any other woman except his wife—because he couldn't, because they first loved each other while they were dancing—dances with another woman. The honeymoon is ended when he says he can't dance a tango, can't bear tango music, when he says that to his—bride, and then dances it with another woman."

THE tears that had threatened so long were past. They were in her blood like poison, running all through her, making her feel hot and aching, making her feel alone and desperate.

"Audrey was right," she said. "All honeymoons end. I was a fool to think—to believe—I could keep mine. We'll be just like every one else. All the lovely things will go. All the dear precious little things that keep a woman's heart warm. You'll forget to send me flowers. You'll forget the memories that are always wonderful. All honeymoons end—it's a gag, a joke—and ours ended tonight. That's all."

Never before had she seen Burke angry. It made him older, almost ugly. Lines stood out in his face.

"Yes," he said, "of course all honeymoons end. Of course they end, you damn little fool."

"Burke," she said.

Not only the honeymoon was ended. Life—love—everything was ended. They hated each other.

"Did you think they went on forever?" he said furiously. "Of course they end. Must that mean something dreadful? Why, you shallow brainless little idiot, that's when love begins, that's when marriage begins, if you know anything—if it's real.

"Did you think that was marriage

HE'S BEEN WANTING TO MEET YOU FOR MONTHS

CAUGHT RED-HANDED

. . . when he tried to get by without shaving

EMBARRASSMENT is a steep price to pay for one day's neglect—but that isn't the only penalty exacted by careless shaving habits. Heart-rending letters in our files—true stories by the thousand—prove that one man after another has lost even his job because he failed to shave regularly and well. When faced with these facts—isn't a man foolish to neglect shaving, or to use indifferent shaving methods!

The Gillette "Blue Blade"—especially made to shave tender faces gently—positively will give you greater satisfaction than you have ever before experienced. The finest steel obtainable is examined electro-magnetically for hidden flaws—then hardened in electric furnaces where the temperature is automatically controlled in accordance with the exact requirements of the metal. Grinding, honing and stropping are automatic—inspection the most rigid known. Anchor-wrapping with four binders of wax protects the super-keen edges from damage in shipping.

Have the best shaves of your life. Get the benefit of equipment and skill that are unequaled anywhere. Slip a Gillette "Blue Blade" in your razor tomorrow.

Reputable merchants give you what you ask for. In stores where substitution is practised—INSIST ON

GILLETTE BLUE BLADES

NOW 5 *for* 25¢ • 10 *for* 49¢

A TWIST... IT'S OPEN!

The ARISTOCRAT —New Gillette One Piece Razor

The Aristocrat is all one piece, no loose parts. Heavily plated with 24-Karat gold and guaranteed a lifetime. Price $4 complete in smart leather case with 10 Gillette "Blue Blades."

A TWIST... IT'S CLOSED!

FAMOUS CLOSE SHAVES

"SMOKEY JOE" MARTIN, Famous Ex-Chief, New York Fire Department

A sixty-foot plunge through roaring flames! The closest shave in a long and daring career.
"I never had a close shave I wanted to repeat—until I tried the kind you get with Colgate's small bubble lather!"
"SMOKEY JOE" MARTIN

These Close Shaves Are a Real Pleasure

No pain, no pull—when you use Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream!

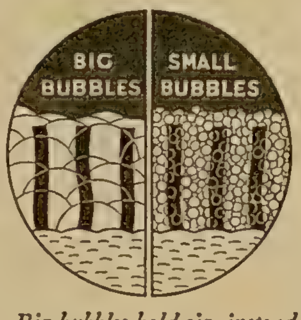
No wonder you dodge close shaves—if you use the usual run of shaving creams!

Most lathers are made of big bubbles, full of air. They soften beards only part way down. So razors pull.

Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream makes a unique lather of *small* bubbles, fairly dripping with moisture. They get clear down to the very base of the beard—strip off the oily coat that makes whiskers tough—wilt each bristle clear down to the skin-line.

Blades cut easier, work closer. No pull, because every whisker is soaked through! Shaves last hours longer, but the tenderest skin feels no after-shave discomfort.

The diagrams show why small bubbles soften beards better. Get a tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream and try it out tomorrow.



Big bubbles hold air, *instead of water, against the beard. Small bubbles, full of moisture, soak each whisker soft, clear down to the base.*

Look for the big blue package

COLGATE
RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES
40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

—flowers and pet names and anniversaries? Did you think the white heat of first possession that transforms everything for a while went on forever? Don't you know if it did people couldn't exist?"

He took her wrist and brought her up facing him. His fingers were cruel; they hurt her. But his eyes hurt her more.

"You *belong* to me," he said. "You're part of me. When it's all hell and disappointment and meanness, you're part of me. That's what marriage is. The honeymoon is ended! Yes, it's a gag, a joke. Why does it have to be ugly? Why can't it grow into something bigger and more beautiful? The honeymoon is ended when we're one—when we're so much one that I don't think about you because you're inside of me, part of my blood stream and the breath I draw.

"Why the hell do you suppose I married you?"

He let go her wrist and she fell back, flung against the head of the bed.

"I married you because I wanted you for my comfort—my comforter. Because we could be so much one that I didn't need to be thinking all the time, being on my best behavior, remembering my damn' manners. Because I wanted you for my courage when the going got too tough for me to make it alone. Because there had to be somebody that knew the worst and the best of me and still thought I was worth loving. What good is love to a man if it's only there when he has courage of his own?

"Sure I danced with Donna. Why not? She asked me to. She's used to people being a little shy with her, because she's so beautiful and so famous. She was just simple and friendly and she said, 'If you care to dance, I'd be glad to.' Besides, I wanted to dance with her. I was a cutter on her lot two years ago. It gave me a kick to be in a spot to dance with her.

"When they started the tango, I said just what I said to you. She just laughed and said, 'I don't mind. Let's try—maybe I can teach you.'

"And you make me tell you this—you who are my *wife*. You ought to know without my telling you. You ought to be ashamed to make me tell you.

"Romance? Maybe I don't understand romance. Do you know what's the most beautiful and romantic thing in the world? Real love. Honest, strong love. And what's the most beautiful thing about love? Do you know, with your sniveling about romance? Trust! Do you think trust is just believing your husband isn't on the make for some other woman? Trust means knowing every minute of every day that I love you. No matter what I do, what I say or don't say, what I forget or remember. What more do you want? What more is there? Sure, I can remember all the little things—maybe. Is that going to be joy and comfort and beauty and romance like—like being one and knowing there's somebody that's always cheering for you, right or wrong, and that there's a place you can relax from all the damn' fight and work and danger of living?"

HE laid his head on her breast. "I'm still trusting your love—your forgiveness. You've got mine. All women are idiots. Ah, my wife, don't you know what romance really is?"

He turned out the light. He held her so gently that it made her remember how her mother had held her when she was a little girl. In a flash she wondered if there must be mother love in all love.

But his voice was stern when he said, "The end of anything can be either death or birth. So—our honeymoon is ended."

"I know," said his wife. "I'm glad! I just want to be married to you forever."

The orange moon would fade. How much closer you could be, how much more one, in the darkness than even in the light of the moon!

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What trial did much to establish the freedom of the press in the United States?

2—When was the New York Stock Exchange organized?

3—What is the Japanese population of California?

4—When was Kingston, Ontario, the capital of Canada?

5—What English queen had the most children?

6—From what is the quotation "Jealousy is cruel as the grave" taken?

7—What nation has as a part of its coat of arms a rake and a shovel?

8—How many pounds are there in a Canadian ton?

9—How many widows and widowers are there in the United States?

10—What book, written about 300 B. C., is still used in most high schools and colleges?

11—What was the original Spanish name of San Francisco?

12—What and where is Pearl Harbor?

13—What Speaker of the House of Representatives became President of the United States?

14—Who was the first British Governor General of Canada?

15—What is Lewis with Harris?

16—When and where is Patriots' Day celebrated?

17—Travertine is what?

18—Which was the first British colony to receive full dominion status?

19—Who said "Nothing is given so profusely as advice"?

20—Where was Aaron Burr born?

(Answers will be found on page 58)

RIOTOUS, RURAL, ROMANTIC

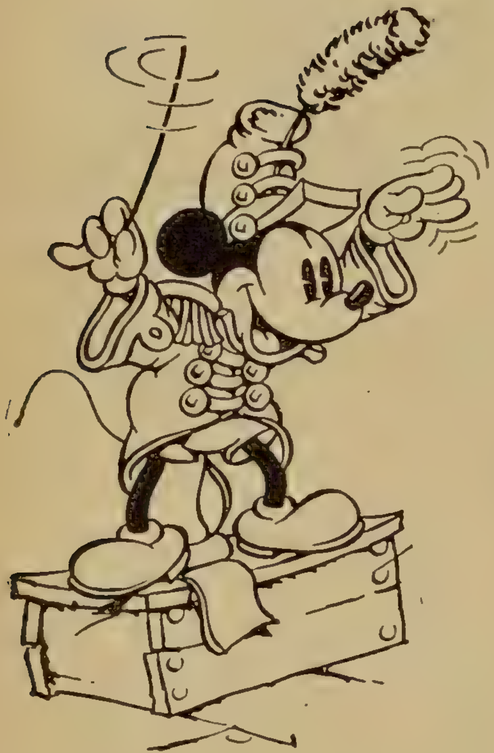
A Captivating Mickey Appears in Color, Mr. Rogers Again in Homespun, and a Newcomer from the Baby Brigade in a Gentle Tale of the Past

by

BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor



Mickey Mouse showing Donald Duck the part he must play in The Band Concert, Walt Disney's latest.

★ ★ ★ ★ THE BAND CONCERT

THE PLAYERS: Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Clarabelle Cow, Horace Horsecollar, Peter Pig, Paddy Pig, Goof. A Walt Disney Cartoon.

CINEMATIC things being what they are, it is only mildly surprising to learn that Mickey Mouse is currently the greatest international star of the films. As popular in Omsk as he is in Omaha, this gallant little Don Quixote of the rodents has firmly secured himself in the spot so long held by Charlie Chaplin.

And now, without changing his delightful personality but giving him a great deal of new brightness, Walt Disney's madly inspired staff have dressed Mickey in color. These Mickey Mouse comedies are even more captivating than the old black-and-white drawings. And when we say this the very top in praise is reached; for, except from the rivalry of the lilting Silly Symphonies, Mickey stands in lovely solitude at the peak of the cartoon field.

The first of the new series of color comedies is called The Band Concert, and has Mickey, bedecked in gold epaulets and plumed cap, as a heckled but all-powerful orchestra leader. Bothered no end by Donald Duck, a noisy ice-cream salesman, the determined Mickey, assisted by Miss Clarabelle Cow, Messrs. Horace Horsecollar, Peter Pig, and other members of the amazing band, finally gets the musical afternoon under way. But the fiery passion of their rendition of the William Tell Overture arouses an easily provoked nature and a tornado swoops down upon the hard-working musicians.

Not every child can grow to be President, but—perhaps

Sterling Holloway and Will Rogers in Life Begins at Forty.

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better for all concerned—they can all see Mickey.

That is, if the charmed adults will make room for them.

VITAL STATISTICS: Mickey Mouse will be seven on October 1, 1935. Don't send cheese. He was born in the garage of papa Walt Disney's home and not expected to live—a delicate non-box-officey child. He's not married to Minnie Mouse. They are sweethearts and do not contemplate taking the plunge as yet. He has his name attached to a hundred different gadgets, merchandises, and which-whats. The latest are Mickey Mouse hot-water bottles. Why a hot-water bottle for a mouse, Mickey wouldn't know. Mickey receives fan mail from the eighty-eight countries in which he appears. He has been asked to help put people through college. He answers all his fan mail. His father, Walt Disney, has a little girl, aged about two, who has yet to see him on the screen. Every picture in which Mickey appears costs about $35,000. From now on he'll probably appear only in color. He is a little jealous of the Three Little Pigs, but he feels there is more of a future in mouse than pork. He lives happily in the new Walt Disney studios out in Griffith Park, Los Angeles. His home cost about $500,000, and despite rumors that Hollywood will pack cameras, stars, and salaries and trek to Florida or into the Jersey mosquito patches, he is perfectly content. As far as Mickey's concerned, he could be animated through his adventures in Little America, where there's been a considerable animation by an Admiral Byrd (catch?). Mickey is put through his antics by a herd of skilled cartoonists, gag men, animators, inker-inners, and other in-betweeners. Rarely does his papa Disney ever put pen to celluloid to sketch him any more. No famous cartoonists cartoon Mickey, as papa Disney wants all Mickey's antic creators to submerge their egotisms to Mickey. Mickey's antics usually take about seven and a half minutes on the screen and months and months to prepare. Synchronizing is a painful job and often days are taken to get an effect which lasts but an instant. It was a hard job for papa Disney to sell Mickey at first, but look how they laughed at Columbus! The only difference is that the joke may be on Columbus now—they're still laughing at Mickey. Mickey's papa Walt is planning a seven-reel animated color movie. It will be called Snow White and take a year to make. If it goes, there will be a full series. It takes about 200 people to valet Mickey. Every cent that Mickey makes for Walt is being sunk back into the business for Mickey's old age. Mickey has been robbed of some of his just financial deserts in the past but he's rapidly getting it back. Mickey's dressing room, by the way, is in the inkwell next to the Silly Symphonizers. He doesn't like their singing much but realizes it's all in the firm. And, boy, am I being whimsey with the whamsey this week!

★ ★ ★ LIFE BEGINS AT FORTY

THE PLAYERS: Will Rogers, Richard Cromwell, George Barbier, Rochelle Hudson, Jane Darwell, Slim Summerville, Sterling Holloway, Thomas Beck, Roger Imhof. Directed by George Marshall. Screen play by Trotti.

WILL ROGERS'S latest bit of homespunning, Life Begins at Forty, has little to do with Dr. Pitkin's best seller. It cashes in on the title which held so much hope for those no longer youthful folk who suspected they had been missing something all along; but the story itself is a studio-concocted affair safely following the familiar lines established in the other films from America's mouthpiece.

In this the loquacious Mr. Rogers is seen as a small-town newspaper publisher-editor who, between weekly editions, goes about incurring the hatred of the town's leading banker and guiding the love life of the local adolescents.

Played in the usual rural background and given sets so remindful of Rogers's previous pictures that they might well be the same, Life Begins at Forty remains surprisingly fresh.

For one thing, the film is spiced with some hilarious scenes in which Slim Summerville, the town loafer, displays his unique hog-calling talent by breaking up the livestock show put on by Rogers's political rival, George Barbier.

Then, too, it is acceptably played throughout, and, imbued with a pleasantly lazy air, it comes as a completely enjoyable, if not too exciting, offering.

When innocent Dick Cromwell is framed in a bank robbery, editor Rogers not only befriends the outcast lad but gives him a job and encourages his infatuation for Rochelle Hudson, town schoolmistress. For this kindly act Rogers loses his paper to the hypocritical banker, but quickly sets about getting revenge for himself and the maligned youth. He starts a paper from a hand press, locates the real robber, champions the town loafer as political candidate in opposition to banker Barbier, and sees to it that Cromwell and Miss Hudson are happily hitched.

From this routine plot Will Rogers derives his happiest picture since Judas Priest.

VITAL STATISTICS: If there was one thing besides a vestige of a plot Walter B. Pitkin's original book of ditto title didn't have, it was humor. It was Dr. Frank Crane in modern dress, a series of unofficial sermons by Mons. Pitkin, who is a journalism professor at Columbia University. Scorned by the intellectuals, the good Pitkin's stuff sells like wildfire. He sells optimism as Dr. Durant sells philosophy. And he cleans up. He lives close to the soil in New Jersey, commuting to his classes and often appearing with broken soiled fingernails indicative of his work in the good earth of his gardens. Fie on your cynicism! Picture cost around $350,000. . . . Will Rogers's writing career in his own nutshell: "When I first started out to write and misspelled a few words, people said I was just plain ignorant. But when I got all the words wrong, they accused me of being a humorist and said I was quaint." Other Rogerisms from film: "Hen eggs is more popular than duck eggs because a hen cackles to advertise her product; If them quintuplets up yonder was born in this country, two of 'em would have to be plowed under; These days and times nobody's got a right to be old folks." Rogers is tops box-office returner in the country and just got himself a new contract with Fox till '38. It's for $plenty$, of which about 75 per cent goes back in taxes. There is a standing offer of $100 for any photographer or publicity man who gets Rogers into a photographer's gallery to pose for a picture. All snaps of Will are taken on the run. Claims no one is interested in looking at his pictures; that he takes the same picture every time anyway and one should suffice therefore for all time; that he is no collar-ad model. Will has had Stepin Fetchit to contend with as a scene stealer in several films, and now along comes Slim Summerville to share in his comedy and glory. Rogers is supposed to have said that it couldn't be worse unless they had Shirley Temple and Stepin Fetchit in the same picture with him. There is an axiom in Hollywood that all actors fear Shirley Temple, Stepin Fetchit, a trained dog, or a horse, and there is not much that can be done about it. Rogers has yet to have Temple. On his last trip to Chicago, a few weeks ago, he called upon Stepin Fetchit doing a personal appearance act. Stepin Fetchit greeted him with: "When do *we*-all start our next picture, Mr. Will?" . . . Richard Cromwell is a portrait painter. Did a large mural for Hollywood Pantages. . . . Slim Summerville once directed Fox comedies. Starred recently with ZaSu Pitts in very funny comedies now no more. Comedy seems to be slipping away from the Hollywood grasp in favor of India and the drawing room, darn it! . . . Rogers's pictures usually contain a minimum of the master's wisecracks. Most of them are written into the film by inferior wits. . . . Director George Marshall has been everything in Hollywood work from stunt man to producer. . . . Rochelle Hudson is sure that it's exercising that makes for beauty. . . . George Barbier was born in Philadelphia and decided to become an actor when playing a two-line part in a theological seminary.

★ ★ ½ LADDIE

THE PLAYERS: John Beal, Gloria Stuart, Virginia Weidler, Donald Crisp, Dorothy Peterson, Willard Robertson, William Bakewell, Gloria Shea, Charlotte Henry. Directed by George Stevens. Story by Gene Stratton-Porter.

THE present output of pictures may be remembered, if for nothing else, as the children's hour. Latest of the pygmy players to steal the spotlight is little Miss Virginia Weidler, who completely dominates RKO's rather slow but frequently charming presentation of Gene Stratton-Porter's Indiana farm story.

In this gentle tale of the nineteenth century, solemn Miss Weidler is seen as the baby of a family of honest unpretentious tillers of the soil. When John Beal, her big brother, succumbs to the aristocratic charms of Gloria Stuart, daughter of a snobbish English country gentleman, Virginia surmounts all the social barriers and arranges a happy conclusion for the decorous Beal-Stuart romance.

Beautifully photographed and given fine performances by Willard Robertson, Dorothy Peterson, and Donald Crisp in supporting roles, Laddie emerges as a nicely contrived pictorial valentine.

VITAL STATISTICS: Laddie came into being in 1913, in the Pollyanna slush wave, the work of the late Gene Stratton-Porter, for whom are claimed 40,000,000 readers. Originally a Hoosier lass, Laddie is reputed to be her author's fictionalized autobiog. Mrs. Porter numbers four of the ten best sellers of the past sixty years. Mrs. Porter was also a poet, editor, nature and bird authority, housewife, mother. She was killed in an auto crash ten years ago while in the midst of motion-picture work. . . . Gloria Stuart's babe ought to be along purty soon now. The Stuart detests bright lights, crowds, cats, clocks, diamonds. She likes old furniture, rubies, perfumes of Arabia, fast cars, horse races, cockeyed crosswords, and Arthur Sheekman, her husband. She is surrounded by epicurean cookbooks from which she experiments freely on her guests' digestion, was once a redhead, was born on 4th of July, as was Coolidge, and has a library bursting with books on history of her native state, California. Can speak German and French. . . . Gloria Shea was Miss Radioland of 1929. She was dubbed Skip by Winchell and after much name-linking with movie magnates, athaletes, B'wy 1,000,000aires, she's got herself a ring from Winslow Felix, popular Coast polo-playing auto man. They have similar tastes in poetry—especially Gloria's, she having a flair for the poetry of sentiment, especially heartbreak. . . . Seven-year-old Virginia Weidler broke a tooth falling downstairs during Laddie making and had to have a new one in overnight to match herself on miles of film already shot. Was Europena in Mrs. Wiggs. Speaks French and German; retains her lines after one reading (to her); had a dash of impetigo during filming; is taken seriously by Shirley Temple. . . . Charlotte (Virginia) Henry can still blush at a compliment. May be a little too pure (in type) for Hollywood success. . . . Dorothy Peterson is a young-timer. Mothers Cry has downed her for oldie roles. She's from Hector, Minnesota, and hasn't seen it since it was a pup. She's unmarried but goes with a Hollywood writer. . . . Willard Robertson traces his ancestry from Robert I of Scotland and Andrew Jackson on his maw's side. Was born in a sod house (dugout) in Texas and would like to play Hamlet in blackface. RKO, by the way, may make Hamlet. Already Warners have added characters and dialogue to Midsummer Night's Dream. . . . John Beal is really James Alexander Bliedung. Likes gals with small noses, large full mouths, who are sincere, unselfish, intelligent, courteous. Sounds like maw as a gal.

★ ★ ½ GO INTO YOUR DANCE

THE PLAYERS: Al Jolson, Ruby Keeler, Glenda Farrell, Helen Morgan, Barton MacLane, Sharon Lynne, Patsy Kelly, Benny Rubin. Directed by Archie Mayo. Story by Bradford Ropes.

WITH the films busily expressing only the most kindly and simple sentiments, it would be difficult to find more innocent diversion than this week's movies. Even Warner Brothers' lavish production of backstage life, Go Into Your Dance, is content to exploit its theme—"The show must go on"—without a suggestive scene or line.

Unfortunately the picture also sadly lacks humor. However, it is full of Ruby Keeler's capital dancing and piquant personality, and for those who are still thrilled by them the film is studded with many chorus routines done on the grand scale.

The story is a slight thing, full of gangsters and theatric people who, for some reason, would love to get on the now deserted Broadway. This unimportant and awkwardly contrived plot serves only as a connecting link in the vaudeville presentations. In these Al Jolson sings and prances in the style that brought him one-time top ranking in the entertainment world.

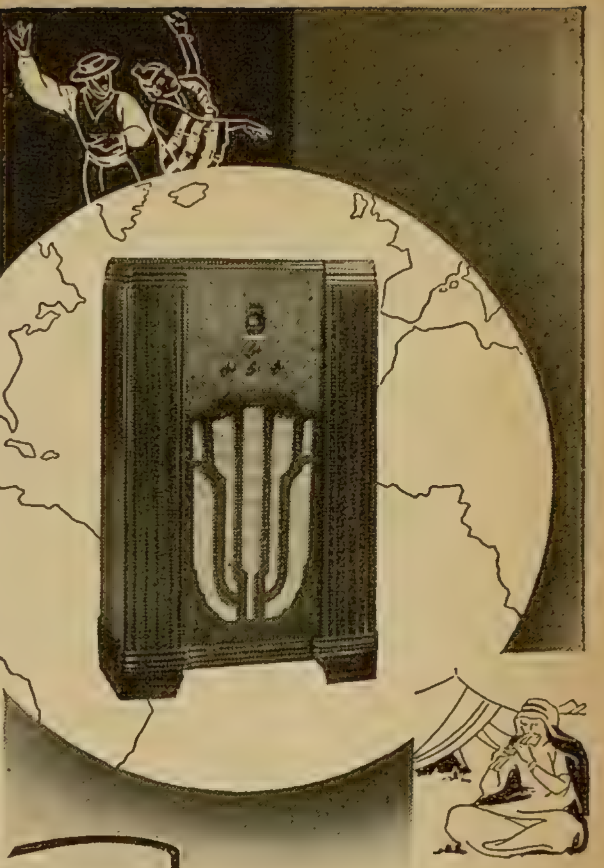
Brightened by brief interludes from the hoydenish Patsy Kelly, a few songs by the lachrymose Helen Morgan, and graced with catching tunes—A Latin from Manhattan being the best—Go Into Your Dance is a standard sample of the successful Warner musicals.

VITAL STATISTICS: Hard-as-nails, dark, well preserved Al Jolson was born Asa Yoelson in St. Petersburg, Russia, on May 26, 1886. Doesn't remember facing the muzhiks, but his early ambition in Washington, D. C., was to be a Jewish cantor like his father. Has become a Jewish cantor like Eddie. Became a professional runaway until the Spanish-American War claimed him as a mascot. Never was a singing waiter, but got going with Lew Dockstader's Minstrels, and the San Francisco earthquake shook him to Broadway. He sat on a piano close to the audience to make himself heard above the din of rebuilding the city. They loved it. Became biggest drawing card Winter Garden ever dealt. In vaudeville his act for years was Jolson, Palmer, and Jolson—his brother Harry adding a blackface that talked Yiddish. Has had incredible financial success on stage and screen. Owns part of Warner Brothers, which he saved from the hammer with The Jazz Singer, almost a commentary on his own life. Famous songs he put over in the pre-mammy era: The Spaniard that Blighted My Life; Yellow Jacket Girl; Rum Tum Tiddle; Play That Träumerei for Me; Dancing Around; Where Did Robinson Crusoe Go with Friday on Saturday Night? Greatest song hits: April Showers; Sonny Boy. Has also put over a number of states. Has been married a couple of times. Is a push-over for charity. Gives cars as presents to his friends. Once socked Walter Winchell in altercation over the movie Broadway Thru a Keyhole, purportedly the story of his wooing of Ruby Keeler. Was once candy butcher for Al Reeves burlesque wheel. Is probably the most famous name of all time in American stage annals. Thinks Hallelujah, I'm a Bum his worst screening. Is a pretty mushy radio actor—but what is my opinion against millions who enjoy his weepy nasal singsong? Is terribly sentimental in real life but packs a nasty left hook. Knows a lot about fighting, golf, and horses. Once bet $75,000 on a horse race and lost. Wants to be a movie producer. Has written songs for years. Gives song profits to charity. Has done well in the stock market. Likes swordfishing. Runs away from the cold. Likes beer but doesn't drink. Hates fixed prize fights, Jolson imitators, writing letters—always wires or phones. Indoor sport: Hearts. Never tells the same story twice. Never laughs at jokes, just smiles. Won't shave himself. Is the pal of Presidents. His married life with Ruby Keeler (1928) is strictly idyllic. He is like a kid about her. They live at Bel-Air, outside Hollywood, but are building a new house at Encino, California, in the fertile San Fernando Valley.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Private Worlds, Roberta, Clive of India, David Copperfield, The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, Imitation of Life, Chu Chin Chow.

★★★—One More Spring, Mississippi, West Point of the Air, Naughty Marietta, The Wedding Night, The Little Colonel, Ruggles of Red Gap, Murder on a Honeymoon, Wings in the Dark, The Whole Town's Talking, Society Doctor, The Secret Bride, The Man Who Reclaimed His Head, Here Is My Heart, The Mighty Barnum, Babes in Toyland, Fox Movietone News, The President Vanishes, Sequoia, College Rhythm, Broadway Bill, The White Parade, Anne of Green Gables, St. Louis Kid, The Gay Divorcee, Menace, We Live Again, One Exciting Adventure, Screen Snapshots, The Pursuit of Happiness, Happiness Ahead.



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Easter Bonnet

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IT had been a very large party. It began with cocktails at Sally Miller's, followed by dinner at Esther and Jim Hanover's, and then they went to the Ivy Club and danced until three o'clock in the morning. At the Ivy Club was where Bill picked up the girl in the blue hat. Bill was good at that sort of thing, but of course the girls that Bill picked up were never the sort a fellow might pick up anywhere. There was always some reason why they could be picked up, and this girl's reason was that her escort had disappeared suddenly and completely and she was angry. Also, she was intelligent and gay, and before very long Bill had brought her to the table and she was part of the gang. When they all went to the Barsdens' for bacon and eggs at six thirty in the morning, the girl in the blue hat went along.

The rest of the girls were in evening dresses and so wore no hats; but that wasn't why Bill noticed this girl's blue hat particularly, nor why he said, " That's a very lovely bonnet."

" Why," said Sally Miller suddenly—" it's an Easter bonnet! " And they were all quiet after she said this, because none of them had thought anything about Easter until that moment.

" We really ought to go to church this morning," said Esther Hanover.

Bill was a minister's son and therefore had never been awed by churches.

" Come on," he said to the girl in the blue hat. " You simply can't stay out of church on Easter morning—not after buying that hat! "

Then there was a great deal of scurrying while young Mrs. Barsden found head coverings for all the girls.

And it was Bill and the girl who led the way in Bill's roadster. He meandered aimlessly through several residential sections and finally drew up before a rather small gray-stone church. It was apparent that services were about to begin, so Bill hopped from the roadster and signaled to the others drawing near the curb. When he turned to the little church he saw that the girl in the blue hat was just tiptoeing inside. Bill shot a final cautious look toward Sally Miller—who was likely to burst into an inane giggle whenever she shouldn't—and entered the vestibule.

He saw the blue hat in a row near the back, but found that the only seat available was just behind it. Quietly he settled in this spot and whispered, " Well, I made it! But why didn't you save me a place beside you? "

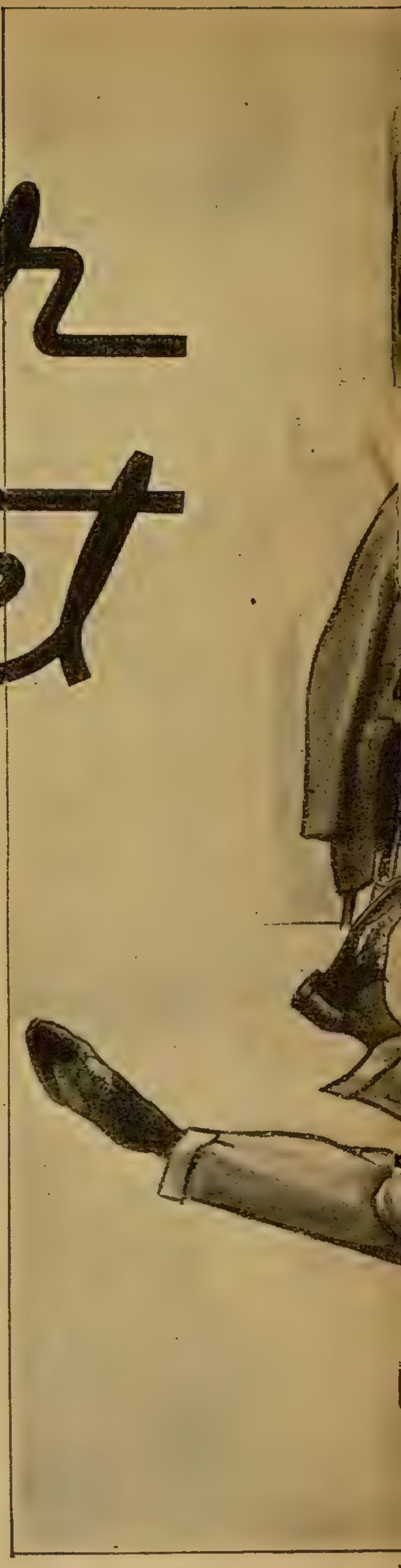
She stirred only slightly and did not even turn. Bill grinned. " What are you afraid of? " he whispered. " My dad was a minister and I could deliver an Easter sermon right now. They never change. Only the women's hats change, and I like 'em this year very much. Especially the blue ones."

Still there was no indication from the girl that she had heard him, and Bill settled back somewhat ashamed of himself. Funny, how she changed once she got inside a church. Yet somehow Bill found himself liking her a lot for it. Somehow it reminded him of when he was a kid and used to sit by his mother in the old clapboard church, listening to his father thundering down, the way he did at home when something had gone wrong.

" She's probably in a church for the first time in years," Bill brought himself to think cynically. " That's it. She's just scared of the preacher." Bill didn't like the idea of being scared of preachers. He had been afraid of his father until he was twenty, and then he had rebelled—forever.

But Bill had to admit that this minister was likable. He wasn't much older than Bill, but his voice was sincere, and he knew what he wanted to say and how to say it.

" Not a bad-looking egg," Bill whispered, leaning forward. " I expect I'll find you here every Sunday from now on."



The face of the girl in the blue hat was directly above him. The young clergyman was looking down at them.

There was still no answer. " I'll bet," whispered Bill, with an edge of jealousy, " that he's reciting that automatically and figuring out the collection in his head."

But there was still no response, and Bill sighed and settled back against the oak bench. And while he sat there listening he began to grow sober and ashamed.

For the rest of the hour he did not think of the girl, of the gang, or of his business or, least of all, of himself. He thought only of that ancient morning which the young minister was recalling for them all.

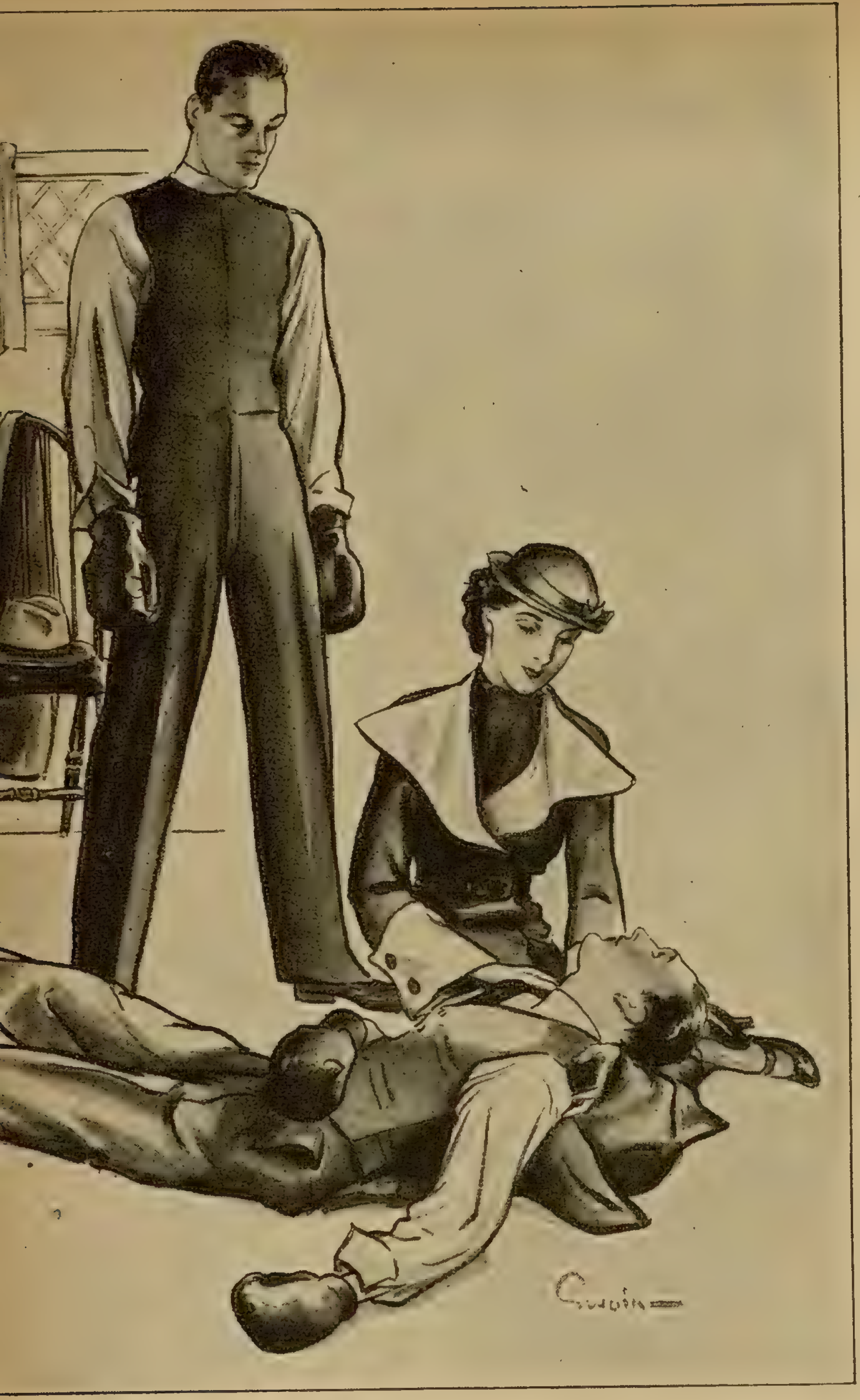
The congregation arose to sing the hymn, then bowed to receive the benediction. In the aisle Bill faced the girl in the blue hat—and she *was not the one he had met at the Ivy Club!* The blue hat was the same, yes; and the color of her hair. But beyond that there was no resemblance at all. This girl was—well, she was the kind of girl Bill had stopped believing in long ago.

She gave him such a look from her blue-gray eyes that he stood transfixed, unable either to speak or move. When he had gained control of himself, she was up the aisle and out of the church door.

OUTSIDE, Bill looked about frantically—but there was no blue hat. There was not even the blue hat of the girl of the Ivy Club; and Bill didn't care about that now.

He decided that she must have got into a car and driven away. Spurred by this thought, Bill leaped into his roadster and roared down the street for several blocks. But he found no car driven by a girl in a blue hat, so he roared back up the street. Finally, aware that a speeding dinner-jacketed young man is slightly out of place on Sunday morning, he gave up.

Morosely he drove to his apartment; and there he sat down to think. He didn't know what had got into him—but he knew that he had to see that girl again. It was



When It's Spring and a Young Man's Fancy Lightly Turns to a HAT . . . Well, as You'll Find in This Sprightly Tale, Almost Anything Can Happen.

by

NARD JONES

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SWAIN

important. It was something more than just wanting a girl to know he wasn't a fool.

Then Bill had his inspiration. He'd go to that little church every Sunday—he'd go there every Sunday for a year, if he had to! And one fine morning he'd smile, and she'd smile back forgivingly, and then he could tell her how it all happened, and apologize.

All during that next week he tortured himself with thinking she might have been a visitor in town, never to return again. She might—

But she was there.

She was there not only the following Sunday, but the one beyond that. She was there every remaining Sunday in April and in May. But she gave not the slightest indication that she recognized Bill. And that, Bill told himself, was so much the better. Maybe he'd looked a bit toasted that Easter morning and she didn't realize he was the same person. But Bill took no chances on this, because there was too much at stake.

He was always very careful to sit where she could see him if she were at all interested in the congregation. And sometimes he stood near her in the aisle when church was over, or in the vestibule, or perhaps outside on the walk. But never once did he give her more than a passing impersonal glance.

In June he passed up his vacation and a swell trip on Jim Hanover's auxiliary schooner. Then about the middle of June she was absent for two Sundays, probably away on her own vacation. Bill was frantic, and when she did come back, he almost spoiled things by speaking to her.

In July he refused three week-end invitations. In August he passed up a chance to make an Eastern trip that would have put him in solid with the boss. By September his friends had stopped asking him anywhere and the girl of the Ivy Club had stopped telephoning him. Bill liked to ski, but no winter week end of that year found him flying down the mountainsides of the near-by snow resorts.

Bill was attending church every single Sunday of the year, just as he'd once promised his mother he would. To his astonishment, he discovered that the practice did not impair his digestion or hamper his enjoyment of life.

Furthermore, he had come to enjoy the sermons of the youngish pastor (although he never brought himself to depart via the center aisle where he could shake his hand) and he met some new and pleasant people.

But he hadn't yet met the girl.

She had changed the blue hat, of course, for a winter turban which Bill thought was absurd but becoming. But he hadn't yet talked to her. And he knew now that he must—that he had to more than ever. It was something more now than just a principle and an apology. Bill was in love.

He had not the slightest doubt in the world that he was in love; for he had been around a great many girls and experienced a great many shades of emotion with regard to them. But he had never felt just like this. He had never felt sad and gay, he had never felt alive and dead, all at the same time.

WHEN Easter came again he resolved to do something about it. This Easter morning would see the passing of a year since the day he had first seen her. And a year is a very long time to a young man in love. Bill had a patience which he'd inherited from his mother; but from his father he had received the ability to focus on a single purpose. On this Easter morning he would speak to the girl in the blue hat—although by now, of course, the winter turban was laid away and she wore a rather jaunty gray felt with a tiny crimson feather stuck in the band.

Bill dressed with infinite care that morning. He had bought himself a quiet new suit and a suitable necktie, and a dark hat that was a little more dignified than the slam-down brim he wore usually. He dressed himself with just as much care as though he were going to escort a young lady to church—and indeed he had every hope of escorting one home from church.

It turned out a glorious morning, crisp and clear and full of new spring sunlight. And when he entered the little church he discovered that she wore the same blue hat she had worn on that Easter of a year ago! For a very bad moment Bill thought that perhaps he was seeing the girl of the Ivy Club; but when he got a glimpse of the profile he knew that he was safe. Bold with the courage twelve months had given him, he sat beside her.

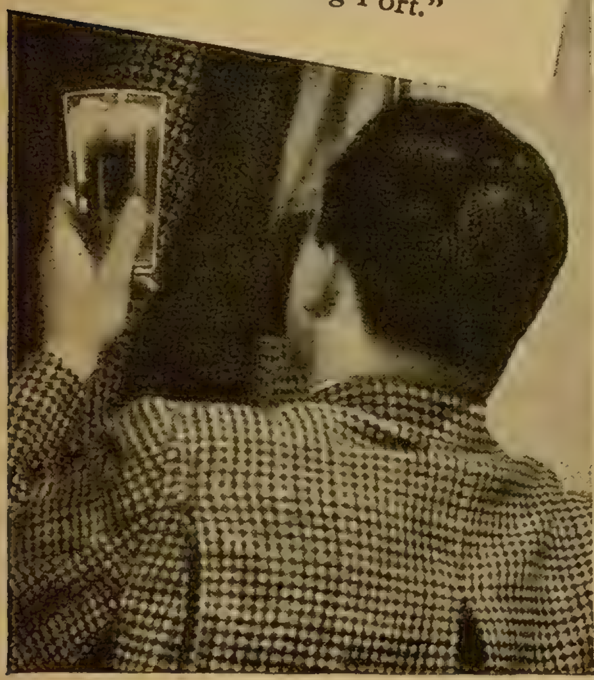
As he sat down Bill thought she turned her head

SHE:

"That was grand liquor you served last night. You certainly must be in the money."

HE:

"You're wrong, Betty! I've just discovered Shipping Port."



100% KENTUCKY WHISKEY

SHIPPING PORT

100 PROOF

THE BEST STRAIGHT WHISKEY AT SO LOW A PRICE

If you prefer Rye, ask for Wolf Creek, a fine Maryland straight Rye whiskey.

Made by Frankfort Distilleries of Louisville, Ky. and Baltimore, Md.

America's largest independent distillers

Made in Kentucky
Shipping Port
Straight Whiskey
Frankfort
100 Proof
One Pint

slightly to regard him—but he could not be absolutely sure and he kept his own eyes resolutely toward the altar. There was nothing he wanted in the world more than to turn to her and say, "Good morning. Aren't the lilies beautiful?"

But he didn't. This Easter was going to be different from the last one. He sat through the services and he listened and thought—and only very occasionally did he tell himself: "Afterward I'm going to speak to her."

When the services were concluded and the congregation streamed into the aisles, Bill tried to stay close to the girl in the year-old blue hat; but a determined and hefty man got in his way. The first thing Bill knew, she was out of the door and he was several yards down the aisle. He shoved his way past the determined man, and shot out into the sunlight. For one mad moment he thought he had lost her again; then suddenly caught a glimpse of her going into the little parish house at the side of the church.

He decided that she must eventually come out, so he stood there among all the smiling congregation on that bright Easter morning and waited. He waited until the church lawn was deserted and quiet—until, in fact, he could wait no longer. When that happened, he walked straight to the door of the parish house and knocked.

The young minister answered the knock; but when he saw Bill there was something curious about his smile and even about the way he said "Good morning."

"Good morning," Bill stammered. "I—that is, I wanted to tell you how much I've enjoyed your sermons."

"Thank you," said the young minister. "Won't you come in?"

A lot of things were racing through Bill's head. One of them was that this girl might—might be married to this young minister. But, just the same, Bill had to *know*.

Inside the room the young clergyman looked Bill up and down, still with that curious smile. "I believe you've been attending my church about a year now?"

"That's right," said Bill.

"Then perhaps you won't think it unusual if I ask you a question. Do you—ah—ever do any boxing?"

"Why—I used to," said Bill. "In college."

"Feel up to a little exercise this morning? I've a fairly decent ring in the basement."

NOW, Bill thought, this a somewhat odd procedure indeed. But something in the minister's smile caused him to accept. There was, he thought, just a touch of challenge in that smile.

Silently he followed the young man downstairs and on to a padded canvas. The minister handed him a pair of gloves. "I think you'll find them satisfactory." And then he peeled off his coat, leaving Bill with nothing to do but follow his lead.

"I want you to know," said the young reverend as he slowly drew on his gloves, "that I'll try to give you all I've got. Do you understand?"

Bill grinned. "I—I'll try to do the same, if that's the way you want it."

"It is. You see, a minister is sometimes in rather an awkward position. If I were a bond salesman, for instance, and you annoyed my sister—annoyed her the very first time you saw her, and then persisted for a solid year—I'd simply ask you not to do so. Then, if you didn't agree, I'd—I'd knock your block off, as they say. But—as things are—it occurred to me that a little boxing match might teach you a double lesson."

Bill didn't know whether he was insanely happy or furiously mad. He did know that the girl was this man's sister and not his wife and that—

"By double lesson," went on his host and opponent, "I mean that perhaps I can teach you proper respect for the church as well as for women."

Bill tightened his gloves and stepped back. "I'd like to have you know that I've learned both lessons. But I'm ready to have them proved. Let's go."

THE young minister nodded ever so slightly and raised his hands. Bill took the first two and knew at once that this was no child's play. He swung hard and missed, and got a left jab that reminded him he hadn't boxed in college for a considerable time. That left jab made him mad and he dived in.

The dive was an instantaneous and complete mistake, but Bill did not realize it until too late. Bells rang and slits of silver played against his closed eyelids. The next second the padded canvas rose obliquely and struck him hard across the cheek.

But when he opened his eyes again everything was all right. Everything was lovely. The face of the girl in the blue hat was directly above him and his head was in her arms.

"I should have told you—I should have warned you about Phil's temper. You never know it's there, and then all of a sudden—well, it's just there."

"I found that out," said Bill dreamily. "But it was worth it."

The young clergyman was looking down at them, his gloves hanging loosely by his sides. "But, Jean, I thought—I didn't know you—"

The girl stiffened. "You don't know yet. But you can't go around mauling people. The idea! A minister! I'm angry because you don't seem to have decided whether you want to be a minister or a boxer. It isn't because I have the slightest interest in this young man."

But Bill knew better. He just knew! A very nice Easter bonnet can be bought cheaply—yet Jean had worn her old one.

"If you feel up to it," said the young minister contritely, "my sister and I would like to have you take dinner with us."

"Delighted," Bill said happily. "I'll be quite all right if I can rest here just—another moment."

THE END

A Gentle Reminder

A SHORT SHORT STORY

by CHARLES H. GALE

READING TIME
4 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

JACK ATWATER looked at the complicated panel of instruments before him.

"Everything seems to be O. K., Jack my boy," he muttered to himself. "We're at ten thousand feet." He made a few notations on a pad strapped to the leg of his flying suit. "A four-thousand-foot dive and that gives us six thousand feet to recover in, or jump, or what have you!"

He looked over the side and could see dots on the cement apron in front of the hangar far below—the engineers, executives of the company, the mechanics, watching the outcome of this final test of the new ship. The air was calm. It was a good hour before the summer sun would set.

He pushed the stick gently forward. The nose of the bulletlike plane dropped down, down, down. Jack held the throttle open. The engine revolution counter crept upward. The air-speed indicator shot past the 250-miles-per-hour mark. Then the 300-mile mark.

In these test dives to terminal velocity, if something tore loose and knocked him unconscious, or if a wing folded over the cockpit so he couldn't extricate himself—well, his chances of getting back home to Betty would be practically nil.

The air-speed indicator read almost 400 miles per hour. The altimeter needle had dropped steadily to almost 6,000 feet when Jack saw fragments like snow flash past him. He knew what they meant. The fabric had started to tear.

Instinctively he jammed the throttle shut and slowly pulled back on the stick. Before he could open the hook of his safety belt there was a sharp crack like a clap of thunder and the upper wings gave way.

Jets of red and white light shot across Jack's vision. A fragment had hit his head. Suddenly the cockpit was strangely dark. The wings had folded over it. He was trapped. A glance at the instrument board told him he had reached 4,000 feet.

He snapped open the safety belt. Bracing himself, he drove arms and shoulders upward. Nothing gave.

"My God!" he shouted to himself. "I forgot it, Betty. I forgot it!" The altimeter needle had dropped to 2,000 feet. He drove his right foot hard against the rudder pedal. A streak of light appeared over his head. He drove his left foot against the other pedal. The streak widened. He alternated with right and left feet, hoping the violent motion of the rudder would rock the splintered wings free.

On the ground somebody yelled for the ambulance and the crash wagon. Motors turned over and gears shifted. Suddenly they saw one wing tear loose. Then the other. Then Jack's body hurtled through space. Somebody groaned.

A small puff of white, like smoke, burst against the twilight sky; then a larger one. The pilot chute and the main chute had opened. Jack swung from the shrouds. He began pulling on the lines to maneuver himself well inside the field.

"Get going, doc!" With Pete at the wheel, the ambulance moved slowly out, to be close to the spot when Jack landed.

Jack was only a hundred feet above the green turf. "Hey!" he shouted. "My car. Get my car out!"

Pete looked at Doc Edwards. "He's off his nut."

Jack's feet struck the ground heavily. His body collapsed on to the grass as the chute tilted over on its side and deflated. Before they could reach him, he had freed himself from his harness. He ran to the ambulance.

"My car, Pete!" he cried.

"Say, what—" Pete began.

Jack pushed Pete along the wide seat and squeezed himself in behind the wheel. He swung the ambulance around and shot toward the rear of the hangar. He leaped out and jumped into his own machine.

"Come on, doc!" Pete yelled. "We've got to stick with this fool."

Jack turned into the highway at better than forty-five miles an hour.

"I saw him way down the road. Ah, there he goes!" shouted Jack. "I can catch him, though."

PETE saw that the mail carrier's machine had pulled away from the collection box at the intersection of the highways. He had turned the corner on the road into the city ten miles away.

"You're absolutely cuckoo, Jack! Stop, will you? Before you kill the three of us?"

Jack pulled up alongside the mail carrier with shrieking brakes and smoking tires. The carrier stopped.

"This the last collection?" Jack exploded. The carrier nodded. "And will this letter be postmarked today and will it go out on that nine-o'clock train tonight *sure?*"

"Positively," the carrier grinned.

"O. K., Toots!" Jack sang. He handed the carrier a large envelope.

The carrier drove off. Jack leaned back in his seat and laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks.

"I tell you, doc," Pete began, "the man is just plain out of his head. He was hit or something and—"

Jack's merriment deflated to a broad grin.

"That was my insurance premium. Endowment policy, taken out years ago, long before I ever started flying—and my flying now doesn't affect it.

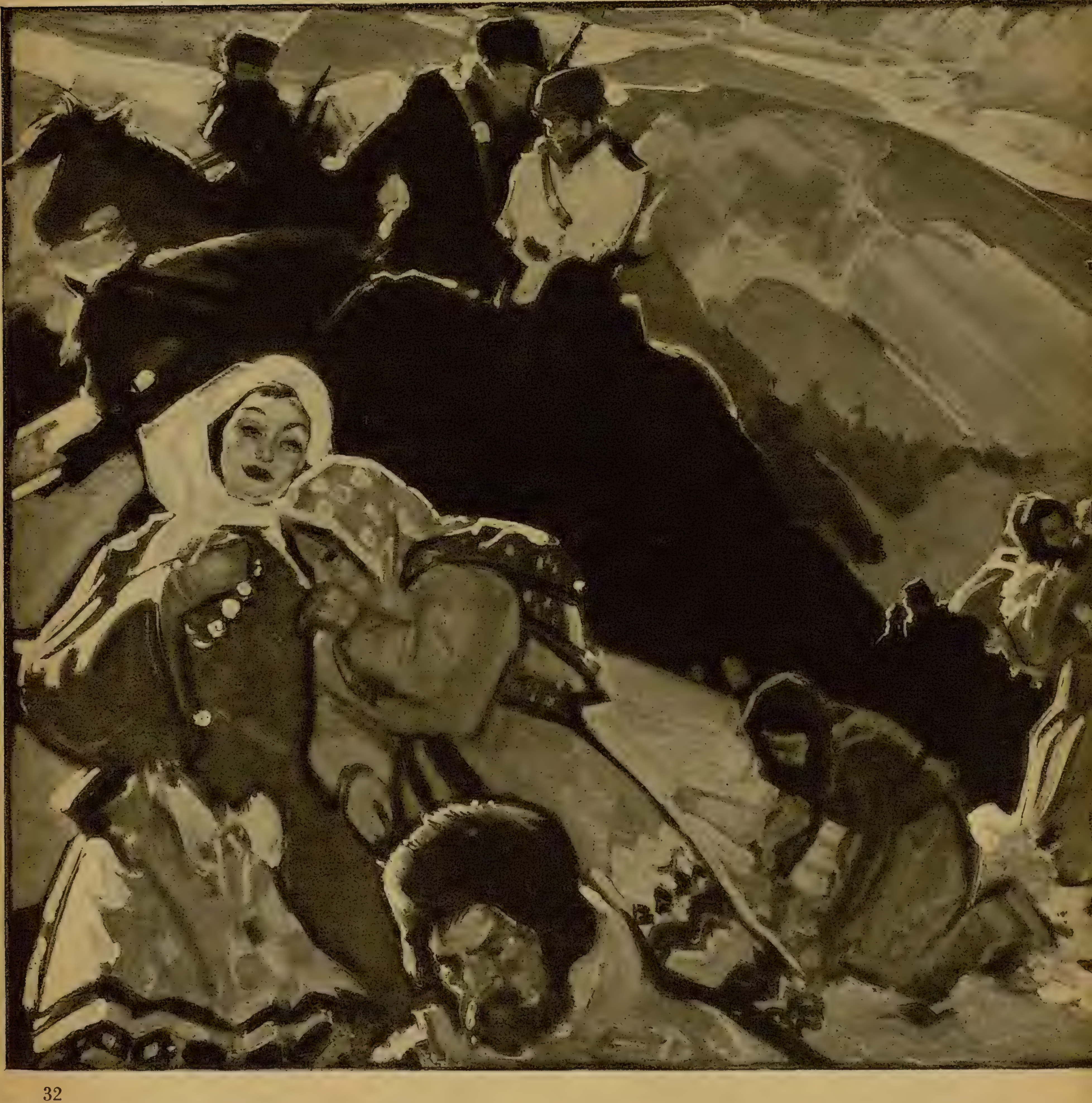
"Oh, boy!" he continued. "Wouldn't the insurance company like to have me drop *that* policy! It would expire at midnight tonight if the envelope wasn't postmarked before then. The last thing Betty said to me this morning was to be sure and not forget to mail it."

Pete and Doc Edwards shook their heads.

"Boy!" Jack concluded. "I just never would have thought of it again in time if those wings hadn't come off."

THE END

GYPSY Love Song

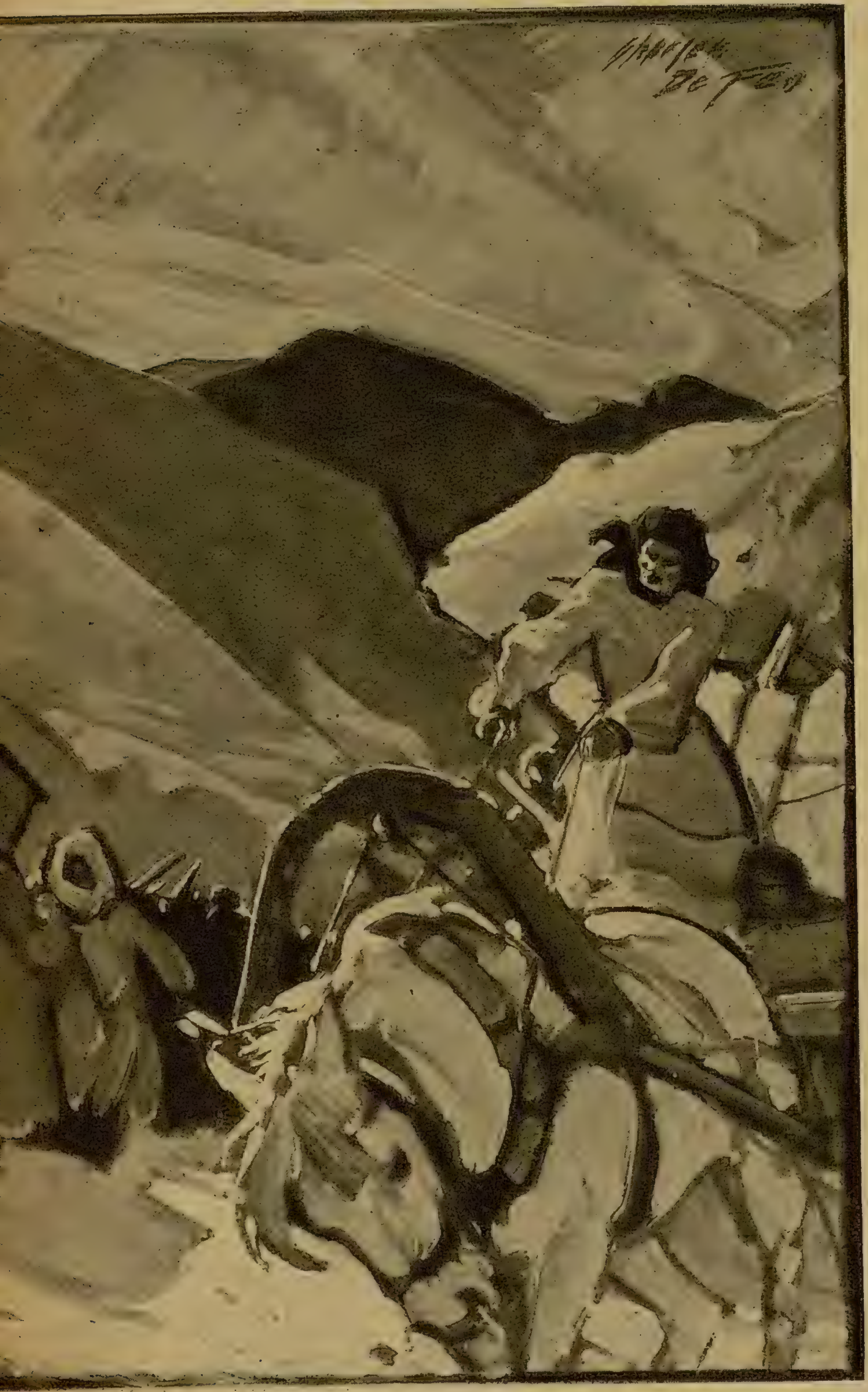


The Amazing True Story of a Woman's Life and Loves — A Dramatic Postscript to a Famous Liberty Serial, Georgei Beloff's "Still Alive"

by

H. BEDFORD-JONES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES DE FEO



READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

IN Still Alive, serialized in Liberty in 1933, Georgei Beloff told how "Gypsy Lusha" had saved him from a firing squad. "I change her name slightly," he said, "as she is now married and living in France." A man in San Francisco read it and wrote Mr. Bedford-Jones, Beloff's collaborator, that Tshiganka Masha (Gypsy Lusha) had been *his wife*, whom he had believed dead since 1916-17. He implored to be told where she was now. Beloff refused to make a tragic matter worse by giving him any information.

Last week Mr. Bedford-Jones told how this man, Miller, at the time a young imperial Russian officer, first met Tshiganka Masha in Samara. He won her and they were married; then Russia's collapse sundered them. Miller all but superhumanly worked his way across the whole chaotic land in a futile search for his beloved bride. Having done so, he got away into Germany and eventually came to America.

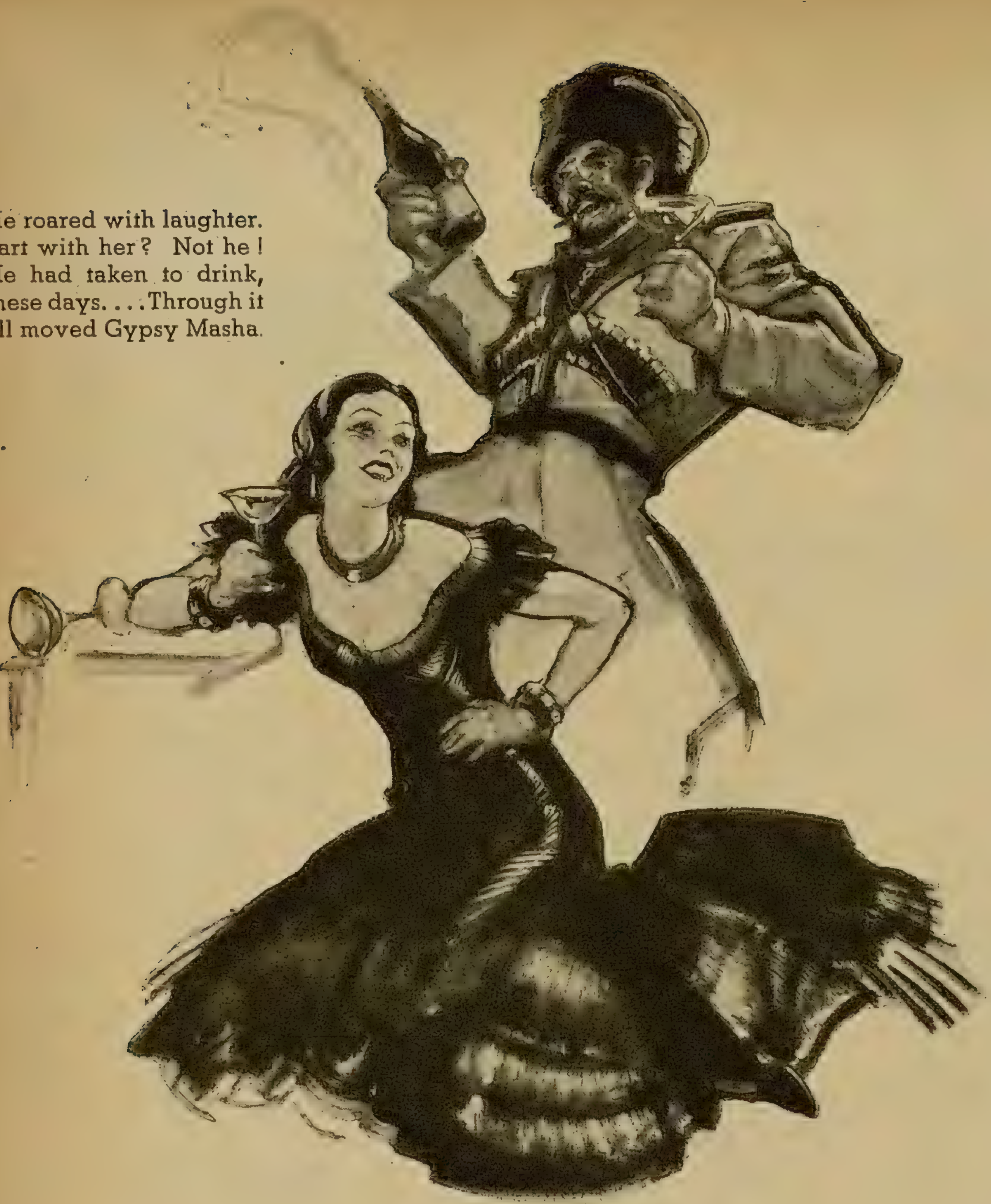
PART TWO—CONCLUSION

WHEN, under the winds of war and revolution, the Russian Empire went to pieces like a house of cards, Mme. Marie Mihailovna Miller—Gypsy Masha—heard that her husband was dead.

Then began the exodus. Like frightened wild creatures driven before a forest fire, all the Russians who had money, all those of birth, all those connected with the old regime or loyal to it, all the officers of the army, began to pour out of Russia. War and revolution cut off any escape to the west or south. They could only flee eastward, into Siberia and beyond.

This movement was to last for years, in successive waves, an unending, drifting flood of humanity, the wreckage of a vast people. It had no aim, no hope, no leader. Here and there a few leaders, like the young Ataman Semenoff in far eastern Siberia,

Siberia was still Czarist, and great waves of migrating folk poured on—an unending, drifting flood of humanity, wreckage of a vast people. They had no name, no country.



He roared with laughter. Part with her? Not he! He had taken to drink, these days. . . . Through it all moved Gypsy Masha.

seized upon local authority; but the exodus had no Moses.

Amid these hordes slowly working their way eastward across a disorganized empire were the sweet, gentle, soft-voiced little woman who had mothered Gypsy Masha, and her daughter. They had a little money; not much, and not of much avail, because Gypsy Masha knew nothing of money's value. She could not clutch and grasp—all around there were so many people so much worse off than they! She gave. Now, as she was to do later, she gave with both hands. Their money disappeared.

Mme. Miller disappeared. In her place lived Tshiganka Masha once more; her one aim and end now was to take care of her mother. They became desperate, until the younger woman found that by her singing and dancing she could earn what she needed.

So the two of them worked eastward and then down through Manchuria to Harbin. Here gathered every one —adventurers, nobles, princes, officers, plotters. Siberia was still Czarist, and the great waves of migrating folk poured on and on. They had no name, no country. They came to be called Whites. It stood for everything opposed to the Reds. For the moment, the Reds could spare no thought for Siberia. Let the Whites gather there, let the waves of migration go on—so much the better when the time for killing came!

In Harbin two officers, among many others, became acquainted with the gypsy dancer and fell in love with her. One was Colonel Nagyar, as I shall call him, since he is still alive. He was handsome, he had rescued a huge fortune out of the chaos in Russia; he was a dogged, stubborn sort of man who came of almost royal blood, and who never gave up the object upon which he set his heart. When such a man falls in love, it is for life.

The other was an almost unknown naval officer, moody, brilliant, idealistic, who had escaped to Siberia after the most incredible personal adventures. His name was Kolchak. His family were lost in the maelstrom.

No news came out of Russia. Those left behind were accounted dead. There was money in plenty, but the distribution was most uneven. The majority were down to primitive conditions both in life and morals.

Tshiganka Masha's whole heart had been given to the man whom she accounted dead. She could not love again; she said so frankly. She refused all offers. But her mother became ill; there was never enough money to be honestly earned. Always emotional, she now became nearly hysterical at times, gave way to the wildest impulses. Perhaps, to her, it seemed the beginning of the end.

Then a third man came to Harbin. A young man, brutal, savage, yet capable, whose wife and son were lost somewhere in the chaos behind. He was a man of strange opposing traits, one moment all idealism, the next wrapped in a red rage of ferocity. In short, a Cossack.

The Cossack. Grand Ataman of all the Cossacks, by imperial order. More, the popular hero, the coming man, the one leader who had formed a government and made head against the rising tide. Japan was backing him; the Allies were regarding him as their one chance. Yet he was a Cossack and nothing else. All around him were those from whom tension was lifted, who gave themselves up to a wild saturnalia of gaiety—lest tomorrow they die. Among these folk moved G. M. Semenoff, Ataman of the Cossacks, seeking men and money, munitions, conferring with representatives of Japan and the Allies.

This was the spring of 1918.

WITH Semenoff was his chief aide, Captain Nickolaevitch, who had known Gypsy Masha before the deluge. One day the aide learned that she was here.

"You must go with me, Ataman, tonight!" he exclaimed eagerly. "She is like nothing else. She is at the Café de Paris, in the Pristan section of town. Eh?"

Semenoff shrugged and agreed. At this time he did not drink. He had not fallen into the terrible excesses of ferocity and liquor that came with power and disappointed ambition. He did not know that here, tonight, he was to meet the man who would cut short that ambition and the woman who would guide that power.

They sat in the café. Around them were officers, speculators, war millionaires. The gaiety was feverish. Then it fell silent as Gypsy Masha swaggered out upon the stage, a gypsy shawl of many colors draped tightly about her shoulders, loosely about her waist. Her great gray-green eyes gripped one and another of those before her. Her black hair was coiffured elaborately.

The magic of her appearance was electrical. Silent now, motionless, she held them. Then she sang and danced. She could do neither one well, let it be confessed. Yet when she ceased the café went wild.

Men shouted, yelled. Flowers showered down. Matchboxes stuffed with ruble notes and gold bombarded her. A fan composed of hundred-ruble notes was handed her. The triumph was not of art; it was purely personal.

In her dressing room, one of the men crowding there—perhaps it was Kolchak himself—told her that Semenoff and Nickolaevitch were in the audience. In her dressing gown, she rushed out, ran tempestuously through the café, caught them at the street entrance. She hurled herself at Nickolaevitch; saw that he was wounded, crippled, and burst into tears. Careless of the crowd gathering, she knelt and kissed his boots, cursing the men who drank and made merry while others fought for them.

Nickolaevitch introduced Semenoff to her. She met the gaze of the ataman; a few trite phrases passed between them. Suddenly she tore the diamonds from her ears, the jewels from her hair, and thrust them into his hand.

"For your cause—take them!" she panted out, then turned and disappeared.

The thing was electric. The crowd went wild. Upon Semenoff showered money, jewels, checks.

THEY did not meet again just now. Gypsy Masha conducted a tremendous personal propaganda for the ataman. He was her hero, the hero of all the Russians just then, even of the Japanese. His picture was everywhere in Japan, for now Japan was definitely behind him. He spent most of his time in one of his armored trains. The guerrilla warfare developed into regular army movements. His Transbaikal government was erected into a state. Siberia was momentarily cleared of Reds. The Allied troops began to come in.

Meantime a government of Czarist officers suddenly developed far in the west, at Omsk. The Siberian government. And at its head appeared Kolchak, elected to supreme command, with the Allies behind him. He was a man alone, embittered. There were whispers that a gypsy dancer in Harbin had preferred another to him.

As for Gypsy Masha, things became worse and worse for her personally. She refused to marry. Colonel Naggyar, denied again and again, swore that he would take no denial as final, and posted off to join Kolchak.

She disappeared from Harbin, where her mother remained living in comfort. It was for her mother's sake; she said so frankly, a little later, to Prince G——. She loved no one, she could never love any one again; but there was her mother to think of.

Around Ataman Semenoff was a strange circle of men, Cossacks and others. Some were old Imperial Army men from the western front, such as Peter Scriabin, a relative of

"80% of indigestion cases were relieved," reports Dr. Gaehlinger, of the Hospital Bellan, in Paris, after using the new yeast in stubborn cases of constipation and indigestion.

In great United States Hospitals, cases of long-standing indigestion got these benefits . . .

RESULTS of importance are being obtained in clinics, with the new Fleischmann's Yeast. In one hospital, 83% of indigestion cases were relieved. In another, 89% of skin cases resulting from poor digestion received similar benefit. The cases below were taken from one hospital's actual records:

CASE OF T.C. MAN. AGE 31

Marked constipation. Distress after meals. Hyperacidity. Bowel movements, irregular. Patient was given three cakes of Fleischmann's new Yeast daily. *Digestion improved. Now has one bowel movement daily.*

CASE OF S.A. MAN. AGE 42

Patient suffered from poor digestion, with *constipation, distress after meals,* and discomfort. Started treatment with the new Fleischmann's Yeast, taking three cakes daily. *Digestion and appetite improved.* Now has one good bowel evacuation daily.

CASE OF R.M. MAN. AGE 30

Poor digestion, with severe constipation. *Suffered from lack of appetite and gas in stomach and intestines.* Started treatment with Fleischmann's new Yeast. Appetite and digestion became good. *Bowel movements became regular,* with 1 to 2 evacuations daily.

Patients have stronger flow of stomach juice—better bowel action.

INDIGESTION COMPLETELY RELIEVED

by new method that corrects its commonest cause

This cause, constipation, corrected by food which supplies "Protective Substances" not present in sufficient amount in usual diets!

COMPLETE relief from indigestion, simply by adding a new food to the diet! This is the result hospitals are now reporting.

Did you know that *constipation* often causes indigestion? And constipation, it is now known, can be *completely corrected,* by supplying certain "protective substances" in the diet, to keep the intestinal tract active.

Ordinary foods—even fruits and green vegetables—do not contain enough of all these substances.

But the new Fleischmann's Yeast is their *richest known food source.*

This new yeast increases the flow of your stomach juice—tones and stimulates the nerves and muscles *all through* your digestive tract. Soon, you digest your meals better—pass off wastes more quickly and easily. Poisons don't form in your system, as before.

You feel better. You no longer have that discomfort and gas after eating.

But—you must eat this new fresh yeast regularly—and you must eat it right to benefit fully. Begin today!

THIS IS THE WAY TO EAT IT:

Eat 3 cakes of the new Fleischmann's Yeast every day—one-half hour before meals (on an empty stomach)—plain, or dissolved in a little water, milk or fruit juice, or on a cracker.

If you've been taking laxatives—discontinue them *gradually,* not all at once, until bowels improve.

You can get the new Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, and at many soda fountains, restaurants.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

THE NEW FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST can give complete bowel regularity . . . helps you keep free from constipation, indigestion and related troubles. Remember, it's a food—not a medicine.

To be sure what causes your trouble—see a doctor.

NRA CODE

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the great composer and musician of that name, the most popular man in the army. Many of them had lost everything, even themselves. Some were drug fiends and worse. Others were out for loot at any cost.

Among this circle rumors grew. Semenoff was drawing away from them, was spending more time with the hospital train. Presently it became an open secret. He was in love with one of the nurses there.

Presently it was no secret at all, and Gypsy Masha disdainfully threw off all further disguise.

The ataman had a house in Chita, a house where he lived in Cossack fashion, surrounded by disorder, filth, neglect, drinking officers, wild friends. Power had gone to his head. Success, government, victories, the backing of Japan—all these things unsteadied him. Some of his circle perceived this. Some of them knew that this woman who now rode with a bodyguard of two Serbians and two Cossacks held Semenoff absolutely ruled, in the palm of her hand; and this was a good thing, they said.

For between Kolchak in the west and Semenoff at Chita there was enmity. And some said because of a woman. The two men would not unite even against the Reds.

Now the ataman's more or less vicious circle began to split. None of them wanted a woman dragged in, especially a woman who could influence him. Others saw the need for her. They brought arguments to bear, tried to persuade her to leave the hospital train and go openly to his house and take charge. They spoke of marriage, and she laughed at them in her frank fashion.

Ataman Semenoff, who for a time was Masha's lover.

"His wife and child are lost somewhere in Russia. I will never consider such a thing until their fate is known," she said flatly.

But she went to live with the ataman none the less.

Immediately there was consternation—not only in Semenoff's circle but in the largest building of the town, the Japanese headquarters. Certain of the officers around the ataman saw their own influence threatened. They were afraid of this woman who was absolutely frank and fearless, who had no ax to grind; they were afraid of her goodness.

The writer of this story has talked to one or two of these very men. Although they hated her, they can say nothing against her; indeed, they look back at those days with tears and bitter hearts, and talk of her goodness. It was the thing they feared above everything else. It is the thing they remember now.

AS to the Japanese—well, they had their reasons for something very close to panic. Plans were going forward, even then in 1918, for what happened in Manchuria in 1934. The private papers of Semenoff are now in America. In them may be found, outlined in detail, plans for the occupation of Manchuria as it is at present—Henry Pu-yi and all. The Japanese staff and Ataman Semenoff were brethren under the skin, in other words.

The Japanese knew all about Gypsy Masha. She was not the person to let her Cossack hero pay too high a price for money and munitions. So, in the big headquarters building developed a cold hostility, a freezing politeness. Masha ignored it.

And meantime Kolchak waxed more powerful, and called Ataman Semenoff, with his troops, his wild Cossacks, his armored trains, his loot—called him to heel, in the name of the White cause. And the ataman, himself tasting of power and liking it, evaded. His own commission was from the Czar. He had no need of Kolchak and the Siberian government in Omsk. In this respect, even to the pleadings of Masha, he was adamant—at first.

The lull passed. The Red penetration of Siberia had begun. Revolution burst out here and there. Blood began to flow. There was no quarter. The Reds used Chinese and Lett mercenaries, executioners who knew no pity. Semenoff and his aides became Cossacks again; Cossacks, soldiers, drug fiends, madmen, all serving under the green banner presented to the ataman. A banner now in the Russian church in Los Angeles.

With such men, under such a leader, frightful things began to take place.

Meantime Masha's influence over the ataman increased steadily, and was extended to a great circle of his young officers. She called them her "sons." They brought her wild animals for pets, until the whole courtyard of the ataman's house was filled with bears, foxes, deer, and other spoil of the forest, which she tamed.

She went everywhere with Semenoff. His special train was made into a real traveling headquarters. In Chita, Masha picked out a dozen Hungarian musicians from the prison camps, and they accompanied her about the town, visiting hospitals, jails, and typhus wards.

HER money, her clothes, anything she had, was distributed freely—too freely. Parasites preyed upon her; but she did not care. The soldiers worshiped her blindly. At the circus, at wrestling matches, at the theater, her presence drew crowds. If she could not sing, she could speak with a burning intensity—the ataman, the cause, Russia! She had no dignity. She acted with the most childish impulse; and soldiers love such women.

Blood was flowing now, flowing fast. Things were not going so well in a military sense. Semenoff finally obeyed the orders of Kolchak and made a half-hearted coalition of forces. And this was bad luck for him.

Not as bad luck as he would have, said a Monogolian sorcerer who was held in great repute among the Mongols, unless he kept Gypsy Masha with him. Once he parted with her, his race was run. The word spread abroad, through the whole army. Semenoff heard the prophecy and roared with laughter. Part with Masha? Not he!

But many of his best officers left him. Imperial Army men chiefly, trained soldiers, nobles, who threw in their lot with Kolchak. They had sickened of the slaughter, of the Cossacks, the drug fiends, the men who wanted to drown out memories in blood. Men such as the mad Baron Ungern. Semenoff had taken to drink, these days.

Through it all moved Gypsy Masha, an angel of mercy. She had a horror of courts-martial. Sometimes, even in public, she would go on her knees to Semenoff: "You cannot shoot them. You must not! They are Russians!"

Semenoff would argue, would reason. If he refused, she would pass from tears into an emotional frenzy. She would force him to yield. If he could not be moved, she would go wandering through the streets of Chita, tearing her hair, collecting crowds, asking everywhere for help and pity for the condemned. Always the one reason: "They are Russians!"

She interfered with private looting, with graft, with old vengeances—always to save, to prevent, to help. She took no part in the strife which arose among the ataman's officers, except to give aid. She believed blindly in the idealism of Semenoff. Her relations with him she held as purely incidental.

"I would divide everything I have with his wife," she said once to a friend. "All my jewels that he has bought, everything he has bought me, belong to her. He belongs to her. If she is alive and returns, I will go out of his life. What else could I do?"

She meant these words, as she was later to show. Indeed, she had two Serbian officers sent into Soviet territory in search of the ataman's lost family. The Japanese heard of it, and this gave them an idea. They were not in love with her. They went to work quietly, secretly, on their own plans to remove her. Masha was always penniless. When Semenoff captured a gold shipment of 40,000,000 rubles, she directed every cent of it for army supplies. Her clothes, her jewels, her money, all were shared with the brides of poor officers or with the needy.

Then came the Scriabin affair—really a turning point for Masha. The details of it were supplied for this story by Scriabin himself.

Semenoff was away. Scriabin, the idol of the army, and one Colonel Popoff had quarreled with certain of Semenoff's staff who were making huge private gains from looting and quiet murder. The two got the evidence they needed, waiting to use it until Semenoff returned. And what happened?

Two girls came to them one evening, came to their quarters. There was a party of four. Later the girls screamed assault. Guards were ready, came bursting in, seized Scriabin and Popoff. A court-martial was conveniently at hand. Death was the penalty, and death was adjudged—for sunrise. No delay, no chance of appeal.

Later the two girls were found shot. Their mouths had to be shut.

At sunrise Scriabin and Popoff were marched to the execution ground and were duly shot. Semenoff came back too late to save them, even had he wished to do so.

But what really took place? Scriabin, supposedly dead all these years, has revealed it for the first time.

Scriabin was popular even with the Japanese officers. He had learned their language. He had taught them Russian, had made some influential friends among them. Word flew on wings of tragedy to Gypsy Masha—two of her " sons " were about to be shot, and she knew all too well that these men were doomed. They knew too much. The moment had been carefully chosen, and they were in the trap; nothing could save them. The vicious circle had nipped them, and this circle was composed of the men in power here on the spot.

MASHA went direct to the Japanese high command. There, in the big barnlike building that housed the staff, she pleaded with those cold-eyed men who hated and distrusted her. She humbled herself before them, asking that they save these two men from murder. She laid bare all the facts.

They refused. They themselves were in a ticklish position; there was trouble all along the line between the ataman's savages and the American troops, the old army men with Kolchak, the Czechoslovak legions. The Japanese, who supported Semenoff, walked in slippery places. If they dared to interfere with what little discipline existed in the Cossack army, no one knew what might happen.

Masha refused to accept their decision. She cared nothing about policy; she wanted to save the lives of two men who had fought on the western front, who were of the very highest Russian type, and who bore great promise for the future. Scriabin, indeed, was slated for a staff position. This was one reason the staff officers wanted him out of the way.

Her magnetism broke down the opposition. Just what passed in

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that two-hour interview will probably never be known.

At the execution ground a number of Japanese appeared, bringing with them two Red commissars, prisoners. The argument of gold was potent with the firing squad. There was an exchange of clothes. Clad in the uniforms of Scriabin and Popoff, the two commissars faced the firing squad and the rifles rang out. The bodies were hastily shoved out of sight.

A special Japanese train carried the two rescued officers to safety, to a secure haven in Japan. And this, let it be said incidentally, was one of the best investments the Japanese ever made. Their armies are equipped today with a new weapon, thanks to the inventive genius of a rescued Russian.

It was not known that Scriabin and Popoff had escaped alive, but Masha's efforts to save them were known. And she had saved others—too many. Further, she was coming more and more to rule the ataman and the army and what it did. Under her influence the cause was being served, rather than the private advantage of those who aimed at power. Baron Ungern, with his wild, mad ambition to become a Mongolian god, hated her like poison. She had quite literally rescued hundreds from firing squads. It was less and less easy to "work" the ataman, to make use of him. Under her influence, his personal popularity was rising to tremendous heights.

More than once Colonel Nagyar turned up in Chita. In his calm impassive fashion he entirely ignored Masha's relations with the ataman. He knew—for she made no secret of it—that she did not love Semenoff; she was his guardian angel, no more. When bombs were hurled into their box at the theater, when Semenoff and nine others were injured, it was Masha who calmed the excitement, who dressed their hurts on the spot, who took charge and gave orders for the ataman himself.

Colonel Nagyar came and went. This was the year 1919.

THINGS were going badly in the west, but still Semenoff and Kolchak remained like two snarling dogs, their forces but half united, neither willing to make any concerted effort with the other. The Red agents were everywhere now. Outbreaks were occurring even behind the lines. It was like a flood bursting through a dam in a dozen places.

Assassination was tried. Two officers attempted to hurl Masha from the train platform, but failed. The Japanese were more successful—they knew that only indirect methods could win their game. And they won. The news burst suddenly: The wife and son of the ataman had been rescued from Russia, were on the way to Japan and safety.

At once Masha shut herself up, would not see Semenoff. It was all changed now. While people were lost in the chaos, morally dead, one might assume that they were dead indeed. But once they were back in the world, everything was different. It was very clear to her.

To Semenoff, the Cossack, it was not clear at all. He plunged into excesses of every sort. Masha refused to see him privately, refused to live with him. He tried force—and that ended it. Masha slipped away, disappeared; went to Tsingtao in China, and waited there.

Then, from the west, came the frightful news. The Siberian government was smashed. Kolchak was seized and surrendered to the Reds, and executed. Another terrible flood of humanity was pouring eastward—the wreckage of the Whites on what came to be known as the "Icy March," the midwinter migration through Siberia.

Semenoff had his hands full now, too full to think about women. Communism sprang up everywhere, seemingly out of the ground. On Easter eve of 1920 Red forces assaulted Chita itself. Semenoff beat them; he was frightened now, as only a Cossack can be frightened, and he became terrible in his fear.

Momentarily he emerged once more as the hero. Kolchak's shattered remnants swelled his forces. The Czech legions, finishing their immortal march, joined him.

Colonel Nagyar, escaping from the rolling tide of blood and death, reached Tsingtao and found Masha again.

There came swift sharp news from the north. The Cossacks and the Czechs could not get along. The Allied troops were being withdrawn. Semenoff had become a savage, a mere Cossack, a wild beast, who snapped at all around him. The Japanese withdrew, left him to his fate. He had installed other women in his house now.

And the end of this was that the ataman fled by night aboard a steamer and there was no longer a cause.

The prophecy of the Mongolian soothsayer had come true.

AND what of Masha? She was weary, disillusioned, yet her tremendous energy could not rest idle. There were children in that migration, that tide of human wreckage which came pouring down the China coasts. In Tsingtao she established an orphanage, worked among these poor little ones, stripped herself of everything.

She had nothing left of material things. Russia was gone; Siberia was gone; the heroes were dead or doomed. Patriotism, the cause—everything was swept away now. There remained only the one man whose love was unending and all-powerful.

She turned to him and found refuge. Where the heroes pass into death, the lesser men survive and gain peace.

She married Colonel Nagyar. Together they closed the book of the past, left Asia behind them—Asia and its mangled peoples, its lost hopes, its ruins of old civilizations.

Masha found that she could love again. She who had come through the flames of war, the sweep of armies, the wild exhilaration of Cossack power, found the realities of life at last in the birth of children and the love of a man who loved but once and for always.

Where she now lives, there is no past.

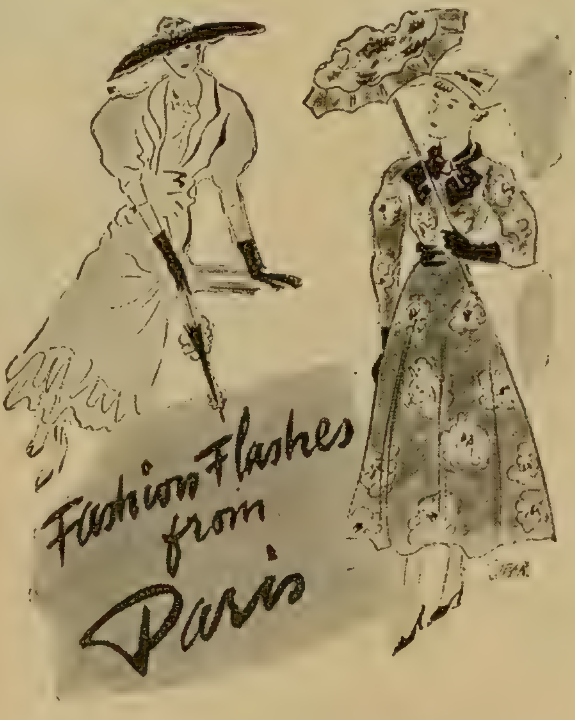
The name of Tshiganka Masha is unknown. There are peace and happiness, love, a home, high social position, children.

That is why Beloff will never reveal the secret of Gypsy Masha's present to the man who in the past had been her husband.

It is better, he said, that one should suffer a little longer than that all should.

And I think he is right.

THE END



The flirtatious fan, with all of its implications of feminine allure and coy coquettishness, will be much with us this spring and summer. Paris is showing them in ostrich, ivory, and lace of romantic memory, plain and looped, varied by such novelties as glass shaped like palm leaves with gold wooden handles and glasslike compositions in modernistic designs.

Frivolous parasols and, of course, the proverbial Easter bonnets dominate the display this year. Tiny sunshades trimmed with ruffled glass or taffeta ribbon, or straw embroidery, or lace festoons, and having extremely long glass, tortoise-shell, or enameled wood handles, accompany both tailleurs and dressy ensembles.

Carried closed, like canes, with Merry Widow hats, and open over tiny bonnets, they furnish fascinating Floradora gestures for postwar babies.

Doramiller

When Easter Eggs Roll at the White House

A Lively Look from Behind the Scenes at a 58-Year-Old Festivity

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

by ANNA ROOSEVELT BOETTIGER

IF you have never seen Easter-Egg Rolling on the south lawns of the White House, you should make a special trip to Washington to do so.

If you are a grownup and arrive at one of the entrance gates alone, a policeman will tell you that you cannot be admitted. You will lean up against the railing watching thousands of children rolling brilliantly colored eggs, throwing eggs, tramping on eggs, eating eggs, fighting for more eggs, and enjoying themselves to the utmost.

You will be very much annoyed to notice almost as many grownups as children, sitting on the grass watching the fun and guarding lunch baskets. You will be just about to protest when you will feel a tug at your sleeve. Looking down, you will see a small boy twinkling up at you. " How much will ya give me to be your child? I'll get you in! " Surprised and delighted, you will slip him a coin, and, lo and behold, you will find yourself being led by the hand past the same policeman—who also seems to have a knowing twinkle—through the gates and into the midst of the frolicking band. There your temporarily adopted child will disappear.

At the top of one little knoll you will pause to watch five children absorbedly rolling one bright egg after another. A shriek of delight as the blue egg belonging to the little girl in the pink silk dress cracks into the purple egg of the little boy whose patched trousers are two sizes too large for him. " I hit your purple egg, so it's mine now! " shouts the little girl. " Sure," concedes the boy. " Come on, let's roll again. I'll get yours this time."

Two small boys are engaged in the old game of egg picking, and you watch with amusement to see which one will crack the other one's egg by banging them together. Bingo! the little boy in the blue suit has won that round!

" You've got a goose's egg, I know it! " cries the other. " Open your hand and lemme see."

" I'll open it a crack and you can peep, but it's not a goose's egg. Come on, I'll crack your next one."

Again Master Blue Suit wins. Three more rounds end in the same way. By now four or five other small boys have gathered. " He's using a china egg! " The little fellow who made the last remark approaches a little bit closer and when Master Blue Suit is not looking he gives his arm a strong nudge and the winning egg comes down with a great crash on the concrete on the edge of the pond. It is *not* broken and it *is* made of some unbreakable material!

The grownups are now slowly but surely moving toward the White House. A mounting roar and hand clapping, and there are the President, his wife, some of his children and grandchildren waving in return and descending the steps to mingle with the crowd. When they finally get safely back to the steps, every one turns and watches a " trick man " who delights the crowd by pulling live rabbits out of the trouser legs of various small boys. The President tells all to go on enjoying themselves and that he is sorry he has to go back to work and cannot spend the afternoon on the lawn.

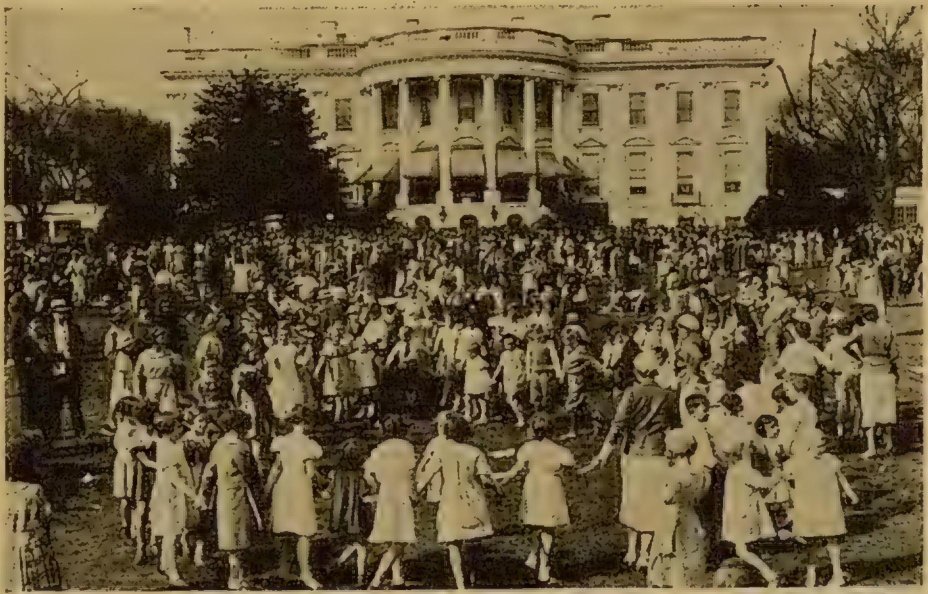
In 1921 there were still some people living in Washington who could remember rolling Easter eggs in the " Capitol Square " or the " Capitol Park " in the 1840s. No one seems to know exactly when or how the custom started in this country, but an Englishwoman is supposed to have been the first to introduce it. Washington's schools are closed and every child prays for good weather.

The first item in a newspaper to mention Easter-egg rolling at the Capitol appears in the Daily Patriot on April 2, 1872. In April, 1876, the Congressional Record tells us that a senator made a speech in favor of a bill to prevent children from rolling Easter eggs on the Capitol grounds.

" If Senators will notice the injury done," he said, " it will be seen to amount to thousands of dollars."

The story is told that when the next Easter Monday rolled around, the children descended in droves as usual upon the Capitol grounds, only to find that they were not admitted. President Hayes happened to drive by the Capitol, and he is said to have stood up in his carriage and invited them all to come and roll Easter eggs in his " back yard " at the White House.

The newspapers of 1885 tell us that President Cleveland invited the children to enter the historic East Room and went down to shake hands with them. When he got there, however, he found that to shake hands with little folks was a much more difficult task than he had expected. He managed about three hundred handshakes and then his back ached too much to carry on.



Acme photo

Last year's egg rollers: "Thousands of children enjoying themselves to the utmost," with the grownups looking on.

In 1887 it is recorded that over a thousand children were greeted by President Cleveland in the East Room, and that many rolled their Easter eggs in the house!

During the years of 1916-1920, which were troublous times, the White House grounds were closed to Easter-egg rollers. But in 1921, when President Harding was in office, they were opened again. Since then they have remained open, and I venture to say that if a vote were taken among the children of Washington as to whether Easter-egg rolling should be continued during all the years to come, the " ayes " would have it with not one dissenting " no."

THE END

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Quintuplets?

READING TIME
7 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THIS is supposed to be a portrait of Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe. Acres of type have been set in praise of this engaging little surgeon from the Canadian provinces, but I think he can be "painted" in this line:

All the ballyhoo and acclaim that the world gave him couldn't spoil him.

That, to me, is the top. The Big Town poisons people with kindness when they've clicked. Too many celebrities have been turned into swelled-heads. Dr. Dafoe went home more beloved than when he arrived.

It was my good luck to meet Dr. Dafoe for the first time in a Broadway night club, and to tour other hot spots with him during his stay in town.

It was his first night club. If you are easily upset, take hold of something while I tell you that the headliner was Sally Rand. And Dr. Dafoe found nothing at all shocking in Sally's bareskin hoofing, and praised her attractive figure to boot.

At the time of our first meeting, Dr. Dafoe was the most-talked-about guest New York had had since Lindbergh's triumphant return from his Atlantic flight. He was round-shouldered from honors, and the toast of every drink in the club; but you knew in a minute he'd like it if you got chummy and called him Doc.

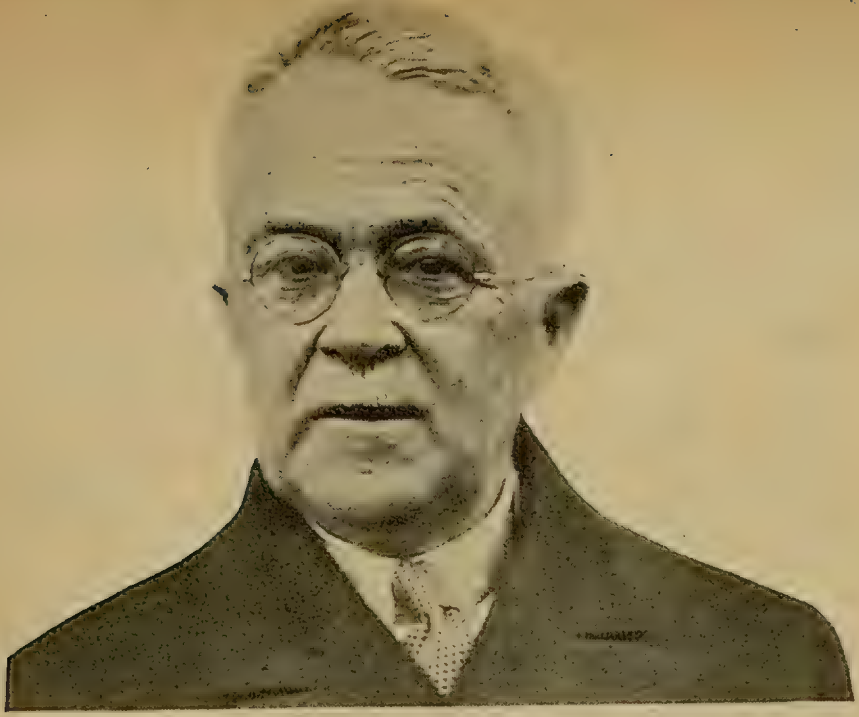
Along with forty million more Americans, I had a tremendous admiration for this country surgeon who staged the world's most celebrated blessed event—the Dionne-event. It was dramatic and mighty exciting, the way he carried the Dionne quintuplets through the most perilous period of infancy. It was more than all the big-time baby specialists in the world had ever done; and he didn't have all the equipment money can buy, as they did. His entire paraphernalia is in the little kit he lugs on his country rounds.

Doc Dafoe looks like what you expect from reading about him. Short, stocky, graying. The eyes behind his spectacles are kind and understanding, and sometimes very knowing. His graying mustache is close-clipped, just a wisp of a thing which makes him look, as somebody has said, puckish. The dancing girls called him "cute."

He wore a new blue sack suit, purchased for the visit. Also a new green felt hat, which perched uncertainly on his head, its brim rolled up all around. Back in his small town he wears a cap, yanked down over his ears to keep out the Ontario chill.

Doc Dafoe enjoyed the gaiety of New York's night life. In a phrase he popularized himself, "Sure; why not?" For twenty-six years he had been hidden away in the back country, with only his radio and the movies for amusement—he saw two in twenty-six years. And when his day was over with tall-browed medicos and learned statesmen, he liked to go out and have fun.

I hope, however, that readers won't get the same idea



A Close-Up of the World's Most Modest Man—Who Staged the World's Most Celebrated Blessed Event

by WALTER WINCHELL

Shucks!

of Doc Dafoe's pleasure cruises that seems to have penetrated the conks (noodles to you!) of editorial writers on the Calgary Herald and the Salt Lake City Telegram. They deplored Doc's willingness to be "dragged off" to night clubs by hysterical New Yorkers, and counseled him to conduct himself with dignity and aloofness.

What hooey! To their minds Doc had no sooner hit the wicked city than he started tearing it wide open. Nothing sillier or more unfair could have been written. Like many other men, Dr. Dafoe took advantage of the good time New York provides and behaved as he might have been expected to behave—like the gentleman he is.

What won me to Doc Dafoe at once was that he had dusted off the shysters and phonies who fasten on to everybody who makes the front pages. His companions that first night were Fred Davis and Charlie Blake, two newspapermen who had come down from Canada with him. During the day he always delegated the formal chores to his brother, Dr. William Dafoe of Toronto, who, being a city feller, knew more about ceremonies than he did. But when he played he was on his own.

The first thing Doc said to me was that all this fuss over him was a bit bewildering. He seemed genuinely amazed when I assured him that he had the affection of all Americans. I had a proof of my next day's column with me, in it a paragraph of nice things about him. That astonished him, too—him with columns and columns in the other sheets!

"My, my!" he said, pleased, when I told him to keep it. "My, my!" "Well, well!" "Oh, dear!" and "My goodness!" were his favorite expletives.

The chorus girls came out flipping their shapely thighs and revealing oodles of nakedness. "Ooooh!" he said, "this is going to be fun." He watched them writhe through their paces. "This is peppy," he commented.

He wanted to know what wages the girls received "a month." It was almost cruel to tell him they collected more than twice the pay the Canadian government gives him—$100 a month—for toiling in blizzards. But he said they worked hard and deserved good pay.

Doc's stamina was amazing. At fifty-two, his energy is boundless. He was always ready to gallop, with his "Sure; why not?" when another excursion was suggested. Maybe the job of bringing 1,400 babies into the world (and he has never lost one) is a good way to keep in condition. For whenever Blake or Davis or your deponent wanted to hurl in the towel, Doc would put on his new green lid and look around for another spot.

His days were pretty full, too, as you have read. There was a lecture at Carnegie Hall, a plane flight to Washington to meet President Roosevelt, a call at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, and so on. But at sundown he was off to a musical show, then a supper place or four, always protesting that four hours was all the sleep he needed. We found that out.

DOC took some abuse from the papers, though it wasn't intentional. They put speeches into his mouth that didn't fit there. But he was considerate enough to overlook those things. He even overlooked the newspapers' hint that he was under the thumb of brother Bill.

That wasn't true. He had the same admiration for brother Bill—and maybe awe, too—that a country doctor always has for a successful city practitioner. He is a miracle of unpretentiousness. At a reception given by Arthur Brisbane he was no less than a wahfff, which is several points above a wow. He tore canapés with dowagers and won them over with his simple good nature. And if you think he had no mind of his own, hear this:

When he met former Governor Al Smith, Al wanted to know what the Dionne babies looked like at birth.

"Like rats," Doc told him.

Brother Bill, aghast, corrected him. "Like kittens."

But Doc knew what he saw, and the world knows the affection he has for his five little charges. No need to be prissy about them. "Rats," he repeated firmly. The press next morning made it "puppies."

He rebelled another time. He wearied of a musical show and, like a critic, walked out. His bodyguard, Detective Devine, found him strolling Broadway.

On his last night in town Doc went sleepless for twenty-five hours. At two thirty, when Davis and Blake were hanging on the ropes, he invited me to join him. We went to the Casino de Paree, which is hotter than Singapore in midsummer. It was a tall thrill to him, and at four o'clock he began to sight about for another stop.

Downtown we went to a place where the whoopeeeee is spelled like that—five e's. He loved it. Next day he was off to the wilderness, and he wanted the night noisy and hilarious. He got it. The comics and hoofers and lovely gals lifted the roof in his honor.

"How often," he whispered, excitement in his burred tone, "do they have these parties?"

I told him this was the regular night show.

"Every night? You don't say. My goodness!"

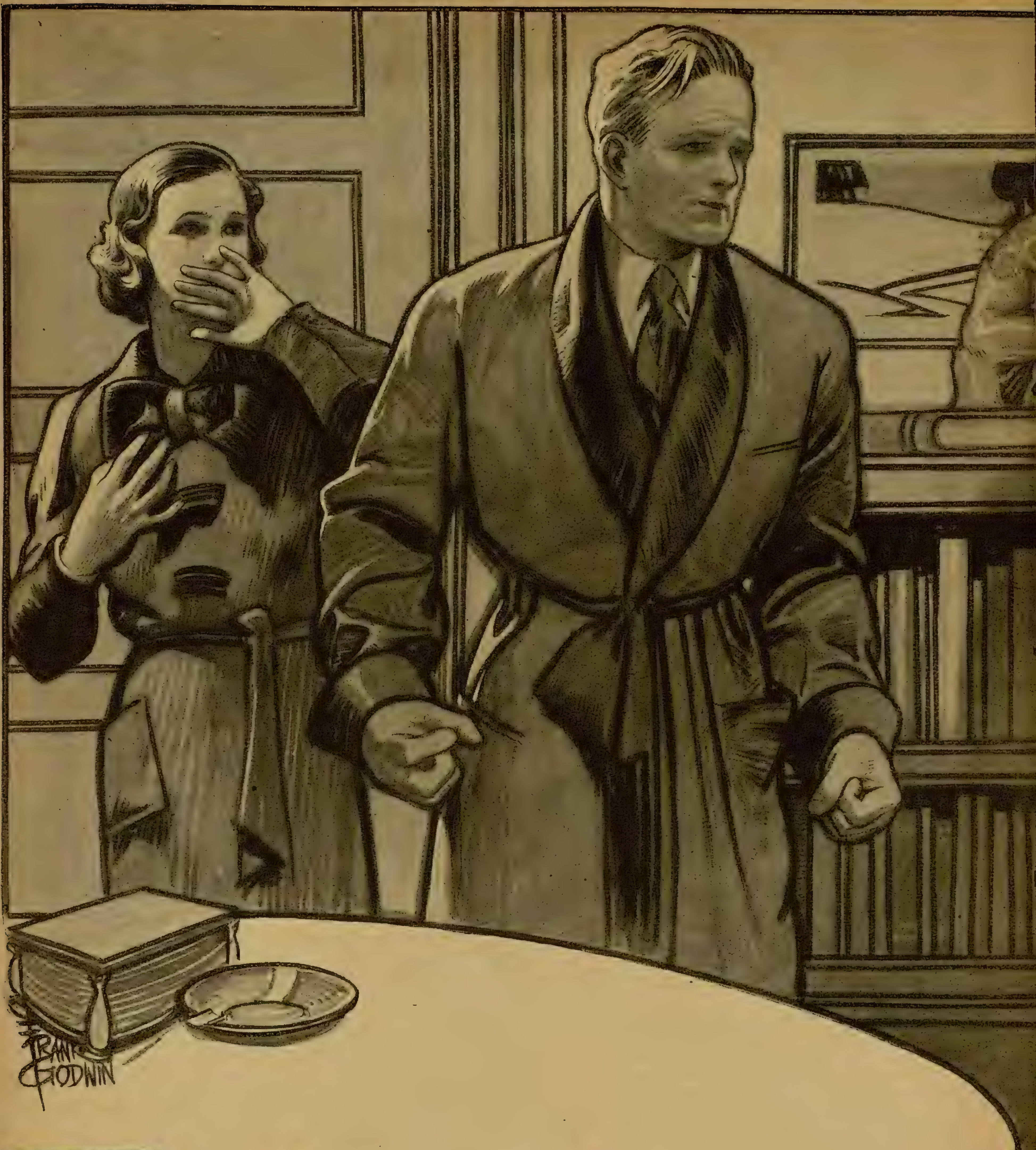
This gladsome mischief held us till eight o'clock, when, reeling from fatigue, I persuaded him to catch a couple hours sleep. Regretfully he agreed to turn in.

"Tomorrow night I'll be home and I'll light my pipe and pull up to the radio. It'll be more fun listening to you all, now that I've met some of you."

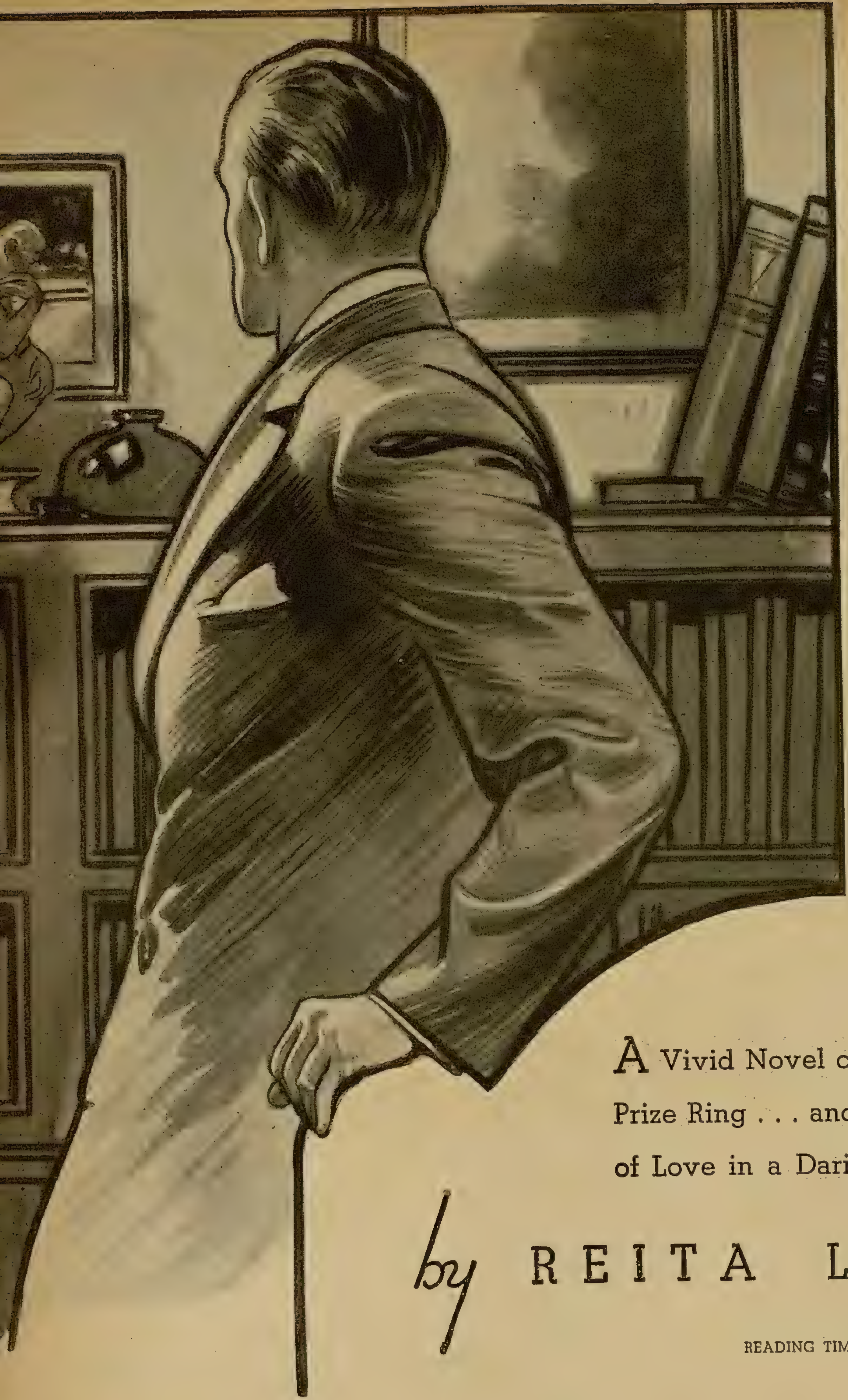
New York should erect a plaque to remember the man who brought his naïve and simple lovableness into an arena too crowded with stuffed shirts. His presence was as stimulating as a hike through his own balsam woods.

If Doc Dafoe is a hick, that is a term to describe a man who enjoys and deserves the admiration and affection of everybody who has met him.

THE END


FRANK GODWIN

Right to the Heart



"I never told her what I thought of you, Hallam, and I'd kind of like to have her hear my opinion. I think that you're a dirty, sneaking louse."

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK GODWIN

A Vivid Novel of Park Avenue and the Prize Ring . . . and the Hazardous Course of Love in a Daring, Difficult Marriage

by REITA LAMBERT

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

PART FIVE—"YOU'LL NEVER HOLD HIM, THIS WAY"

HOLLY walked back and forth in her room, stopping now and then at the window to peer into the street. Where could Monty have gone, with that strange stunned look on his face? Why had she so weakly sided with her father? She should have scoffed at the clippings. Had he stopped to take his overcoat?

She heard her mother's voice. "Yes, mother," she said and got up and opened the door.

Mrs. Sayles, dressed for the street, said from the foot of the stairs, "I thought if you were going over to the house now, dear, I could come along for a few minutes."

"I've been waiting for Monty," Holly said. "He—he went out for a moment."

"Perhaps he'll go there, dear. He knew you would be going."

Her heart leaped eagerly at that.

"By the way," her mother said as they were turning into Seventy-third Street, "your father tells me you've met the actress that columnist mentioned in the paper. Has this girl a deep voice, rather hearty and loud?"

"Y-yes," Holly said. "Yes, she has. Why?"

"I was wondering if she could be the person who called me up—oh, it was quite some time ago, the day you and Monty were married, in fact. I didn't mention it because it seemed hardly necessary—"

"Called you up!" Holly said wonderingly. "What about?"

"About you and Monty. She didn't tell me her name, but she said she was a friend of Monty. She seemed to know that you and Monty were—going about together, and evidently disapproved of it. It was all rather disturbing and strange. *She* certainly talked very strangely—advised me to take you away. Of course it may not have been the same woman."

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Holly Sayles, society girl, falls in love with Monty West, heavyweight champion, introduced to her by her friend Bennie Harbough. When Holly's father learns of the engagement he orders Monty from the house. Holly leaves with him and the two are married. After a brief honeymoon they return to Monty's ornate hotel. Holly's father forgives them and invites the newlyweds to live at the Sayles home. Holly is overjoyed at leaving the "ghastly" hotel, but Monty, to whom it represented the height of elegance, is miserably surprised.

At a reception some time later Monty incurs Mrs. Sayles' displeasure by talking prize fighting to some men guests. Prior to this Holly had criticized his taste in clothes and flowers.

Otto Spech, Monty's manager, persuades him to attend a fight. Holly goes to a cocktail party and is acutely embarrassed when another guest tells of her maid having an autographed photo of Monty on her bureau.

After the fight Otto and Monty attend a party given by the actress Annette Decatur, a friend of Monty. Next day Mr. Sayles suggests to Monty that he give up his title and enter business. Monty, aghast, refuses, and Mr. Sayles then displays a news item recording Monty's presence at the previous night's party.

Under pressure of Mr. Sayles and Holly, Monty finally agrees to relinquish the championship and walks in stunned silence from the house.

But Holly had no doubts on the subject. Her dislike of Annette, dormant all these weeks, welled chokingly up in her throat. What right had Annette? But perhaps she had more right than Holly knew. Perhaps she had every right.

Mechanically Holly obeyed the pressure of her mother's arm and they turned into her new home, a handsome little limestone affair. They wandered around, inspecting the rooms, saying good morning to the painters and paper hangers, approving the new tiling in the bathrooms.

Finally her mother said how nicely everything was coming along, and that she must run, she had an appointment at eleven. She came and stood close to Holly and looked into her eyes.

"Dearest," she said in a voice that quavered with her effort to keep it under control, "if I've said anything this morning to disturb you, I hope you'll realize that it's only because I so desperately want you to be happy."

"Yes, I know. I know, mum dear," Holly said.

She sat down on a crate and heard her mother's heels clicking on the bare stairs.

WHEN Monty left the house, shoving his arms into his overcoat sleeves, he stood on the sidewalk for a moment, wincing from the noise of the street, the busy chill of the city, his eyes darting this way and that, seeking sanctuary. They caught the outlines of naked trees and he turned and walked toward the park, his head down, his hands deep in his pockets.

He made a sudden turn in the path and something large and furry and warm launched itself at him with a throaty yelp of welcome. A voice screamed, "Here, you, Petrushka!" and then, "Well, for Pete's sake!"

"Down, old lady," Monty said and mopped off his cheek. "Hello, there, Net."

Annette was magnificent. Under her heavy make-up the cold had stained her cheeks a healthy crimson. Her infinitesimal hat had been designed to display her hair to its best advantage—wave upon wave of polished brass. Three great purple orchids bloomed on the shoulder of her new mink coat. Her monogram was blazoned in gold on an enormous suède handbag. Leaving her apartment, Annette had had her scrapbook in mind—MISS ANNETTE DECATUR, WELL KNOWN STAR, STROLLING IN THE PARK WITH HER PEDIGREED WOLFHOUND.

"Well, what are you doing here? Walking off all that champagne you didn't drink at my party?" She put her hand on his arm, glanced at his face.

"I suppose you saw that crack in Keyhole Peeps this morning?"

"I thought there was something on your mind," she said. "Sure I saw it, but you're not blaming me, are you? Listen. If I knew who'd tipped that louse off, I'd break their necks."

He took a long breath. "I've just made up my mind, Net, to chuck the title."

"To—what?"

"Why shouldn't I? I've got about as much out of it as I can get. It's time I began to think of the future. I've got a wife to think of now."

ANNETTE turned and called Petrushka to her, snapped on the dog's leash viciously. But when she lifted her head she was smiling, and she said lightly, "Well, I suppose you know your own business. Come on; it's cold standing still. Which way you going?"

"Why, I was starting home—"

"Your home, your new house you mean? I'd certainly like a look at that place. It isn't far from here, is it?"

"Just a few blocks." He had a sudden idea—at least he thought it was his own. "Listen. Why not come along with me now? I think Holly'll be there by this time—"

And so it was that Holly, her face against the window, her eyes straining toward the street, saw them come arm in arm along the pavement. Monty's big body swinging easily, Annette all mink and orchids trotting at his side, the big wolfhound dragging at her leash.

When they went in and Holly came down the stairs, Monty was not sure it had been such a good idea, after all. Considering everything, considering that scene this morning—

"You *lamb!*" Holly was saying to Petrushka, and then she inquired about Aunt Mat—"She was so dear to us."

They trailed upstairs, chatting—gushing, Monty would have said—over everything. He brought up the rear hanging on to Petrushka.

Annette was giving Holly some ideas for her boudoir—turquoise and rose would make an ideal color scheme, and one of those new serpentine dressing tables—when she broke off suddenly to ask Monty if he'd be a pie and take Petrushka downstairs. "A dog," she said to Holly, listening to Petrushka's toenails clicking on the stairs, "is an awful nuisance sometimes." She smiled an artless, ingratiating grin. "I really bought her for show, you know."

But Holly made no pretense of returning that smile. She stooped and began to gather up some scraps of wallpaper scattered about the floor. "Too bad you had to see the place in such a mess," she said.

This was a dismissal and Net knew it, but she said lightly, "I certainly was surprised to run into Monty in the park. You know it was funny about last night—I mean, Monty's dropping in like that. I didn't have any time to talk to him. I was having those people for supper and I made him come along. If I'd had any idea it would get in the papers—"

She stopped, and Holly said, "I dare say he's accustomed to that sort of thing."

"You'd certainly think he *would* be," Annette said and laughed. "But this thing has got under his skin. He was giving me some wild song and dance about resigning his title. Of course he can't do that."

Holly shrugged. "Monty's title is his own affair," she said.

Annette thrust her face forward. "Oh, no, it isn't! It's yours. He's giving it up on your account. He practically told me so." A trembling urgency softened the strident clamor of her voice. "Listen. If you let him give it up now, it'll kill him. Oh, I don't mean he'll actually die, but something in him will—his self-respect—his belief in himself. I tell you it'll kill him."

Holly looked at her with eyes like hard black pebbles. "I'm afraid you have a very poor opinion of my husband," she said quietly. "Real men are not so easily killed."

"Oh, aren't they!" Even then Annette envied the cool poise of this slender young aristocrat and realized what a spectacle she was making of herself. "Listen. You told me once that you loved him. Well, it's a damned poor kind of love that can't take a man for what he is. Look what you've done to him already! Cheated him out of a million dollars by making him break his theater contracts, got the newspapers sore on him—the public too—"

HOLLY scarcely heard her. Involuntarily she backed away, half frightened, half fascinated by this tortured woman in extravagant mink and orchids, her implausible bright hair. This woman who loved Monty too. Loved him enough to sacrifice her dignity, her pitiful veneer of refinement and elegance to do him a service. If she had shouted "I love him! I want him!" she couldn't have made it clearer.

"Well, you'll never hold him, this way," she was saying, half sobbing. "But maybe when you're through with him, maybe when you've made a worm of him, you won't *want* to hold him!"

Holly took a step toward the door just as Monty's voice floated up to them: "Hey, Net! I can't make this hound behave."

Annette dipped into her bag for her compact and used it hurriedly and thoroughly. "O. K., baby," she said. "I guess that's my exit cue."

Holly followed her down in silence. Her contempt had given place to grudging admiration and to a sudden quaking fear.

"See you at the post office, Monty."

"You bet. And I'll be around soon about that other business. You remember?"

"Huh?" And then Annette remembered the dancing lessons and a swift intimate glance flashed between them. "Oh, sure. Come around any time. Well, 'by."

"So long, Net!"

Monty closed the door and Holly went swiftly back up the stairs.

Monty was close at her heels when she turned into the big front room. There was a kind of stern composure in his manner that made him seem strange, that deepened the confused turmoil of her thoughts. Suddenly everything had boiled down to Annette. Holly was appalled to find herself capable of such stabbing, devastating jealousy.

She heard herself saying in a high cramped voice, "I scarcely thought you'd choose *this* morning to go strolling in the park—with a woman—"

"I didn't. I just happened to meet Net. I went because I wanted to be alone—to think things out." He turned and stared out of the window. "I've decided to resign my title, Holly. Your father was right—you were both right. It's the thing for me to do."

Her heart began to beat a hard painful thumping. This was the moment for her to tell him that he was to do nothing of the sort. But now she saw that title of his as the chain that leashed him to Annette's world, to Annette herself. And she said, "Are you sure you want to do that, Monty?"

He turned and looked at her gravely. "I won't say I *want* to do it, but I can see it'll be better all round if I do."

"Yes, I think it will," she began, her own sense of grievance welling up in her, half choking her. But his com-

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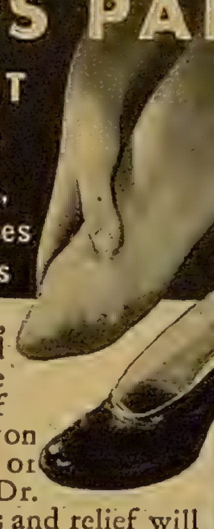

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posure was baffling and she added defensively, "But *I* don't want to feel responsible. I don't want to feel that you're doing it for my sake."

"I'm not—exactly," he said. "I'm doing it for—for our children, too, Holly," he said simply. "You see, I've been thinking of them. I don't want them to be ashamed of their father."

She stood staring up at him with wide abashed eyes. So he had been thinking of his children while she—She dropped her shamed face in her hands and felt his arms go around her.

"We have to think of them, don't we, sweetheart?"

She nodded humbly into his shoulder.

"Monty," she said presently, solemnly, "you're the most wonderful man in the world."

"Oh, I guess not," he said, stroking her hair with clumsy gentle fingers.

Still holding to him desperately, she lifted her head. "Monty, I'm a terrible woman. I'm petty and mean and I don't deserve any one as noble as you. But I love you. You *know* I love you, don't you, darling?"

"Sa-ay, if I didn't know *that*—"

They moved into their own house the next day. And a mad, incomprehensible move it was, in the opinion of Mr. and Mrs. Sayles.

But Holly was firm. No more vacillating now. They settled their bedroom, and for ten days that was their tent in a wilderness of paint buckets and shavings and wet plaster and packing cases.

Monty donned overalls and worked with the men, who adored him. And Holly supervised window cleaners and scrubwomen and unpacked kitchen utensils and went around with paint on her elbows and excelsior in her hair.

After their dinner in a restaurant near by, they would come back to the house and Monty would build a fire in their bedroom and they would sit in front of the burning logs, drowsy with fatigue and talk desultorily of nothing—of everything. Long after they were in bed the dying logs, stirred by the air from the open windows, would leap into brief flame and fill the room with a golden glow and they would rouse and smile contentedly into each other's eyes.

One evening the whir of the front doorbell sounded noisily through the empty house. Monty ran down and opened the door to Frankie and Bennie and Ray Hallam. When Holly heard their voices she went down too, but slowly and with a faint sad sense of leaving something behind her which she might never find again.

Frankie and Holly hugged each other and the men shook hands. "We couldn't stay away longer, darling," Frankie said.

There was nothing for it but to show the house, and they trailed over it, Monty going on ahead to turn on the lights.

Monty laughed with the others at Ray's sallies, but he didn't really like Ray. And he liked himself even less when he was in Ray's company. Ray had only to enter the same room to make Monty instantly and helplessly aware of his own social inadequacy.

HOLLY'S piano had been brought into the drawing room that day, and Frankie, seeing it, said, "What a grand place for a party! You ought to have a dance before the rest of your stuff comes in, darling."

"That's an idea," Bennie said and went across to the piano.

Holly danced up to Ray, her arms lifted, and they swung off.

Frankie rolled her blue eyes at Monty. "Haven't learned to dance yet, have you?" He shook his head. "There ought to be a law," she said.

Dancing with Ray, Holly was suddenly remembering their dinner together. It was the first time she had thought of it or of Ray since that night. "By the way, darling," she said, "don't go blurting out anything about the other night before Monty, will you? About our having dinner together?"

She felt his hold on her tighten, but he said carelessly, "So she didn't tell hubby, after all."

"Forgot all about it," Holly said, elaborately casual. "We've been so darned busy. I just happened to think of it, and it might be a little awkward if—"

"Be easy in your mind, madame," Ray said pompously. "Your secret is safe with me."

"Thank you, sir," she said. "I knew you was a poifect gentleman."

Which passed the thing off with the required inconsequence. Nevertheless she was sorry she had neglected to mention it to Monty.

A few days later the story of the champion's resignation of his title filled the sport columns and overflowed on the front pages of every newspaper in the country. But it was upon a small item among the society notes of a conservative New York daily that Monty, himself, dwelt:

> Mr. and Mrs. George William West opened their new home at —— East Seventy-third Street last evening with a dinner party for thirty. Among the guests were—

Mr. and Mrs. George William West figured conspicuously in the society notes for a few weeks. Waggish columnists abandoned the ex-champ for more sensational items.

One March evening Monty remembered, as he let himself into his house, that exactly three months had elapsed since he had resigned his title. Tonight, for some reason, it seemed as many years since he had that last tempestuous interview with old Otto Spech.

"Good evening, sir. Nasty weather, sir."

"Hello, Franz!" Gentlemen were casual with their butlers. "Yes, it's a pretty wet snow. Is Mrs. West home?"

"No, sir. She left word she might be late for dinner and said you weren't to wait."

Monty looked away so that Franz should not see his face. "I will wait, though," he said. "You might tell cook, if you will."

He remembered that Holly had gone to some shindig for Frankie, who had just announced her engagement to Harris Beach.

He went up to the library behind the drawing room, a cozy room with a deep fireplace. The walls were warm with books. Lately, since he had been going out less, Monty had been reading a good deal.

THE house was very quiet. The snow muffled the street noises, subdued the city's roar. At a quarter past seven Holly telephoned. "Hello, there," he said. "Where are you?"

"Up at Kit's. I was afraid you'd wait dinner—"

"I did, but that's all right. I wasn't hungry."

"But I told Franz to tell you not to wait, darling. I won't be able to get home. Mimi and Jim Harcourt are sailing for Italy tonight and we're going down to the ship."

He said, "Oh!" and "Well—" and she said, "What are you doing with yourself?"

"Reading."

"Just an old bookworm!" she said and laughed. "Well, 'by. They're screaming for me."

But still he held on. "Who's 'they'?"

"Oh, the crowd. Frankie and Bee and Kit and Bennie and the Keltons."

"That all?" he said, keeping his voice light and steady. "How about Hallam? Isn't he there?"

"Oh, yes. Ray, and Charlotte Flager, too. She told me to give you her love."

When he hung up he sat for a long time with the book on his knees. He had tried desperately not to speak of Ray, and now he tried desperately not to think of him. In Holly's world married women ran around without their husbands and no one thought the worse of them for it.

After a while the jangle of the telephone roused him and he jumped and grabbed it up. Annette Decatur's husky contralto greeted him.

"Say, it's good to hear your voice," he said. "How are you, anyway?"

"You'll never know," she said. "And how's the big Wall Street man?"

He thought he detected a note of sarcasm in that, and wondered if she knew just what an empty honor it was that his father-in-law had conferred upon him: That desk, with his name in brass upon it, to which no one ever came. A seat at the conference table. "If you mean me, I'm in the pink," he said. "You know, I've been trying to get around to see you, but I've been so—"

SHE broke in, "Never mind saying any more. I called you up to tell you something you ought to know. You won't thank me for it, but I don't give a damn whether you do or not. Listen. The other night—a couple of days ago it was—I had dinner at a roadhouse in Connecticut and I saw Holly there with a man. I've seen her out with this same man before—a dark-haired guy, kind of skinny and dances like nobody's business."

"You're lying," he said.

"I've seen his picture in the paper somewhere, and I think his name is Hallam," she said. "Now, listen. I've been doing a lot of thinking about this business. At first I thought I'd lay off and let nature take its course. And then I—I changed my mind."

He managed to say, "What did you do that for?"

"Because I thought if—if you still cared for Holly maybe you could—well, do something about it."

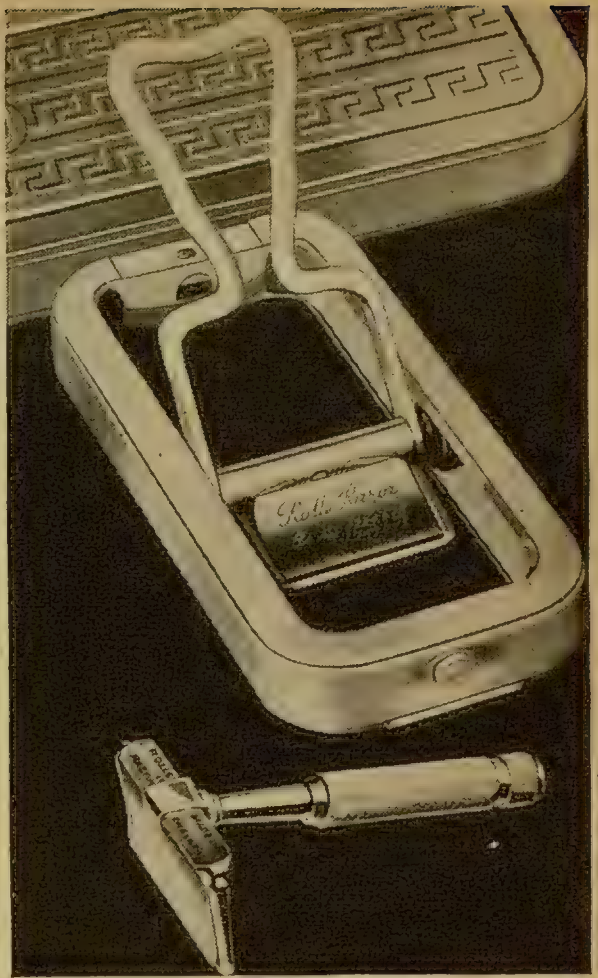
"So that's what you thought," he sneered.

"Yes, and I'll tell you what else I think," she shouted. "I think if I were your wife, I'd be doing just what Holly's done, see! You married her under false pretenses. She thought she was getting a man, but what she got was a big dumb handsome tailor's dummy! For God's sake, snap out of this elegant coma. If you don't you'll be an ex-husband as well as an ex-champ." She stopped and presently he heard her crying. "Listen, Monty. I wouldn't have told you this, but I—I know what it means to you—"

"Aw, skip it, skip it!" he snarled. "And for God's sake, don't cry about me. I got what was coming to me, I guess."

When Kit's party had decided to go down to the ship to see the Harcourts off and Holly had gone into another room to telephone, Bennie followed her down the hall. "Tell Monty to come along," he said. "We can drop by for him on our way."

Holly turned and looked at him coldly. "I don't believe he'd care



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about it," she said. "He hardly knows the Harcourts."

"Time he did, then," Bennie said pleasantly.

Holly gave him another look which informed him that he was a meddlesome young man and walked off. Bennie turned around to find Ray Hallam coming along the hall. "Where did Holly go?"

Bennie pointed at the closed door. "In there to telephone her husband," he said.

Ray opened the door of the room into which Holly had gone and closed it firmly on Bennie. Holly was sitting before a small telephone table with her hands on her lap and her eyes on the snowy windows. She looked around at Ray. "Hello! I was just coming. Are the others waiting?"

He shook his head and went slowly across to her.

"Holly, we don't *have* to go with the others. The ship isn't sailing till midnight. You and I can sneak off somewhere and have a quiet little dinner—"

"No!" Her hands fluttered and fell. She looked up into his eyes. "We mustn't. I don't like that kind of thing, Ray."

"What kind of thing? Lord, there's no harm—"

"Oh, yes, there is. You know there is!"

He drew her against him. "That makes me happy. That makes me feel you *want* to be with me—"

"I don't know what I want." She moved her head to escape his lips and he could feel her cheek, hot as flame, against his. "Ray, I don't *know* what I want. I think I'm just getting to be one of these terrible neurasthenic women."

She moved free of his arms and he changed his tactics. "No, you're hungry, that's all. What you want is your dinner, darling. A nice peaceful little dinner with me, and then we'll go on down to the ship."

She finally agreed to this. All the guests had left except the eight or nine who were going to see the Harcourts off. Holly found her gloves and coat, but Kit saw her making for the door and cried, "Hey, aren't you coming with us?"

"Yes, but I have to do an errand first. See you at the ship."

AS she joined Ray in the hall, she wondered what they were thinking. Not that it mattered. Not that anything mattered except to keep moving, to crowd every moment of every hour so full that there would be no margin for thought. No time to remember that somewhere, somehow along the hectic way she had traveled the past few months she had lost the thing she had wanted most.

"Come on, darling. Lord, what a night!"

A night of snow and sliding cars that crept along the slippery streets bleating like a flock of frightened sheep. Holly was never to forget it.

Above the string music in the "quiet place" to which Ray took her, she could hear Monty's voice plainly.

"Come on, let's dance," she said.

Halfway round the floor she burst out, "Ray, we're never going to do this again. Never."

He said mildly, "Don't say that, Holly."

"But I mean it. You hear? I mean it. It's low and it isn't fair to Monty. I don't want to hurt Monty. I *won't* hurt him!" she said savagely. And suddenly, terribly, it was Monty she hated. What had he done to her? What had he done to himself? "Oh, let's get out of here. I can't bear that music. Let's get down to the ship!"

IT was nearly one when Monty heard the front door open. He had left the library door ajar so that he could hear.

And what he heard were the stamping feet and feminine squeals and laughing shouts of men and women exhilarated by an evening of good-fellowship and good wine and a truly romantic snowstorm. He guessed that the men were carrying the girls across the sidewalk, for he heard Kit scream, "For heaven's sake, don't drop me!" And Kit's husband, "Leggo my *hair!*"

There followed a moment of chatter and laughter while, he supposed, they took off their coats. As they went trooping across the hall and into the dining room, he heard Ray Hallam: "Well, you wouldn't have got your feet wet if you'd let me carry you, darling."

Monty stood just inside the library door, his hands knotted at his sides. When Holly slipped quietly into the room, he did not at first recognize her through the blinding red haze of his passion.

"Hello! Are you still up?" He could not answer. He stood there, his body weaving slightly, his head thrust down between his shoulders. "I thought you'd be in bed long ago," Holly said. "I was just going up to change my shoes when I saw the light—"

"Why didn't you let your friend carry you?"

"I'd no idea the snow was so deep," she said.

"So what?" he said. "Where have you been all night, anyway?"

"On the ship, mostly. Didn't I tell you we were—"

"Yeah, and you told me the other night that you were going to a hen party for Frankie." Her hands fluttered to her throat and fumbled at the neckline of her dress. "I happen to know you went out to some roadhouse with Hallam. What do you know about *that!*"

She appeared to consider it, one hand still clutching the neckband of her black dress. The great blazing emerald on her third finger—Monty's first gift to her—was the only bit of color on her. "I did go out with Ray that night," she said at last; "but I went to Frankie's party first. Then—my head ached and I thought the fresh air would help. So we drove out the Post Road--we hadn't planned to go."

"And all the other times you've been out with him? You didn't plan those, I suppose?"

"No," she said. "We never planned any of it. I've only been out with him two or three times. I'm sorry you had to know about it. I—I'm sorry about all of it, Monty."

His half-shut eyes burned down at her. "Yeah. I suppose you're in love with this guy."

"No—I don't know. No—of course I'm not in love with him. Only—" her voice thinned out to a tired whisper and she lifted her hands and shoulders in a gesture of ineffable weariness. "Why talk about it? Oh, everything's been so different from what I expected, Monty."

"That goes for me, too."

She turned on him, her hands curled now into small knotty fists. "*You've* been so different. Ever since we moved into this house—it's been ghastly. Everybody in town has been laughing at you—at your silly pompous airs! All this grandeur! Do you think that's pleasant for me? To know that my husband is the joke of New York? And *they* don't have to live with you. They don't have to sit here night after night while you read the book of etiquette or cultivate your mind. We haven't been invited anywhere for weeks. You must have noticed that. And I can't stand it any longer. I can't *stand* it!"

She stopped, and jammed her knuckles against her mouth. His face looked almost transparent. It seemed as though his cheek and jaw bones might burst through the taut skin. "I know you—you've tried to do what you thought was—right. But there's—there's nothing real about you any more."

His mouth twitched. "No," he said. "I see what you mean. I guess you're right about that."

Ray Hallam came up the stairs two at a time, calling softly, "Holly! Hi, where are you?" and poked his head around the door. Seeing them, surprise flicked his face, but he came in coolly enough. "Hello, Monty! We didn't know you were around. Hope you don't mind our barging in at this hour."

"It is a little late," Monty said, without moving.

Ray's eyes swung to Holly. "There's a plate of the best scrambled eggs you ever tasted waiting for you, getting cold—"

"Thanks—but I—I'm not hungry," Holly said.

"She's not hungry," Monty said; "but I'm glad you came up, Hallam. I've something to tell you—"

"Monty!" Holly said. Her voice was very cold and quiet. "Ray, would you mind if I asked you to go?"

"Of course he'd mind," Monty said. "He's not going yet. You see, Hallam, I've just been hearing about you and my wife—what jolly times you've been having."

RAY'S face went livid. He said, "I see. But you'll hardly want to discuss this before Holly."

"Why not? I never told her what I thought of you, Hallam, and I'd kind of like to have her hear my opinion." He took two steps which brought him to Ray's side. "I think that you're a dirty sneaking louse. Maybe you don't agree with me. Maybe you think you're a gentleman. But I never heard of a real gentleman who'd come into a man's house, eat his food, and make love to his wife, see? If that's being a gentleman, then I'm damned glad I'm not one."

"That's fortunate for you," Ray said calmly. "As for the food part of it, if you'll send in your bill, I'll have my secretary mail you a check."

Monty sucked in his breath. "And what about my wife?"

"This is hardly the time or place to go into that, is it?"

"I don't know why not."

"You wouldn't, of course," Ray said, and over his shoulder, "You'd better get out of this, Holly."

Monty's sudden roar shook the room. "What do you mean ordering my wife around, you filthy rat! You stay where you are, Holly."

His right leg darted up and out, wrapping itself around Ray's calves, tipping him forward. As he fell, Monty caught him around the neck and tucked his head under his left arm. With head and feet thus clamped, Mr. Hallam was reduced to the immemorial position of a child about to receive the immemorial chastisement.

"If I were to hit a poor guy like you, it'd be murder," Monty said exultantly, ignoring his victim's flailing arms, "so I'm just going to spank you, see."

A shrill scream sounded from the doorway and he glanced up to see the rest of "the crowd," who had come running at his shout, huddled together in the hall. "Don't be scared, folks," he said. "I'm just collecting a little bill," and he lifted his arm.

An instant later Holly had rushed out and closed the door. Monty was scarcely aware that she had gone. When he finally released Ray both men were panting, the sweat running off their inflamed faces in streams.

"You—cowardly—bruiser—"

"Get out!"

"If you think you can do a thing like that to me—"

"I *have* done it! Now get out before I throw you out!"

Ray got out. Monty heard the front door slam after him. He found his handkerchief and mopped his face. His right hand was red and puffy and he looked at it grimly, flexing his fingers. Then he looked up and saw Holly standing in the doorway. She was wearing a fur coat and carrying a bag. He stared at her stupidly.

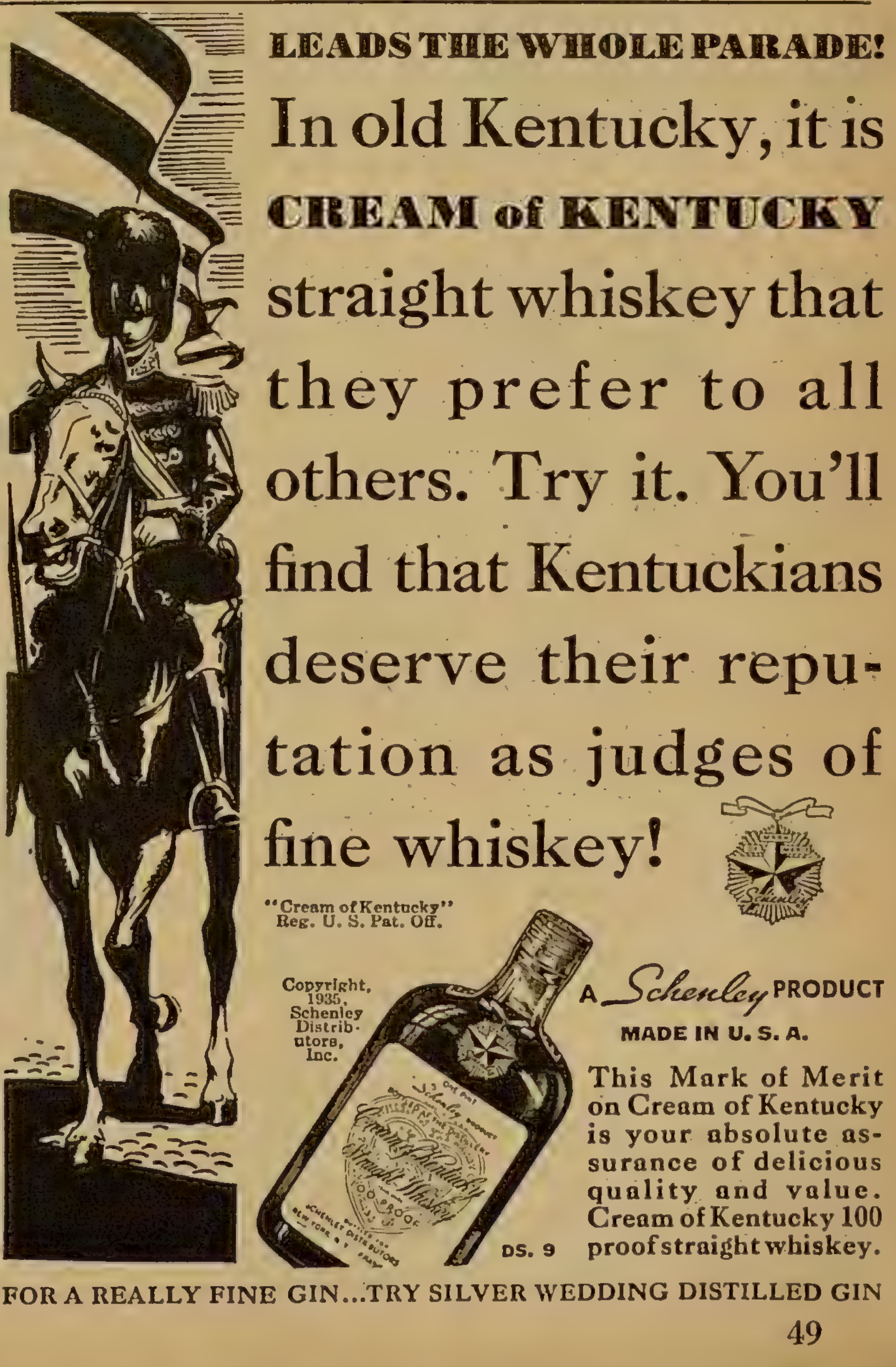
"Where are you going?"

"I'm going home," she said and turned and ran down the stairs.

He stumbled after her, caught up with her at the foot of the stairs, and caught her arm. "What do you mean, home? Holly, listen. I *had* to—"

She shook off his hand. Her eyes were wide with horror and her teeth were chattering. "Don't *touch* me! Don't speak to me! I never want to see you again as long as I live. Never!" She opened the door. "And if you ever try to see me again, I'll have you arrested!" she cried, and went.

Well, it happened! It was bound to. But what next? Will Holly's anger throw her into Ray Hallam's arms? Will Monty seek the solace of other feminine charms? Possibly Annette's? These and other problems meet a solution in the climax of this novel next week.



LEADS THE WHOLE PARADE!

In old Kentucky, it is **CREAM of KENTUCKY** straight whiskey that they prefer to all others. Try it. You'll find that Kentuckians deserve their reputation as judges of fine whiskey!

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This Mark of Merit on Cream of Kentucky is your absolute assurance of delicious quality and value. Cream of Kentucky 100 proof straight whiskey.

DS. 9

FOR A REALLY FINE GIN...TRY SILVER WEDDING DISTILLED GIN

To the Ladies!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

READING TIME ○ 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

JEAN KING makes hats, sells hats, is one of our leading hat designers. Not long ago a woman asked her to make a hat of a peculiar blue shade—a most uncalled-for shade. Some days later in came another woman asking for a hat of the same queer blue. Humanly curious, Miss King wondered what the connection might be. She found out later on, and what do you think? One of those women was stealing the other woman's husband. They were both after hats in his favorite shade of blue—the wife to win him back, the *wampire* to lure him on.

From Jean King I learn that most women buy hats to match their noses. When they try on new hats they are primarily concerned with the way they think it becomes or *unbecomes* the tilt of their noses. Miss King says that's all wrong. When you pick out a hat, she says, your hair is more important than your nose. Your style of coiffure makes a hat becoming or unbecoming.

JEAN KING

For hat-satisfaction the best dodge, she says, is to puff your hair over the tops of your ears.

Jean King told me these hat facts:

Mothers and daughters don't like to buy their hats at the same shop. They seem to have the idea that no shop can offer the right hats for old girls and young ones. Here are some timely hat hints for you: Brims medium large this summer to go with the shorter skirts. . . . No more big cartwheel hats. . . . Burnt straw coming back. . . . An abundance of veils with large chenille dots. . . . Hats à la Empress Elizabeth, with a veil hanging down in square ends behind.

IS it polite," a reader asks, "for me to turn my glass upside down when wine or other alcoholic beverages are being served and I wish to refuse them?"

No. Emphatically no! Turning your glass upside down is an outrageous violation of conventional good manners. Putting your hand over the top of your glass isn't very polite, either. Here again the implication is that you do not trust your host or your hostess to accept a spoken refusal.

Just say, "No, thank you." Then, if your glass is filled against your wish, you need merely neglect to drink whatever may be in it.

AT her sister's wedding a pretty little girl, age twelve, met and fell childishly in love with a handsome West Point cadet, age twenty-three. He enjoyed pretending that he and the little girl were mutually smitten.

They did not meet again through the years of her early teens. When next he saw her she had arrived at the most unsightly age—a gawky, angular seventeen. He couldn't help laughing when he looked at her. And that was tragic for her—temporarily.

Then what happened? Again she and her soldier were separated for two years. Again they met. This time he found her in the full bloom of nineteen. Head over heels he fell seriously in love with her. After a while they got married.

The only point in this true story is its message for girls in their gawky teens. Just be patient if you are one of them. Bide your time.

POETRY is democratic. A London literary society has discovered two housemaids, a railroad baggage clerk, and a day laborer writing excellent verse in England.

And they are having it published.

John Masefield, English poet laureate, worked as a bellhop in his youth.

OH, I know a man who has such a beautiful French wife! And oh, what an extravagant wife she is! But oh, how she loves her husband! Such an affectionate wife! Such a dear dumb darling!

He hasn't the heart—he simply *hasn't*—to tell her that her extravagance is worrying him. Did I say worrying him? It's driving him nuts.

Champagne
Paki

Observant in her own way, she came recently to the conclusion that he was looking rather blue. Of course she didn't guess that her extravagance was the cause.

So, to cheer him up, she went out and bought him twelve pairs of the loveliest silk pajamas. At fifteen dollars a pair. Every color of the rainbow. But I'll bet they all look black to him.

AMONG the new novels I recommend Good Old Yesterday, by Charles Hanson Towne. (Published by D. Appleton-Century Company.)

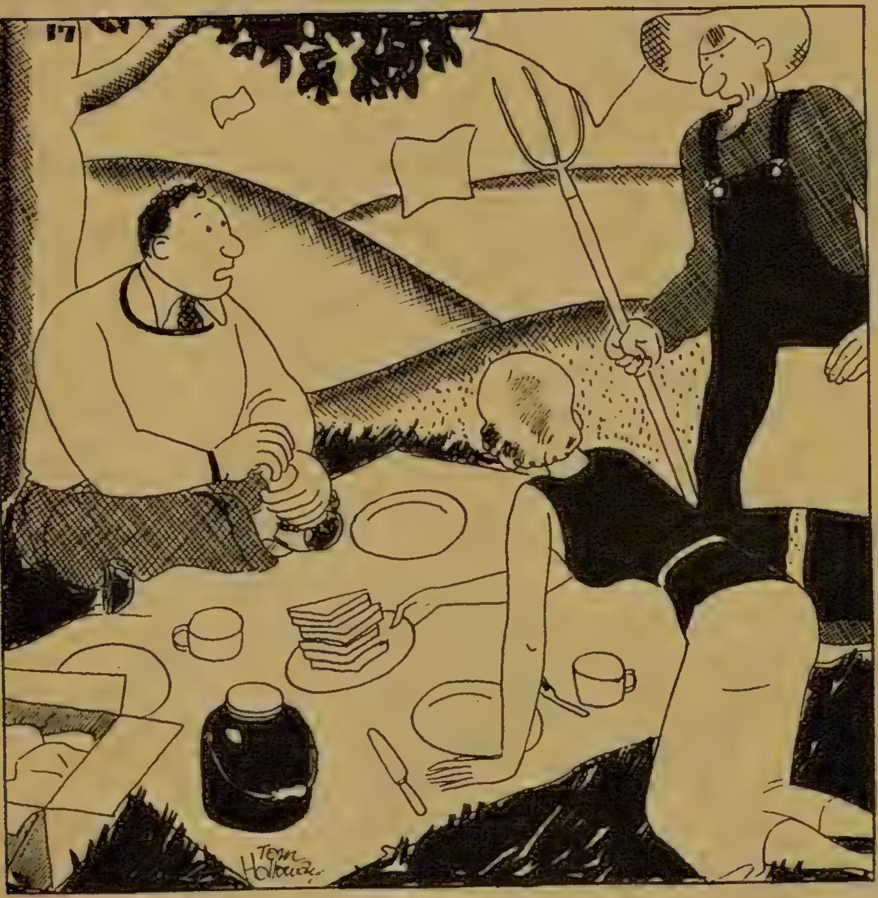
TRY these new sandwich fillings at your next tea party. Bread two days old is best. Slice it very thin. Use creamed butter. Fill your white-bread sandwiches with cream cheese and chopped raisins mixed with a little sherry wine. . . . Or fresh nasturtium leaves on cream cheese and mayonnaise. . . . On whole-wheat bread try chopped dates and grated lemon peel slightly flavored with clove. . . . Or tongue paste combined with fresh horseradish and ground nuts. For rye sandwiches rub Roquefort, butter, and plenty of paprika together with sherry wine. . . . For rye bread I also recommend thin slices of smoked cod roe and grated cucumber.

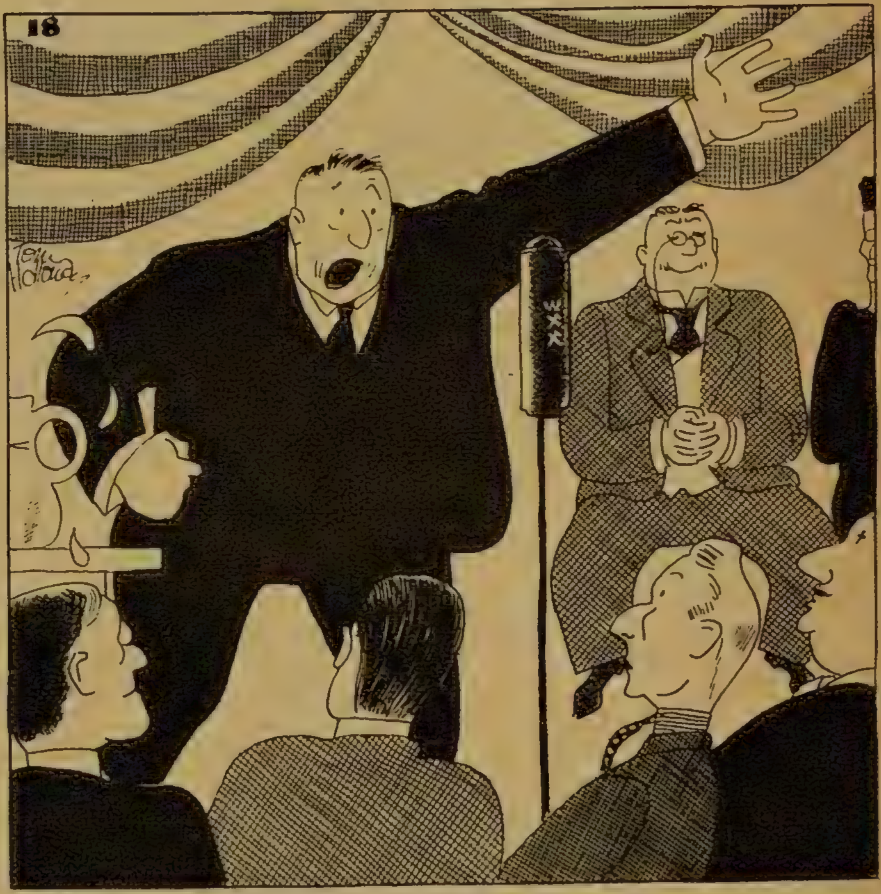
WHAT'S BEING SAID?

$2,000

IN BIG CASH PRIZES FOR LIBERTY'S READERS!

WHICH PRIZE IS YOURS?





ARE THE SENTENCES YOU WANT HERE? OR CAN YOU THINK OF BETTER ONES?

1. I never did believe in signs.
2. Won't you sit down for a bite?
3. I stand on my record of service.
4. This is no time to temporize.
5. Imagine meeting you in this place!
6. My friends, we must find a way out.
7. I shall take this matter to the highest court.
8. Let me assure you I wear no man's collar.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two contest drawings together with a list of suggested conversational sentences, any one of which might be used as a caption.

2. To compete, clip or copy each drawing and under it write what you think one of the characters is saying. Use one of the suggested sentences, or if you can invent one which to your mind is more apt, use that.

3. Prizes will be paid for the neatest complete sets of twenty drawings captioned with the most appropriate sentences as follows: First Prize, $500; Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; 200 Prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Do not send in incomplete sets. When you have twenty drawings captioned, mail your entry to CONVERSATION CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, May 15, 1935.

6. No correspondence can be entered into with any contestant. No entries will be returned. By entering you agree to accept the decisions of the judges as final. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, each $10	200
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000

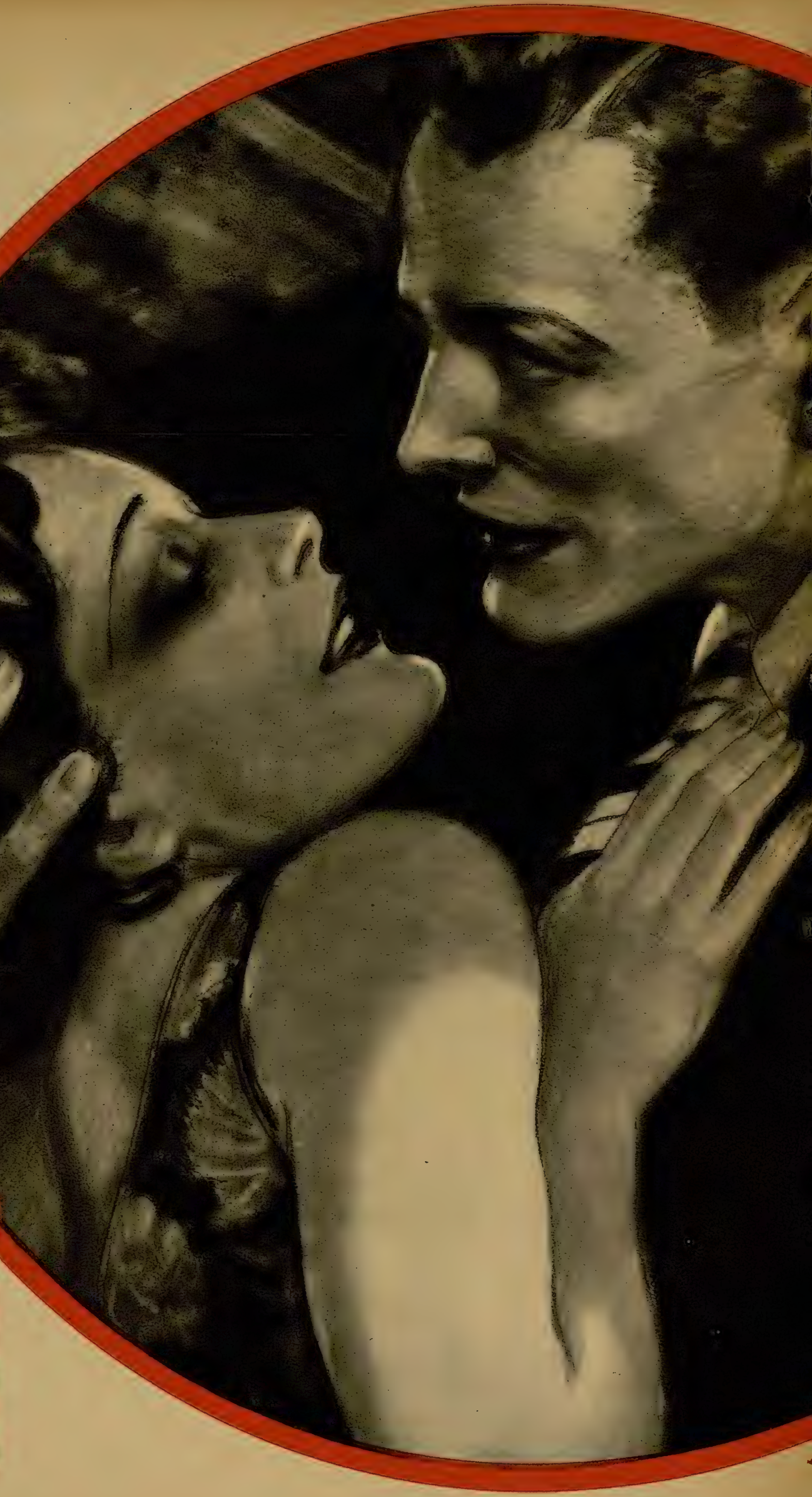
WHEN you have decided upon what's being said in this week's drawings your contest entry will be nearly complete. Only the last two situations of the series will remain to challenge your inventiveness next week. While you are waiting for them it might be a wise plan to check back over the sentences you have supplied for the preceding drawings. You may decide to substitute a new line for one that formerly satisfied you. The time to make changes in your entry is now. Do your "mind changing" while it can count.

Now, to return to the business in hand, what will your sentences be for this week's drawings? Will you select the farmer or nominate one of the trespassers as the speaker in Drawing 17? The situation offers a variety of interpretations. Your personal experience in a similar episode may dictate your sentence for this one. In Drawing 18 the handsome gentleman at the "mike" might be orating upon your favorite hate or upon some topic really close to your heart. The choice is yours.

DO NOT SUBMIT ELABORATE, ORNATE ENTRIES!

ILLUSTRATION BY HUBERT MATHIEU

"Honey," he was saying thickly, "I knew. When we came up here I knew—"



She made her bed

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

FRIEDA LESLIE, young and beautiful, has married Ned Pierson, middle-aged architect, and become stepmother of his two problem children: Doris, a divorcee, whom she induces to marry Joe Wirth, dependable son of a rich Los Angeles family; and Artie, who gratefully resumes his college career after Frieda helps him out of a gambling jam.

To marry Ned, Frieda has given up Kirk Bailey, young sportsman who wanted to marry her. Conscious that his young wife is being neglected as he plunges into the work of building Sylvia Center, a building-memorial to his dead wife, Ned urges her to find her own pleasure without him. As time passes, Frieda finds herself frequently thrown into the company of Kirk, who vows he still loves her.

Doris's announcement that she is to have a child brings from Ned an expression of his reluctance to give Frieda a baby—her one secret desire. Gently he explains his fear that another child would be just another disappointment to him.

One evening, while Ned is attending a banquet, Frieda brings Kirk home with her. The two spend hours dancing, laughing, and chatting, and Kirk promises to call her next day before leaving for his Los Angeles home. But when the phone rings in the morning Ned snatches it and tactfully refuses to let Kirk talk with his wife.

Incensed, Frieda demands to know how he dares interfere with her innocent friendship. Ned tells her, quite flatly, he wishes her to see no more of Kirk Bailey. They have been seen together too much, he says, and the tongues of San Francisco gossips have begun to wag. He denies her charge of mistrust but insists she must forgo Kirk's company for her own good. Insane with fury, Frieda orders him out of her room and screams after him: "When you get back tonight I won't be here!"

PART EIGHT—TRAPPED

SHE heard him go downstairs, heard the front door close. Her sobs quieted. For a long time she lay very still, shaken at longer intervals by a convulsive tremor. The tears, at last, ceased to flow. Her face hurt; she felt ill—ill and abused and degraded.

Now she was thinking again; now it all seemed very clear.

by WALLACE IRWIN

Now Calamity Overtakes a Defiant Pilgrimage in Pursuit of Youth and Freedom—and Frieda Pierson Burns Her Bridges Behind Her . . . .

Instead of the great love she had felt herself part of, there had been, for Ned, only infatuation. No man who loved her would have listened to criticism of her; he couldn't have spoken to her as he had spoken—snatched a telephone out of her hand.

He was too old—so old that he couldn't understand youth. He didn't know what a free woman was; he didn't know the glory of love bestowed without impulsion or constraint. And the little last flicker of passion that had drawn him to her was dead.

Well, she wouldn't bother him any more. He could find himself another doll to dictate to, to order about and suspect. Not me. I'm too good for that. Daring to suspect me, to imply— Good heavens! If I'd wanted to go wrong with Kirk, he's given me every chance. Yes, Ned's through. But Kirk's still wild about me. Life, life— I'm free. I'm young and free. This marriage of mine is no marriage.

Defiantly she reached for the telephone, called the Palace Hotel and Kirk's room: "Kirk?"

"Hello, old dear!" His round voice was full of welcome. She was sorry she'd been in the tub. Oh, that dentist business was all a mistake; it was next week—Ned got her dates mixed; her morning was clear as the sea. "Kirk, would you blow me to lunch at the Abalone?"

Oh, would he? Would a duck swim? What time?

"Early," said Frieda. "I've a thousand things to do this afternoon."

It couldn't be too early for Kirk. He'd beat it right over and get a table and order lunch. Frieda should come as soon as she could.

"What time is it?"

"Eleven forty." Oh, she must have cried a long time.

"I'll be there at twelve thirty." She hung up on Kirk's gurgle of joy. She raced into her clothes, glad that she was going to him swiftly, immediately, before she had time to think or there was a chance of something deflecting her purpose. She wanted to be with Kirk again, at once asserting her right to her youth and her freedom. I own myself. Just me. Nobody else!—as she tweaked a brim over eyes that might never have shed a tear.

When she called for Sullivan she found he hadn't come back; Ned had taken the car for the day. Jailing me, what?

She thought that over and laughed at it most of her long taxi ride. . . .

SHE wasn't very late, getting to the Abalone. Kirk was just inside the blue door, his mild gray eyes speaking admiration for her slim black coat and perky little black hat. "Gee, Freed, you look like a million dollars!" He led her to a table for two near the dance floor. It was early for lunch; only a few people were there. The orchestra hadn't come yet, and the platform, silent with empty music racks and covered bass fiddles, had a bleak autumnal look.

"Martinis," said Kirk, two fingers up to the waiter who brought the menus.

This time Frieda didn't protest. A cocktail was what she needed to smooth out the scratching burrs.

"Well," she said, lifting her glass and smiling over at Kirk.

"Well," he answered, smiling back; and they both drank.

He wanted to explain about yesterday, but she cut him off. There wasn't any yesterday; she could hardly remember what he had said that made him so apologetic. There was another cocktail while both of them talked off the main subject, gayly, emptily. Then the waiter brought in an abalone steak, the Abalone's specialty. It was hot, it was good, she was hungry. The fish was big and coarse and wholesome; like Kirk, she thought.

How time was slipping away! She couldn't believe it when the orchestra suddenly was there, easing into a luscious waltz. There were lots of people now, pairing off and taking to the floor.

"Shall we?"

She laughed a little wildly. "If I meet you in heaven, that's what you'll say!"

"I hope the music's good as this. Come on."

"How about your plane?" she asked tauntingly. "How about your dentist?"

They were dancing again. Kirk's arm around her seemed to soothe away a hurt; his effortless steps, guiding and yielding, were anodyne for the hurt that had brought her here.

"I wish you wouldn't go home," she said, leaning back to look at him. They had danced now several times, and there had been more Martinis. She wasn't counting anything now.

"Do you mean that, Freed?" His hot breath on her cheeks, his gray eyes burning her.

"No. Your time's about up." Laughing, not caring what she said.

"Golly, I never saw a girl change her mind so fast."

"It shows I've got a mind, anyhow."

"That's too deep for me."

"I'm glad it is, Kirk."

THEN she began to laugh. It was silly to laugh like that. But Kirk was so funny, calling things too deep for him. They kept on dancing, Kirk holding her very close and wanting to know what was so funny. Oh, just everything! It was so ridiculous, she thought, the way she and Ned had broken up. So silly. An ideal marriage, and then in two minutes nothing—just nothing. She stopped the hysterical noise in her throat; but the orchestra was too loud. Kirk ought to tell the proprietor about that big Italian with the sax. Loud music should be forbidden. It hurt her ears, it split into her head. It was a nuisance—terrible! One end of the floor seemed to rise, rise, dip, dip. She was slipping out of Kirk's arms; but he held her up powerfully.

"What's matter, Freed? Feeling rotten?"

"It's stuffy in here," she thought she said.

"We'll get out, hunh? A little fresh air?"

"That's fine."

At the top of the high steps, toeing a steep side of Russian Hill, she was refreshed by the breeze sweeping around from the bay. Kirk stood beside her, bareheaded, wind riffling his fiery hair.

"Does that chirk you up?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, a lot. I felt so queer."

"I guess it was the fish."

"I guess it was the Martinis." She laughed, pleased with her light joke.

"Baloney! You had practically nothing." He stood over her, hands in pockets, and his face reddened inspirationally. "Gosh, did you ever see such a day? And look at that. My car, lady."

Below them, on the street, stood a long tan-colored roadster, trig as a new destroyer.

"We can make it to King's Mountain," he said. "We can make it in a couple of hours or so, the way I go. Good for us both. Pep us up."

"And get back in time for—".

"Ned? Sure, if that's on your mind. Shall we? Honest, I've got to look over my cabin before I go home. Shall we?"

It was all in a rush, the fresh winds, the fresh sun, the liquor now moving pleasantly in her veins, Kirk's steady arm helping her down the ladderlike steps to the swanky tan car. She felt so much better—better than anything in the world as they coasted down the slanting asphalt, down to Kearney Street, along Market Street, then to the boulevard that dipped like a ribbon down into the Peninsula. Leaving things behind again, if only for a couple of hours. Getting a new breath, making you so that you'd come back a new person.

Shooting through small outlying towns at Kirk's express speed; Kirk jumping an occasional traffic light and laughing out, "Oh, I know all the cops in California"; shooting past the place where the hills come together and shut out the coast winds; shooting past Burlingame's excluding walls; past eucalyptus groves, standing like ragged poles, filling the air with tart fragrance; past enchanting miles of prune trees, blossoming white, and apricots, blossoming pink. The sun had vanished again under a high gray blanket, but its warmth was shedding through. A gray day, but caressing, different from San Francisco's misty chill. There was

Spanish languor in it. You might have thought, had you been in the East, that it was going to rain. But the wet season was over.

She and Kirk were singing Two Cigarettes in the Dark, snatchily, as they remembered it, and filling in the holes with la-la-la, as the road turned west near Redwood City. Kirk stopped at a wayside stand to take on gas and, because that was Kirk's way, to take on a half dozen pints of beer. " It gets pretty dry up there," he said, pointing to the foothills and the handsome dark mountain beyond. Then they were on the road again, rising, rising toward the steeps. There was the smell of pine in the air, and little rivers gurgling happily. The road began to twist around a grade, growing steeper. Frieda and Kirk were trying I Wish that I Were Twins. He had a nice voice, if he'd only use it right. But Frieda didn't tell him how to use it. He might have called it " arty " if she had. . . .

They had sung all the way, practically, from Burlingame to the top of King's Mountain, he carrying the air, she finding an alto, a tenor; their voices blended nicely. Then the curly sweep of road taking them down, down into the forest. Even the smaller redwoods, not giants like the ones beyond, were wide sorrel pillars holding up the roof of heaven; their deeply ridged boles were like tensed muscles; their shaggy heads were lost against a lowering sky. Through the shadows they cast, miles and miles away a crescent of sea showed silvery azure, uncannily brilliant.

" Half Moon Bay," said Kirk, slowing the car so that she could look.

" You see it in a dream," she said. " It's like a lake outside a great dark temple." Ned would have liked that.

" Pretty view, all right." Kirk was chewing gum. He started the car again. " There's a dirt road pretty soon. It's practically all rocks, so you'd better hang on."

And they were plunging down the dirt road, a jumble of stones and water cuts. Kirk had brought the car to a crawl, but it careened like a dromedary's back.

" Loosen your teeth? " Kirk looked gravely concerned.

" Not much. Where's your camp? "

" Mile or so down the gulch. Got a place where the basket picnic crowd don't go. Gee, here comes a jolt. Some day I'll put some men in here and straighten things out. Whoops, what a bump! "

They scuttled down into the shadows, they forded a small stream, they raced up again between giant sorrel trunks. " Some day," he was saying, " I'll build a nice house here—room enough for a lot of people. Hello, here we are! "

A little cleared place among the big trees. A cabin of dressed redwood, pretty and gnomelike with elfin gables and wide windows looking down from a knoll.

" Did you think of this yourself? It's just the place for a little brown house." Frieda liked it.

" Don't talk like an architect. Let's have some beer. I think we deserve it, don't you? " He grinned invitingly.

He went up on the midget veranda, unlocked the door, and came back with two glasses. He was wiping them with his handkerchief.

" Everything's jake in there," he said. " Nobody ever takes anything. It's too much trouble. Goody, the beer's still kind of cool."

They drank standing on a boulder and looking down at Half Moon Bay. The beer was pleasant to her hot throat; but as she drank it a wistful thought surprised her. Back in Hawaii she and Ned had seen so much standing together on a mountain top. Back in Hawaii with Ned—or on the Lurline under the stars, hands touching, lips afraid. Where was Ned now, with his keenly dreaming eyes that searched always for the meaning of beauty? Would he care if he knew that she was seeing this with another man? " But, Ned dear, Kirk doesn't see anything, really," her mind was saying. " He only stares at things. I'm alone, Ned, with what belongs to you."

" The beer's not so hot," Kirk was saying.

" And not so cold," she laughed. " But it satisfies." Ned wasn't satisfied. Not with anything: his work, his children—or herself.

" Want to take a squint at my cabin? I mean, if we've got to start back pretty soon."

CALL FOR
PHILIP MORRIS
America's Finest 15¢ Cigarette
Amazingly Mild with a NEW KIND of Mildness

I was half sick all the time

● I am a practical nurse and for the benefit of others I am writing this. It's no fun taking care of others when you're half sick all the time from constipation. Everything I took for it either griped or left me completely tired out. One of my doctors suggested I try FEEN-A-MINT. I consider it the ideal laxative—I don't have to worry about upset stomach and distress any more. FEEN-A-MINT certainly gives the system a marvelous and comfortable clearing out. It's so easy and pleasant to take that it's wonderful for children and saves struggling with them when they need a laxative.

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Feen-a-mint
The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

The tang of wood and fern was in her nostrils. The big trees, the secret little brown house were like nothing she had ever seen before. Frieda's mind, sensitized to pictures and environments, awakened sleepily to the Druid charm which had set this world apart from any world she knew. This might have been a cottage in the moon—in the moon, where it's normal to be a lunatic.

She was laughing hazily when Kirk put a friendly hand on her arm and led her up to the porch, through the door. There was a good-sized room smelling of rough lumber, with a stone fireplace at one end, and a redwood table, and benches and settees, and a rather badly stuffed bobcat on the mantel. The windows were dimmed by dust and cobwebs and blown leaves.

"How did Adolf Hitler get up there?" She pointed to the bobcat.

"I shot him, right off the porch. Stuffed him myself. Used to stuff things once. Had a book. Freed, you could have some fun up here for a while, if you came up."

"I guess I could."

"With Ned, I mean."

"Of course." Imagine her coming here with Ned! She wondered if she would ever go anywhere with Ned again. She wondered where she would go without him.

They wandered about, seeing things. But there wasn't much to see. Two bedrooms, with bunkish double beds and homemade washstands holding agateware basins and pitchers. There were camphor chests, full of bedclothes, maybe, and kerosene lamps fastened to the wall. Primitive and rough though it was, Kirk was as proud as if he showed her an ancestral castle.

"I try to get up here in the quail season," he said. "Last year I brought a party. All men, of course. Uncle Fred's a dumb cluck but he likes to shoot. I wonder how the grub's holding out."

THEN they saw all that was left to see—a square lean-to back of the bedrooms; dusty cans of coffee and sugar and flour on the shelves; hams hanging from the rafters. Kirk opened a heavy chest and peered in.

"Canned beans, canned corn. Anchovies. Olives. Evaporated cream. And enough pancake flour— Gee! The chipmunks didn't get that, hunh? Fishing down at Half Moon Bay—"

He stood back, considering the possibilities. Kirk facing the elements had a charm of his own—quite different from Kirk the dancing tennis player.

"Like to fish?" he asked.

"Do I?" she asked.

"You're great with sharks, I know."

They both laughed, remembering their swim at Tahiti. They talked about it—how grand he was, how game she was, what wonderful fun they had had.

From the porch a popping woody spatter caught their attention.

"Funny," said Kirk. "Rain in April. Funny weather for California."

"Loyal Californian!" she laughed, but her worry grew. In an ominous sweeping moment the rain increased from a drizzle to a sheeted torrent wrapping the trees. Redwood branches high in air were shedding waterspouts.

"Gosh, my car!" Kirk ran into the house and found a black slicker—out of one of the chests, perhaps. He hurried out to the car, closed it, and came back. Rivers were running over his shoulders from his wet red hair.

"Hadn't we better start back now, before it gets worse?" Frieda was anxious.

"We couldn't make it," he said, "over those rocks. Just look at the road!" Baby rapids were running down every rut. "But these rains don't last long—not this time of year."

They stood a long time helplessly watching it grow from a fierce shower to a steady pour.

IN California, where there's no thunder in the clouds, these rains come down with an undramatic earnestness. It was beautiful, too—the filmy outlines of the vast trees, the straight silver darts striking into the flooded hillside. The two of them sat on the porch, smoking, not saying much, watching it come down. It was beginning to grow dim.

"Let's light up," said Kirk. He went into the main room, lit a kerosene lamp and touched a match to some wood in the fireplace. The yellow glow was cheerful. It seemed to warm Frieda, although she didn't go in.

"What time's it getting to be?" she asked when he came back.

He looked at his watch. "A quarter of six."

"Good heavens!"

The whole hillside was awash; the car looked half up to its hubs in yellow water.

"I guess the creek's pretty high now," he said. "But we might make it. Even if we did, it would be tough going over the grade. When ought you to be home?"

"Now." She laughed rather desperately.

"We couldn't have made it in that time anyhow, the way we've been fooling around." Then, sniffing the air like a hunting dog, "It's good for an hour, I guess."

Frieda could feel her hands beating against the invisible bars that held her here. It would rain for an hour—they were stuck in the mud. It was as though Ned, knowing her disobedience, had brought in nature to trap her. It never rained in April—but it was pouring. Yes, she was on the moon, doing as the lunatics do.

"How about frying ourselves some grub?" she asked, too merrily. "Some of the grub out of your box."

"Say, that's great. That's swe
I'll scram out to the car and fetc
the beer."

Half drowned this time, he brought in the beer, two bottles in each hand. He took her to the storeroom, where he crouched with his head under the lid of the big box and began fishing things out. Canned corn, evaporated cream, olive oil.

"Dried beef," she jubilated, holding up a box. "Kirk, get a skillet, or a flat stone, or whatever the cave people cook with. I'll bet I can throw these things together so they'll taste like something—or something else."

"Egg powder?" Kirk offered another box.

"It's not so nasty if you don't overdo it."

Kirk fished out two skillets, a coffeepot, and a can of cottonseed grease. "Muggins on the flapjacks," he said. "Oh, gee, not a drop of water in the house."

"Bring in the rain."

"You've said it!"

He waded out into the storm and came back with an oil-can half filled. Twigs and drowned ants floated on its surface, but it didn't smell of oil. It was fun helping Kirk strain it through a handkerchief into a graniteware pitcher.

And all that time a clock in the back of Frieda's mind was ticking, ticking: He's home now—he's home now. She had stepped into another dimension as far removed from Ned's life as if she had flown to Mars or blown out her brains.

The mess of chipped beef and olive oil and egg powder might have turned into something horrible. But Frieda, after experimenting over the fire, managed to make it so good that Kirk filled and refilled his paper plate. The magic box seemed to yield a little of everything. It brought the maply sirup which they spread over Kirk's flapjacks. Frieda had done most of them, because he spattered them so, or spilled the grease, or left them raw on one side. The rain-water coffee wasn't too bad, and evaporated cream, strangely enough, made it even better.

They sat on a blanket in front of the roaring fire, their faces flushed with it. They ate and ate and ate, as people do in the woods, with nothing else to think of.

THEY had finished the beer with the canned pudding. They had sat there a long time, glowing with food and beer and coffee and the eager fire. Their shoulders touched, friendly fashion, and she was glad when Kirk started to sing again. Singing—that's fine. You don't think much when you sing. The clatter of rain on the roof, the crackle of burning logs.

They had finished Hot Cha-Cha and If I Had You, making harmonious la-la-la over the missing lines. Then Kirk began Malihimi Man, pretending the plate in his lap was a uke. "Why don't you sing, Freed? Solos aren't any fun."

"Oh, I've forgotten it. You sing. I want to hear it." So Kirk went on, verse after verse, to the bitter end.

She remembered it too well, that was the trouble. A night in a Honolulu hotel, Kirk taking the uke away from the orchestra leader, Ned appearing at the door, stiff and smiling. The next day, Ned standing under a rock, gazing up at her—the mandolin against his breast, the rapt look in his eyes. "Last night the nightingale woke me . . . I opened my window so gently . . . Ah, bird that has flown away!"

"Kirk," she said, sitting up straight, "I believe it's stopped raining."

He sprang up and went to the door. "Well, I'll eat it!" he said. "Just come here and look at that."

They went out on the porch and stared up at the moon, swimming through tattered fleece. The rain had stopped as suddenly as it had come.

"What time is it?" She was thinking how Ned would receive her, at midnight, at one o'clock, at two.

"Quarter past nine."

A quarter past nine!

The fears which she had smothered with laughter and song, in there by the fire, stirred again horribly. Corpses revived.

On her tongue was still the bitterness of the words she had hurled at Ned this morning. If she had obeyed him and stayed home, those words might have been sweetened by forgiveness. She would have cried it out in his arms.

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STUCK VALVES
A
B
C
LEAKY PISTON RINGS
A
B

A Note sludgy deposits on valve and piston due to impurities found in *plain* oils.

B Pitted valve seat and stuck piston rings which cause loss of gasoline, oil and power.

C Note the sludgy deposits which have collected on valve stems, causing valves to stick.

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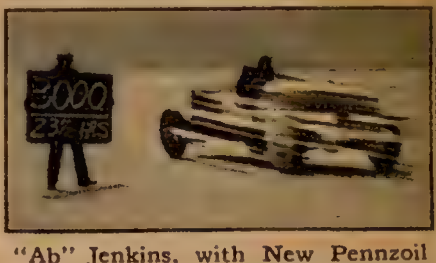

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But it was a quarter past nine, and hours from home. Too late for any simple explanations—not after the evidence he had against her, piling up, piling up. She found herself reaching out for him, then pushing him roughly away. The way her love had turned and looked at her this morning, staring and cold. She wouldn't face that again. Her love, the deepest thing in her, mustn't be profaned by another ghastly quarrel. Better to keep it holy and secret, the memory of Ned as he was. Better never to see him again!

She and Kirk stole gingerly along some broken planks leading out into the clearing; the shaky support just kept them out of the mud. Kirk, she saw vaguely, was going over to his car, switching the lights on, switching them off.

Around them the redwoods were vaster than before, wide bulwarks below, and far above they were sweeping at the swift silver moon. Up in the air little owls signaled—a lonely sound. Frieda's face was raised to the distant glamour of the sky when Kirk came back and stood a moment looking at her.

"Gosh," he said, "you're wonderful!"

"The moon always makes you like that, doesn't it?" She laughed inanely. "And how about your car?"

"Oke. But the ground's pretty mushy. This old bus can get us to the highway, I guess."

Yes, the highway, rushing her back to where her love would shriek out at her, a changeling, mauled and dirty.

"If we start now," Kirk was urging, "we can make it a little after one."

She didn't answer. Again, her eyes on the silver globe far above the trees, she seemed to be consecrating herself to loneliness. Here, where it's so still and so clean, she was thinking, I could forget the ugly things and let the dear ones stay. That's why women go to convents—to save the best part of themselves. He's had the best part of me, too. And now it's his work. . . .

She turned abruptly, carelessly to Kirk. "Let's not go back tonight," she said.

He stood over her, straight and bulky as a young redwood.

"Sure that's what you want, Freed?" His voice was solemn, giving her a chance to change her mind.

"Yes." Softly. "Let's stay."

"That's swell." Sudden quiet exuberance in his tone as he took her arm and helped her along the slippery plank.

She was thinking, Ned's wild now, hateful and wild. I'd kill him, kill myself, rather than have him look at me again the way he did this morning!

THEY were back in the cabin now, the door slammed behind them. Kirk turned and shot the bolt. Maybe it was the brutal iron sound that brought her back, caused her to wheel suddenly around and look him full in the face.

In the yellow light he seemed to have changed completely.

The veins in his forehead were swollen, his lips were heavy and desirous, his eyes were pouring over her, peering into her. She took a step away from him, but he followed her.

"Honey," he was saying thickly, "I knew. When we came up here I knew—"

He reached out and pulled her into his arms. Even while she struggled she felt the hot life flowing through his great body.

Is this Frieda's ruthless gesture of farewell to Ned and their marriage? Will she surrender to Kirk's possessive charms or will she dexterously feint through the issue as she has done many times in the past? Her surprising but totally unconventional plans for the future are disrupted in next week's installment, when Doris and Joe pay the mountain cabin a surprise visit.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 24

1—That of John Peter Zenger, in 1734, for libel.

2—On May 17, 1792, with twenty-four members.

3—97,456, according to the 1930 census.

4—From 1841 to 1845.

5—Queen Anne, who had seventeen.

6—The Song of Solomon 8: 6.

7—The Republic of Panama.

8—2,000 pounds.

9—The 1930 census listed 4,734,207 widows and 2,025,036 widowers.

10—Euclid's Elements of Geometry.

11—Yerba Buena.

12—The United States naval base, six miles west of Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

13—James K. Polk.

14—General James Murray. He served from 1763 to 1766.

15—The largest island of the Outer Hebrides off the coast of Scotland.

16—On April 19, in Maine and Massachusetts.

17—A porous light-yellow rock consisting of a calcareous deposit from springs.

18—Canada.

19—Francis, Duc de la Rochefoucauld (1613-80).

20—Newark, New Jersey.

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN by Booth Tarkington. Harper & Brothers.

An author seldom is afforded the opportunity to learn posterity's reaction to an early novel. This reprint, after three decades, compliments a grand writer and confers a favor on the current generation.

★ ★ ★ FORGET IF YOU CAN by John Erskine. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A masterful probe into love life; sometimes tinged with sardonic humor. A book that will make all men—and most women—think, remember, and perhaps regret.

★ ★ ★ SAN FRANCISCO AND THE GOLDEN EMPIRE by Basil Woon. Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. Inc.

Here is a Britisher who, given time in his fascinating and informative "guidebooks," will not only make us want to see our own country but be proud of its grandeur.

★ ★ ★ ANGLING SUCCESS. Edited by Mortimer Norton. The Macmillan Company.

Going fishin'? Sixteen disciples of Izaak Walton tell you where to go, what to take, and how to lure the big fellows from lake or stream.

★ ★ ★ THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON arranged and edited by Edward C. Boykin. Reynal & Hitchcock.

The father of his country as revealed in his diaries, voluminous correspondence, and state papers. A worth-while contribution to a better understanding of a dynamic human being.

★ ★ ½ BLACK TO NATURE by Octavus Roy Cohen. D. Appleton-Century Company.

An evening of hilarity in the further trials, tribulations, and triumphs of the inimitable Florian Slappey and his fellow members of the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise Society.

★ ★ INFLATION AHEAD! by W. M. Kiplinger and Frederick Shelton. Simon & Schuster.

Inflation is inevitable, according to these observers, who also offer suggestions on how to guard your capital and plan your investments during this period.

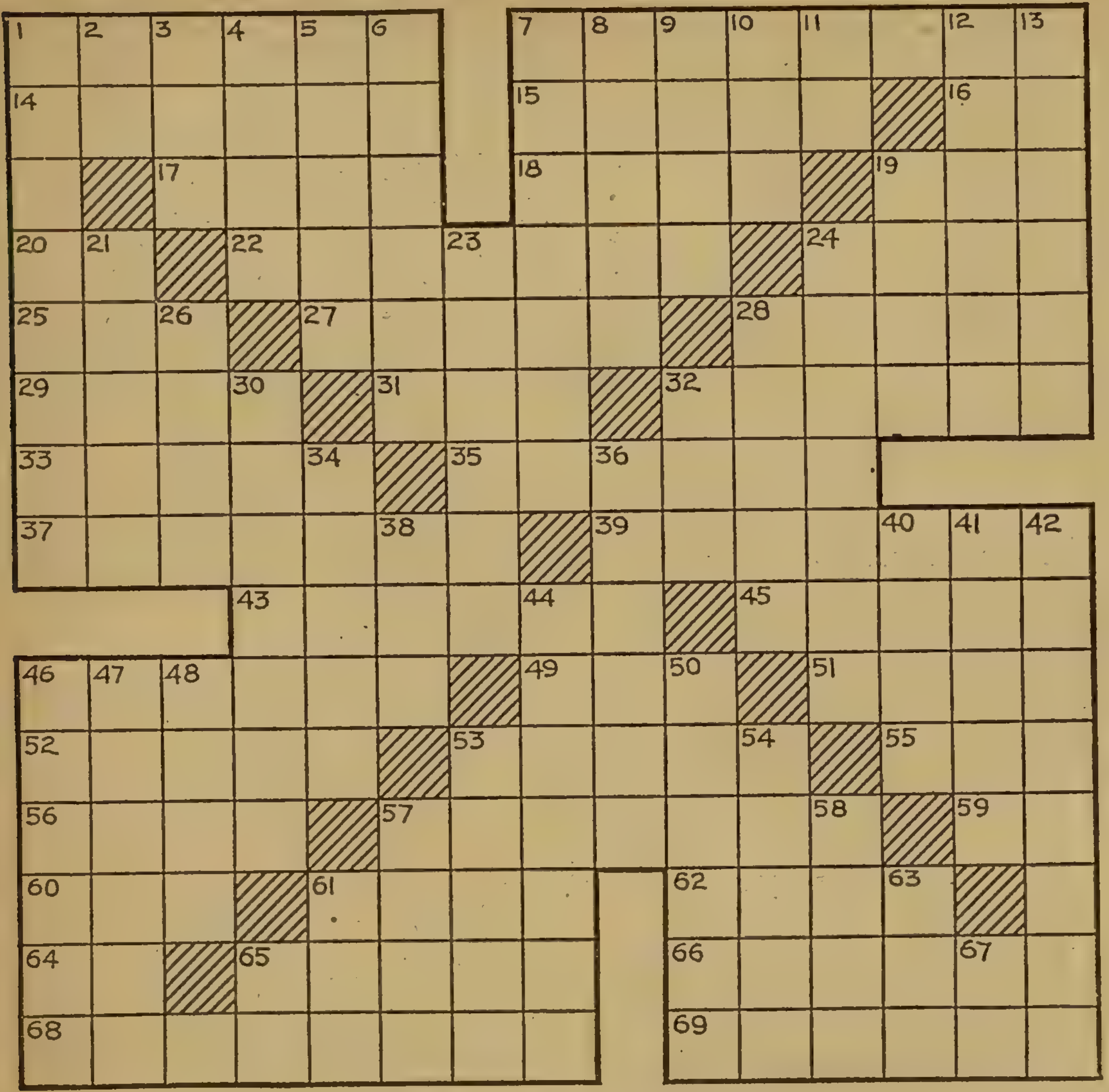
★ ★ YOUNG GENTLEMEN, RISE by Travis Ingham. Farrar & Rinehart.

A true picture of the problems that faced college graduates during the depression years, and the struggle to adjust themselves to a new code of living.

Puzzle 23 4/27/35

Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Nickel nursers
7 Relatives of One-Eye Connolly
14 Well known wine maker
15 What get in uncleses' pants on pay nights?
16 "Come again?"
17 Anna was stenning in this role, didn't you think?
18 A party matter for which you like to get clear
19 Wee on the Dee
20 Author! Author! (abbr.)
22 In 1917 this took steppes to be free of Russian business
24 What they call a magnetic Pole in Europe—you can Czech on this if you care
25 Zoological Authors Press (abbr.)
27 These people are Slavs to conventions
28 Don't get too attached to this—it might burn you up
29 Nickname de hayseed
31 Socialists Must Eat (abbr.)
32 These were riding high till the crash
33 What wise guys go around spreading (plural)
35 This got drunk at breakfast, and boy, was it crushed!
37 T-t-to j-j-juggle w-w-words
39 After being skinned by the best people, these are tossed aside lightly and eventually lead to some innocent person's downfall
43 Kids
45 This is sharp and thin and when attached to you can lead to your downfall
46 Cart wheel
49 This supported grammaw before she met grampaw
51 It may sound foolish but this is usually at the bottom of things
52 Cowslip-bell lier-inner
53 The boss of the Minotaur

L	A	S	T		S	C	R	A	G		H	O	N	E
A	P	E	R		A	R	E	T	E		O	D	O	R
M	I	T	E		T	A	S	T	E		R	E	D	S
E	S	S	A	Y	I	S	T	■	■	O	N	S	E	T
			T	O	R	S	■	S	A	N	E			
R	E	T	I	R	E	■	B	I	R	E	T	T	A	S
A	L	I	N	E	■	B	I	T	E	S	■	A	R	A
R	I	N	G	■	L	A	D	E	S	■	S	P	I	T
E	S	E	■	D	U	D	E	S	■	R	A	I	S	E
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C	R	A	P	E	■	■	P	R	A	L	I	N	E	S
L	I	M	E		C	A	R	E	T		N	A	V	E
O	M	E	R		A	L	O	N	E		G	R	I	N
D	E	N	S		M	I	D	A	S		S	A	L	T

Answer to last week's puzzle

55 Use as much latitude here as you can (abbr.)
56 The biggest man in bridge
57 This sounds sexy and does take in a lot of latitude
59 Soused Zebras (abbr.)
60 Weed wrastler
61 The spirit of old Persia
62 Dishing-it-out times
64 The he in the Spanish
65 A wooden quadruped
66 Ghoulisher, but not Hungarian
68 Can this fellow give you a pain in the neck! (plural)
69 Wipes out the effect of a bad spell

VERTICAL

1 Bread sticks with arthritis (get the twist?)
2 Indecent Angels (abbr.)
3 People qualified by birth or marriage to borrow money from you
4 He first made pottage famous
5 Places for cheap skates
6 Nets to you
7 What a killing bore this can be!
8 Ex-grandeur
9 A Stuartess on the S.S. England
10 A short French holy woman
11 Haughticultural Socialites (abbr.)
12 Re-do and not do-re
13 Had the personal shrubbery trimmed
19 Bridgedom's Land of Milk and Honey
21 A French doghouse, great for stepping in poodles
23 War pajamas
24 Weak yellow things that attack cowards
26 This is always hot and associated with S. A.
28 Babe Ruth retires for good every fall and does this the following spring
30 Stickers that make you sore
32 Anecdotia
34 Take things quietly
36 What this kind of husband doesn't know won't hurt him
38 This gets into door cracks and picks up a lot of dirt
40 Place where little Willie is usually in mourning
41 Old-time ball carrier
42 Water with St. Vitus's dance (plural)
44 The ice-cream sodas of eternity
46 Darned in England
47 There's a yellow streak to this bird
48 A little squirt
50 A genuine Vandyke
53 This always wins out in Alger books and they say in life
54 This puts the curl on the mustache chassis
57 The outlook on these is very unsteady
58 A pretty silent place now that the harp's gone
61 This is pure Greek to me
63 An effem
65 Fraction of a cent
67 This college degree sounds shocking

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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Vox Pop

HORN BLOWER FOR PRESIDENT

Omaha, Neb.—I am an American; was born in America, and believe I am in my right mind. But will some one please tell me who is President of the United States? The question may seem the height of stupidity, but the fact that so many political madmen are trying to cure the country's ills has confused me.

I had a vague idea that a national election every four years elected our Presidents. But that's all wrong. We elect a man; then the real Presidents sprout from practically every profession and walk in life.

Why not do away with elections and give each candidate a big foghorn to blow, with the understanding that the one who blew the loudest could be President? If such a contest were held today I'd bet my money on Huey to win, with Father Coughlin a close second.—*Lee Zachary.*

TO BERT FROM NELLIE

New York, N. Y.—Where has Bert Green been for two years? I knew there was something sadly wrong with Liberty, but couldn't place it until I read his Mr. Doyle Spends the Sweepstakes Dough, in the March 16 issue. It was like finding the missing link. Let's have more!—*Nellie.*

WHAT! ROB US OF OUR GUM?

Harrisburg, Pa.—Three rousing boos for Leon Trotsky and his Soviet Yankee Paradise, described in his March 23 article. The first boo, Comrade Trotsky, because the only paradise in your whole picture was the ducky rent-free island where one could do as one pleased. I'm afraid there'd be a general exodus to that picturesque playground, and after all, why crowd us all on to an island when America is such a big country?

The second boo to your head-cracking revolution because we're getting on our feet again without knocking each other's teeth out. We may have lost our money but at least we haven't lost our heads.

The third and loudest boo for wanting to rob the American people of chewing gum. In Russia you may not have the right to exercise your jaws, but we in America do. We chew gum and we "chew the rag" and we chew because we like to. It's a traditional pleasure. Give us Liberty and give us Gum!—*An Old American Customer.*

San Francisco, Calif.—Leon Trotsky hasn't the right to be wrong in his own country. Why should he have the right to be wrong here?—*A. R. Weaver.*

New Orleans, La.—It may be true that we are going forward to something different, but I think the Communists are mistaken in their belief that we have no other alternative than Communism. The Soviet idea is Russian. We are something else.—*Mrs. L. H. H.*

Las Vegas, Nev.—It is indeed gratifying to know that there is one American magazine willing to give leading revolutionists of the world space to air their views and remedies of economic problems.—*Patrick Andrew Crorkin.*

ERL FOR OIL

Sacramento, Calif.—I rise to protest the efforts being made to standardize the speech of Americans in different localities of "this our native land."

Correct English is merely a polyglot changing with the years. Localities have their own colloquialisms and idiomatic speech, and should prize and cultivate it—yes, by gum, cultivate it!

To take the clipped tongue away from San Francisco, the broad *a* from Boston, the soothing soft drawl from the South, the lazy broad flattening of words from the Southwest would kill much that is natural and fine and beautiful.

Are we to lose this happy characteristic among our people and become standardized along with everything else? Imagine the horror of being greeted by Southerners in precise Hollywood English. Or of hearing a Midwesterner say "erl" for "oil." If we permit these purists to run wild we'll all be painting our noses blue or wearing green shoes some of these days, just to be correct.—*Sussen Christensen.*

POOR OYSTERS

Vancouver, Wash.—Edward F. Lambert's letter in March 23 Vox Pop contained a highly important issue. Just why can't we have stories in Liberty without messing them all up with sex? My only relief from the weekly orgy is Vox Pop.—*Maude A.*

Madison, Conn.—

A guy from Missouri raised a squawk in Vox Pop;
Sez he, "Love themes in fiction has just gotta stop!"
So for them what hates stories where Romeos roam
I set down and writ this here chaste little pome.

Two dear little oysters sat under the moon,
And they sat and they sat on an evening in June.
Them oysters just sat there, without love or kisses,
'Cuz an oyster ain't either a Mr. or Mrs. —*Wilbur J. Dowd.*

WHO SAID SO, EULA?

Lubbock, Tex.—The only thing Liberty likes about me is my nickel. Not my letters nor my stories; not my questions nor my answers; not my limericks nor my reason; not the timeliness of my offerings nor my rhymes out of season; not my pleadings nor my wheedlings; not my diction nor my style.—*Eula Johnson.*

DELICIOUS WICKED JOYS

Saskatoon, Sask.—I can't understand why jealous men insist on belittling our wonderful radio crooners.

To me they are simply divine. And without them this world, especially to maiden ladies like myself, would be a dreary waste indeed.

When Mr. Crosby croons in his adorable way, I close my eyes and drink in the ecstasy which vibrates from his precious throat. When Mr. Vallee's honeyed tones come through to hold me spellbound, something grips my every fiber. It is then I stand oblivious to mundane things. I imagine I can almost feel he is crushing me to his breast.

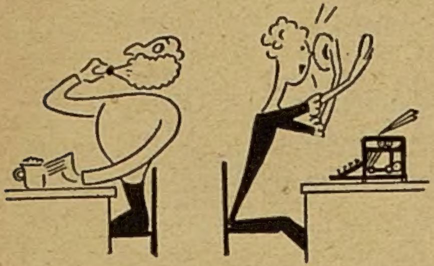
Oh, the delicious wicked joy of these little rendezvous of the ether! They are bits of paradise indeed—and I am grateful.—*Minerva K.*

SHAVES FOR MEN

San Pedro, Calif.—Isn't it about time some one called a halt to the many liberties shown women who insist on taking man's place in the business world? I'm referring, of course, to the countless hours wasted by the average office worker in her feminine tricks of appeal and sympathy.

How many hours does a woman waste powdering her nose, fixing her hair, and otherwise primping herself? Suppose a man, during office hours, brought out his shaving equipment and, in front of his fellow workers, went about the business of removing his whiskers. He'd be fired before he could get the lather on!

But the women get away with worse than that. The business world to them is just a dressing room—and a rich field to snare a hubby. I think it's high time partiality in business ceased.—*J. T. R.*



FROM MOVIE LADIES TO—

Atlantic City, N. J.—Congratulations to Liberty for publishing Robert Murphy's Gallantry in its February 23 issue. You will perform a real service to the youth of this country if you can shift the center of their interest from beautiful movie ladies to the great out-of-doors, such as stories similar to Mr. Murphy's work is capable of doing.—*A. S. Chenoweth, Superintendent, Atlantic City Public Schools.*

SOUP—FIRESIDE CHATS

Clifton, N. J.—In March 9 Vox Pop a Mr. Ed Leonard enthused about the desirability of having a P. T. Barnum for President.

My patriotism was stirred to the core. Reflection followed recollection: 1932 Democratic platform . . . subsequent performance . . . alphabetical soup . . . stalemate legislation . . . American patience . . . fireside chats. . . .

Who wants a P. T. Barnum? We have Roosevelt!—*Evert Anderson.*

TOO VITAL STATISTICS

San Francisco, Calif.—Liberty, in my opinion, tops the magazines of its type. And while we're on the subject of type I have a suggestion to make. Half of your best feature—Beverly Hills's movie reviews—is printed in very fine type, necessitating my using a magnifying glass. Every word of it is valuable reading for me, so why make it difficult?—*Ida M. Bacon.*

"GOD BLESS THE SQUIRE"

East Providence, R. I.—In March 23 Vox Pop George Lewis wrote: "The right to rule belongs to the wealthy." It reminded me very much of that bit of old English doggerel:

"God bless the squire
And all his rich relations,
And teach us poor folks
To keep our proper stations."
—*John T. Giddings.*

Troy, N. Y.—Sound government never depends upon wealth but upon the integrity and sincerity of those who rule.—*Thomas J. Doyle.*

Milwaukee, Wis.—An absolute monarchy, with the right man as ruler, is the best possible government. Wealth, intelligently applied and combined with commanding position, couldn't be improved upon. Bravo, Mr. Lewis. Well spoken!—*Bob Welsch.*

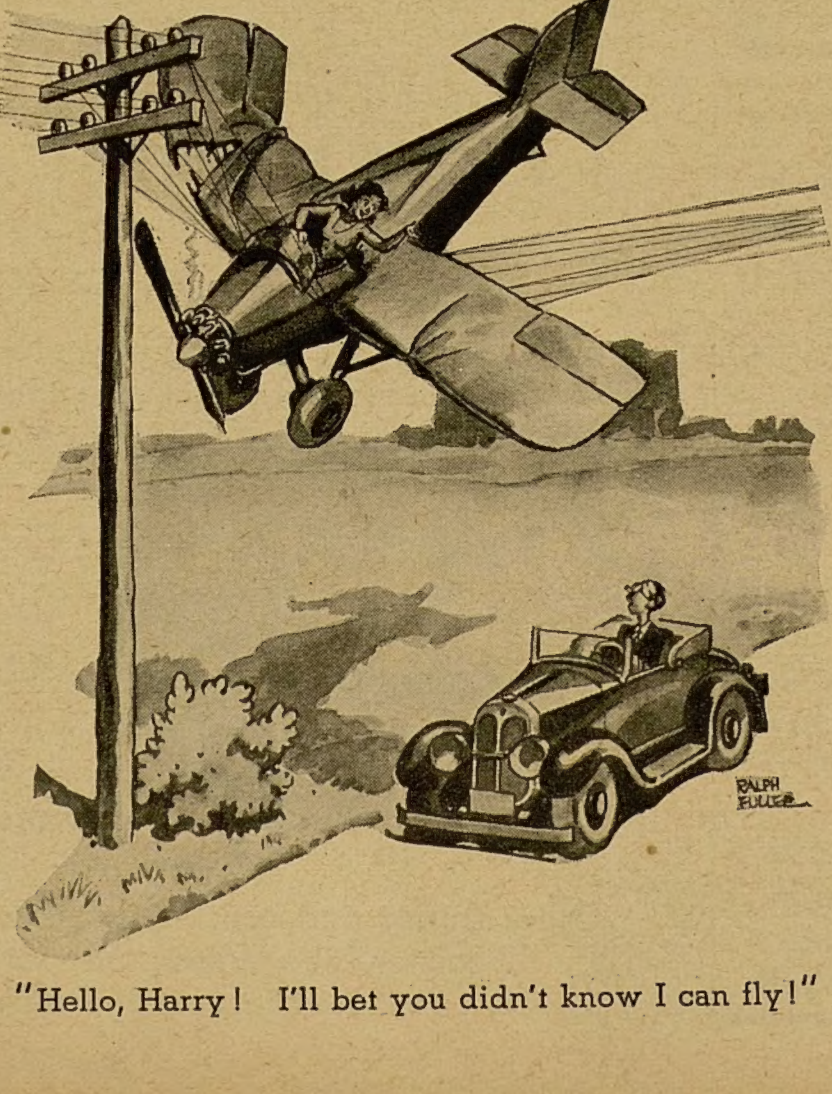
New Glasgow, N. S.—The man from Dallas, Texas, says the right to rule belongs to the wealthy. Haven't they got it?—*Andrew Holmes.*

COLLECTION PLATES

Wichita, Kan.—In February 23 Vox Pop J. G. says that the preacher objects to alcohol, not because it injures the drinker but because it takes his mind off hell and so interferes with the collections.

This is not only base slander, but a cheap stupid lie. It's a well known fact that men are more liberal with their money when drunk than when sober. Naturally, if what J. G. said was true, wouldn't it be logical for preachers to advocate coming to church intoxicated?

The man who is continually scared of hell has but small influence on church collections. It is the people who revere God and are vitally interested in His program for the church who fill the collection plates.—*O. E. P.*



"Hello, Harry! I'll bet you didn't know I can fly!"

UNTRAINED NINNIES

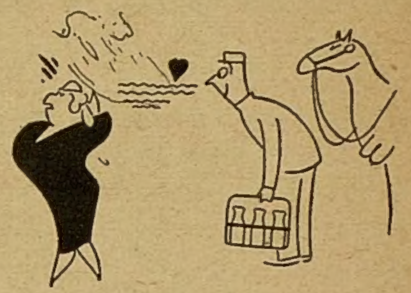
Macon, Ga.—Thirty years ago a prominent university recommended withdrawal of restraint in education, asserting intellect and initiative was being destroyed.

The fad was endorsed by most of our institutions and we are now reaping the harvest. Our schools and homes have become hotbeds of Redism and its attendant evils.

Unless reasonable restraint soon is applied the next generation is sure to be one of untrained ninnies loaded with political dynamite.—*Marshall E. Courtney.*

PREFER JAIL TO MALE

Texarkana, Tex.—Mrs. Annie Smith, in her March 16 Vox Pop letter, suggests fine or imprisonment for any unescorted woman found out of her home after nine o'clock at night.



Doesn't she know that women are much safer without escorts and probably would prefer the safety of a jail cell to the average modern male?—*Mrs. H. Lee Grim.*

Berlin, Conn.—I'm hoping, for the honor of my sex, that Mrs. Annie Smith wrote with tongue in cheek. If not, then I must offer my deepest sympathies for her mental and moral afflictions. And by the way, how did she manage to get that Mrs. in front of her name? It must have been the milkman or some one she won at an afternoon tea raffle.—*Mrs. R. H. K.*

Detroit, Mich.—How does Annie Smith know how many women frequent beer gardens, dance halls, and public places at nights, unless she's been there herself?—*A. D. Anderson.*

PACK OF LIES

Malden, Mass.—I have been a reader of Liberty for many years, but the March 9 issue was the last for me. That article by Ed W. Smith and Edward Doherty, When an Amateur Licked John L. Sullivan, was the worst pack of lies I've ever read. Smith, the hater of Sullivan, has no proof to back up his statements and that renegade Irishman Doherty is a traitor to the cause. John L. Sullivan was the greatest fighter of all time!—*William Colbert.*

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★ ★ ★ NEXT WEEK ★ ★ ★

Beginning

I FLEW FOR THE HELL OF IT

By

Kenneth Brown Collings

A hair-raising fact story of adventure in the sky—the daredevil exploits of a seeker of thrills who faced death with a laugh in two hemispheres

THE LAW ABIDING MAN

By

Ben Ames Williams

Did you ever dream of poking a policeman in the jaw? Here's the lively love story of one who did—with strange and surprising results

Other stories and articles by James Edward Grant, Paul Annixter, Elita Wilson, Bert Green, Nina Wilcox Putnam Eliot and Philip Eliot, and others

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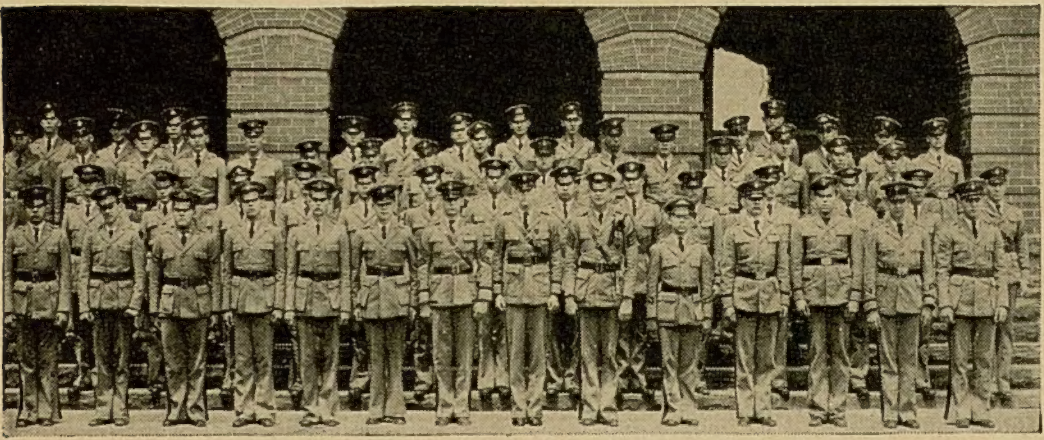

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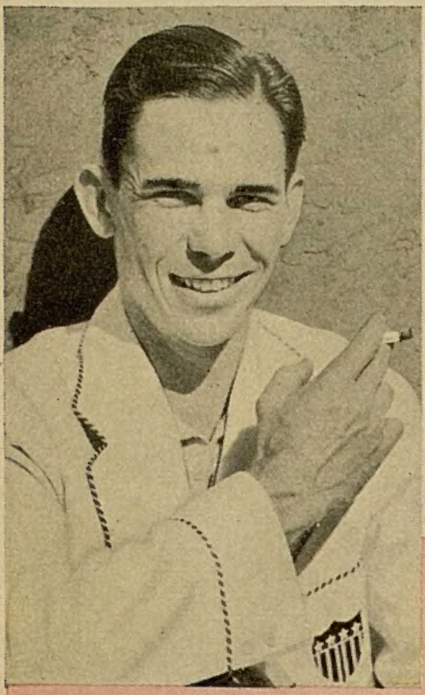

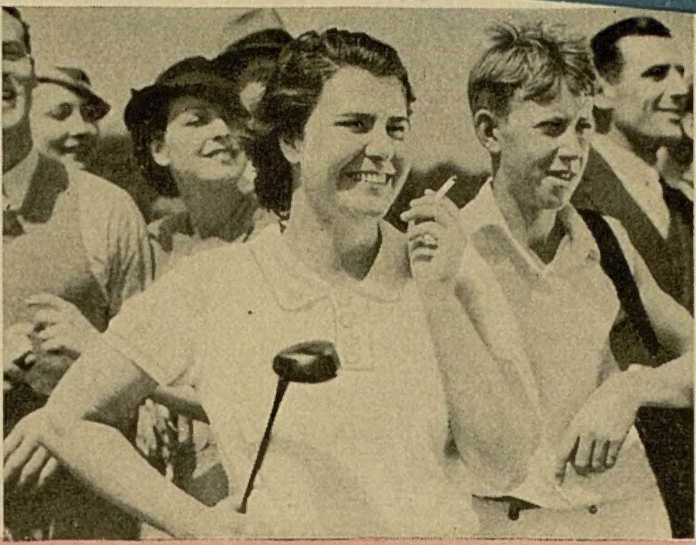

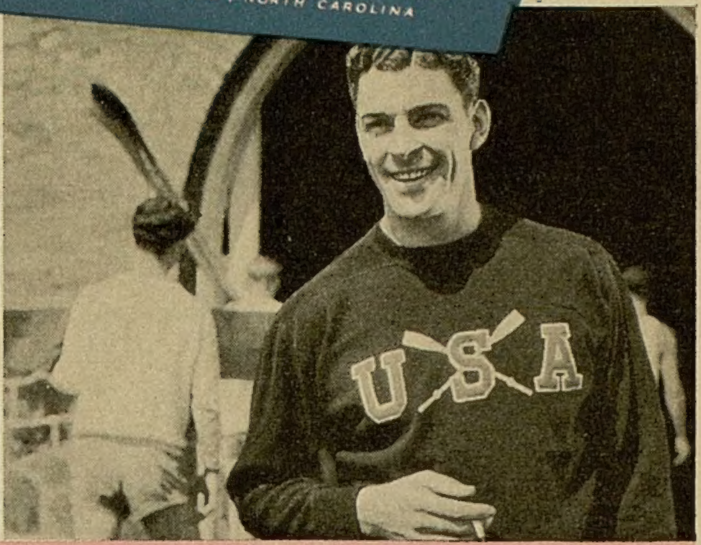

FLAVOR! "A Camel tastes like a million dollars!" Ellsworth Vines, Jr., tennis champion, told us. "That rich, mellow flavor appeals to my taste," he continued, "and I actually feel a 'lift' from a Camel!"

ENERGY! Helen Hicks, famous woman golf champion, says: "I'm exhausted at the finish of a tournament, but I never mind. I know I can always quickly restore my energy with a Camel—it's a 'lift' I enjoy often!"

VALUE! An answer from Bill Miller, 4 times National Single Sculls Champion: "It's easy to understand why Camels have such mildness and flavor. Camel spends millions more for finer tobaccos. That's value!"

SO MILD! Frank Copeland, billiard champion: "I enjoy smoking all I want. Camels are so mild that they never upset my nerves. When the subject of cigarettes comes up, I say 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!'"

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HEALTHY NERVES! HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—"Any one who spends much time in water sports can't afford to trifle with jumpy nerves," says Harold ("Stubby") Kruger, Olympic swimmer and water polo star. Above, you see "Stubby" in Hollywood—snapped recently by the color camera. "I smoke a great deal, and Camels don't ever ruffle my nerves," he says.